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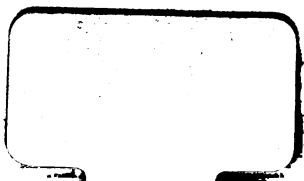
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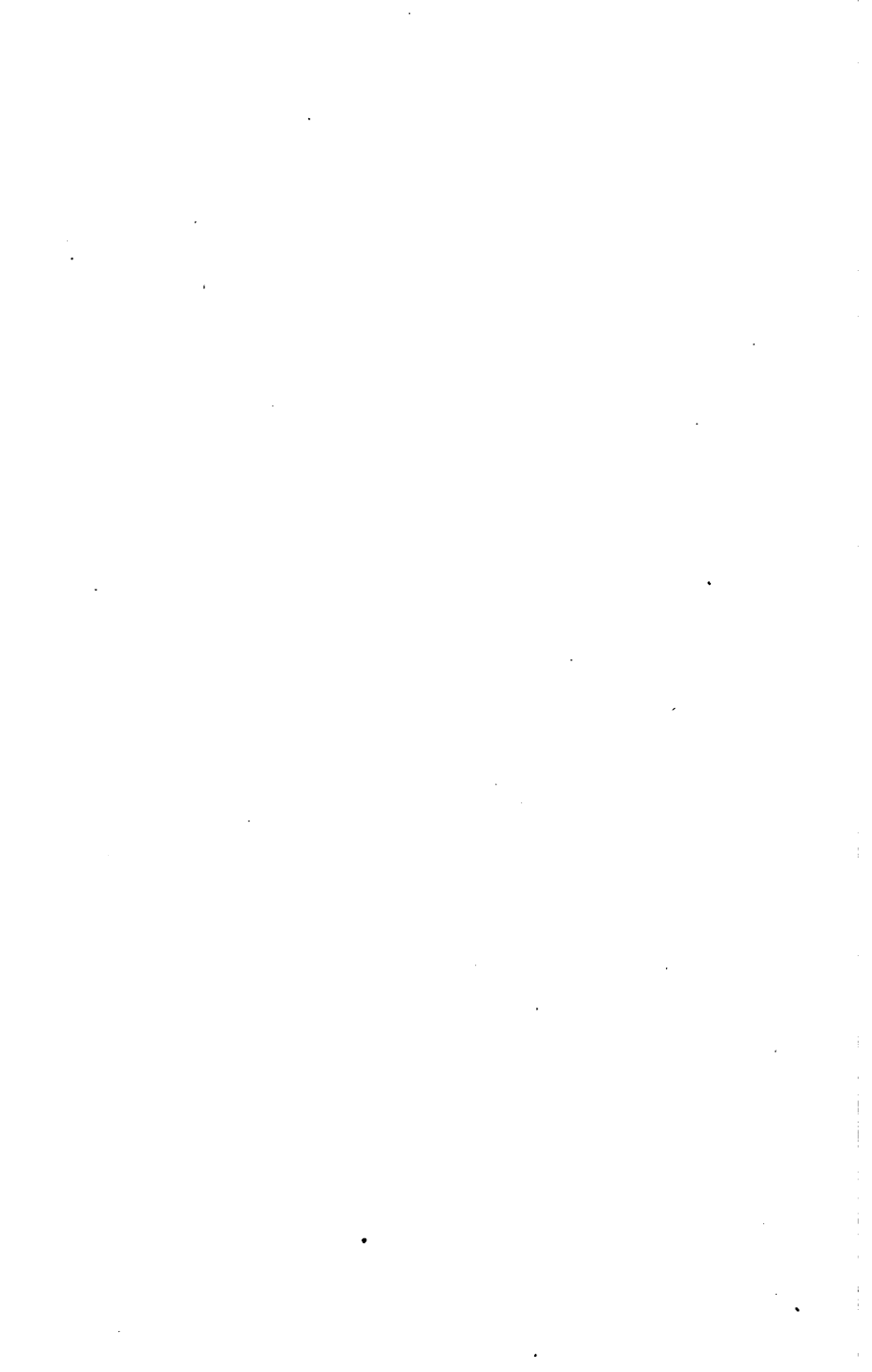
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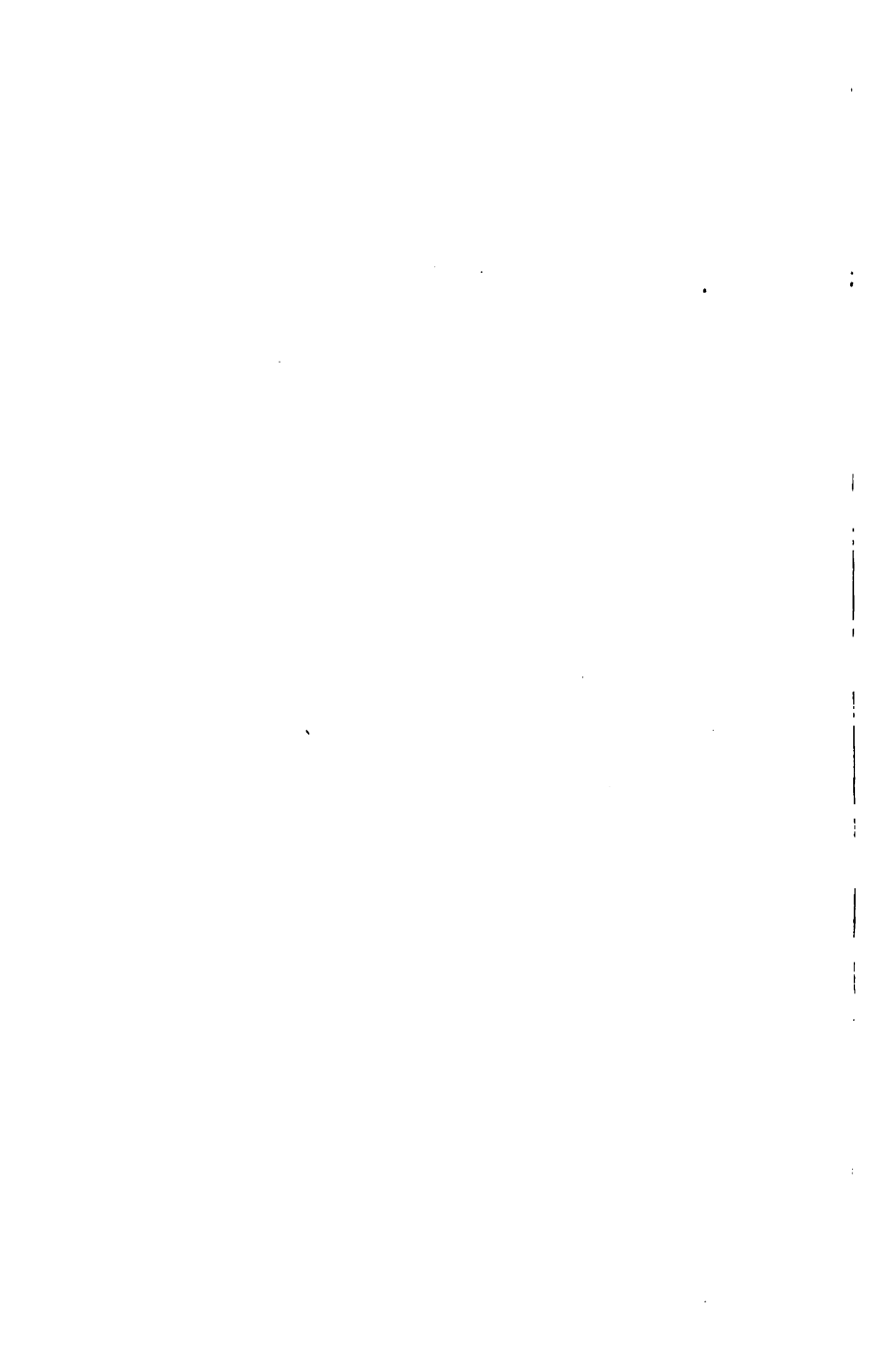
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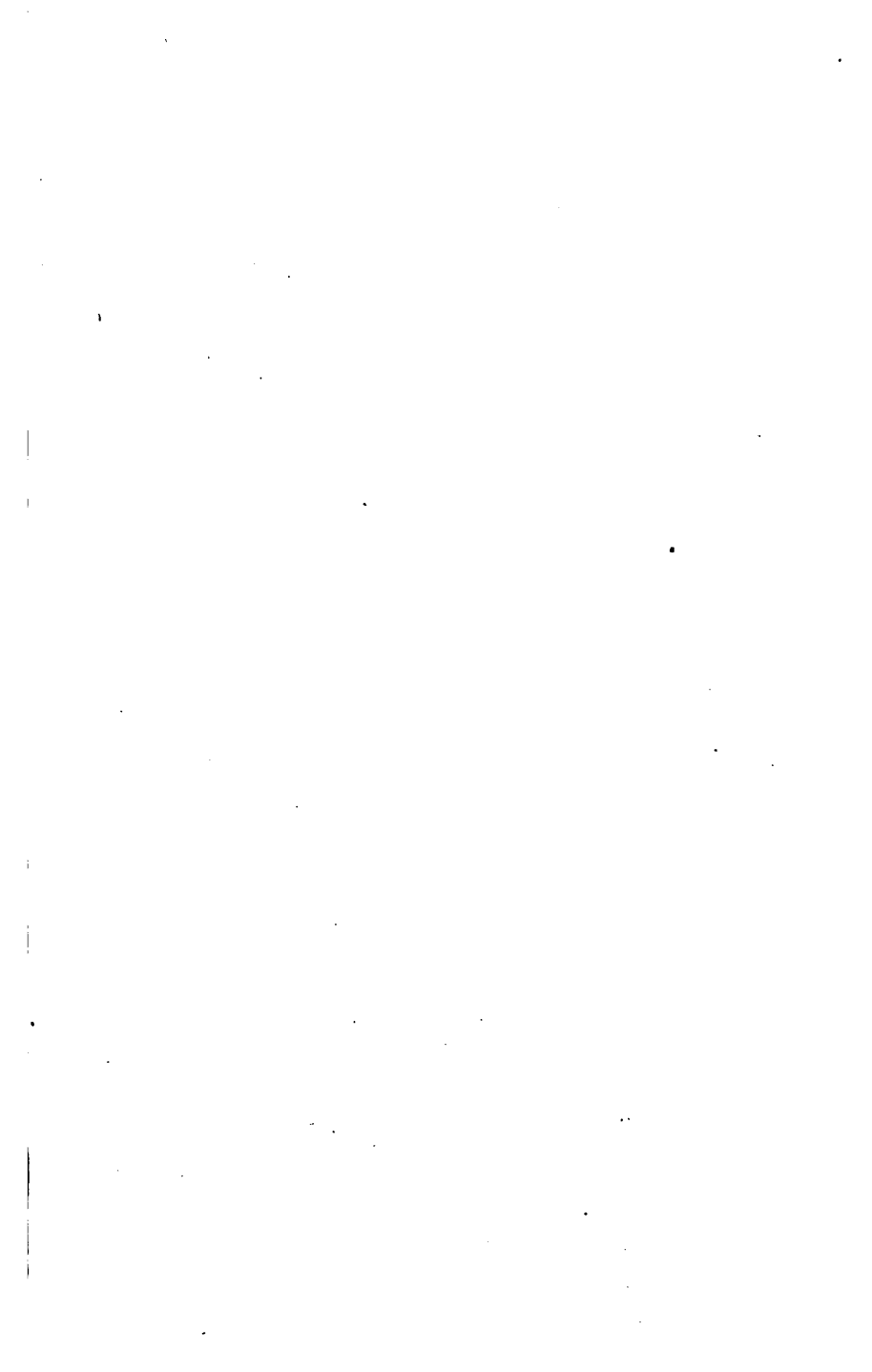


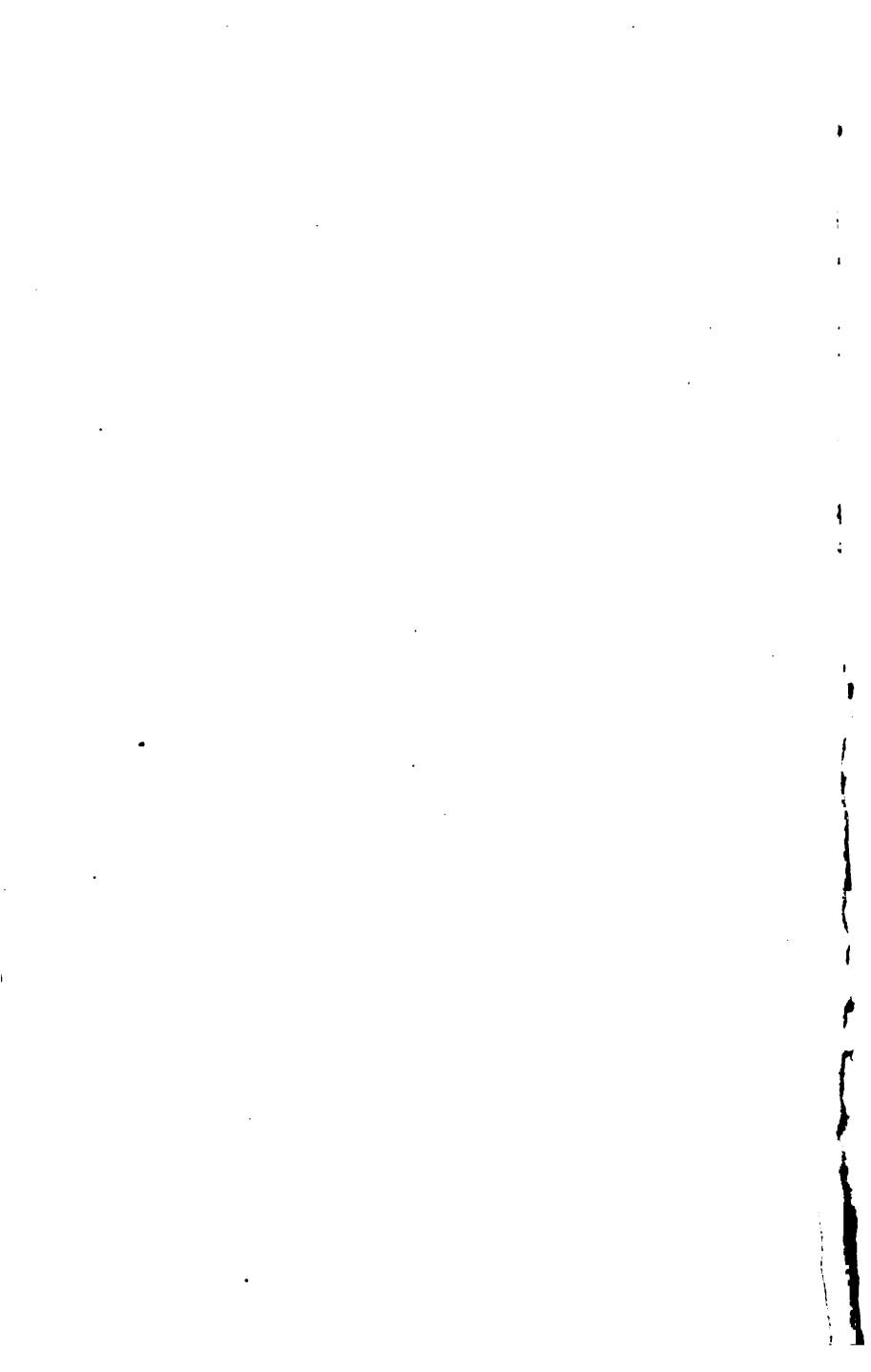












Percy Society.

**EARLY ENGLISH POETRY,
BALLADS,**

**AND POPULAR LITERATURE
OF THE MIDDLE AGES.**

**EDITED FROM ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS
AND SCARCE PUBLICATIONS.**

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COCK LORELL'S BOTE.

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THE CROWN GARLAND OF GOLDEN ROSES.

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FOLLIE'S ANATOMIE, BY HENRY HUTTON. 1619.

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POEMS BY SIR HENRY WOTTON.

EDITED BY THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.



ANCIENT POETICAL TRACTS.



i.

ANCIENT
POETICAL TRACTS

OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY,

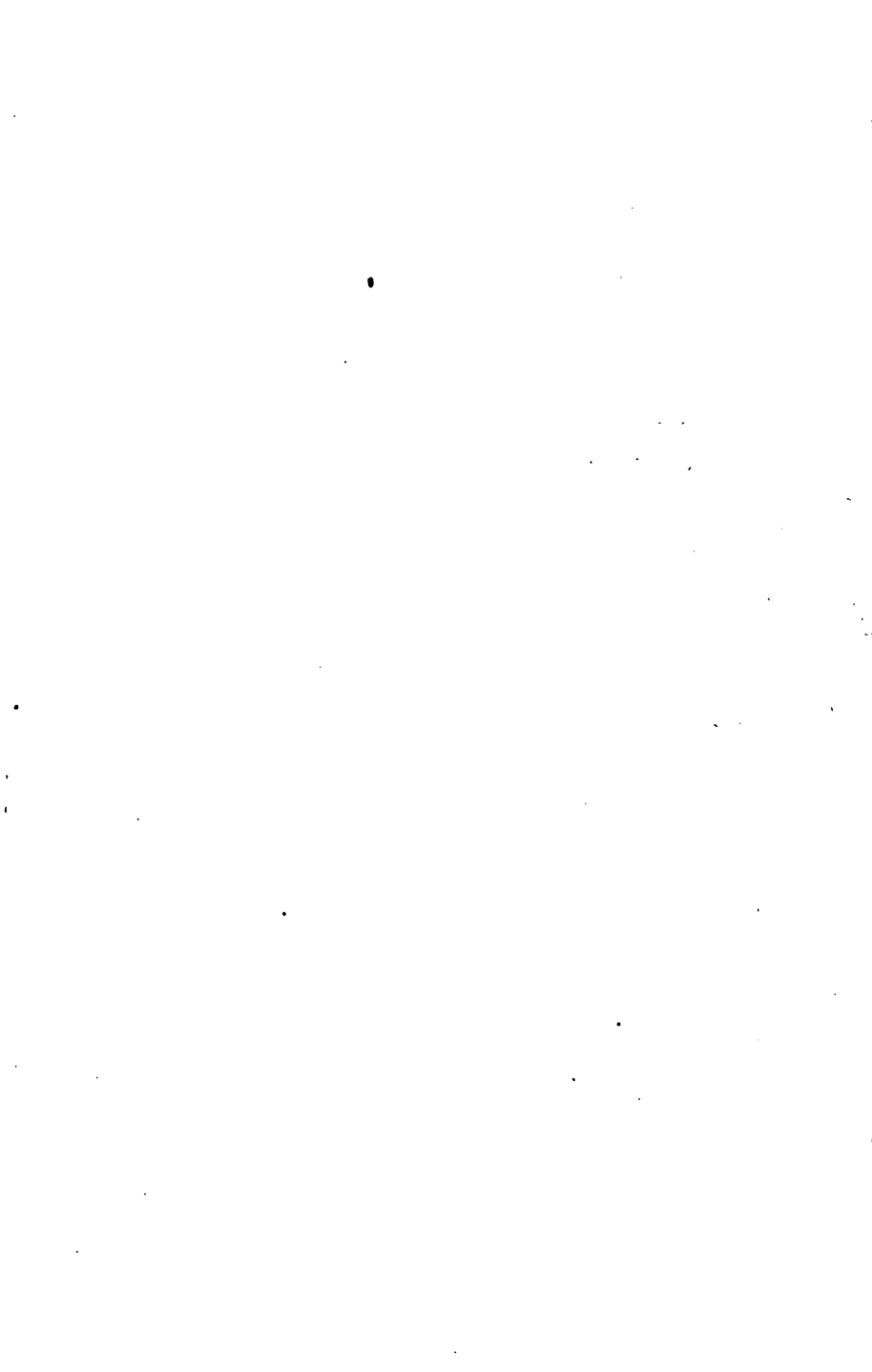
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LONDON:
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M.DCCC.XLII.



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INTRODUCTION.

THE five unique tracts reprinted in the following pages have escaped the notice of Ritson, Dr. Dibdin, and all who have written upon the subject of our early bibliography. The originals were formerly in the possession of the late Thomas Caldecott, Esq. whose matchless collection of early English poetry was well known to the lovers of this species of literature. Sir George H. Freeling was favoured by the loan of them when in that gentleman's possession, and from his accurate transcripts the present reprints have been made.

John Butler, the printer of the "Doctrinall of good Servauntes," is stated, upon the authority of Ames, to have been a judge of the Common pleas as well as a printer. "The only book we have yet found with his name," says Dr. Dibdin, (*Typographical Antiquities* iii. 173), is the following: "Parvulorum Institutio ex Stanbrigiana Collectione," 4to. We are now enabled to add the names of two books to the Doctor's list, for besides the "Doctrinall of good Servauntes," Butler

printed the "Conuercyon of Swerers" by Stephen Hawes, a copy of which was also in the possession of Mr. Caldecott.

It is conjectured, from his using the same device, that Butler was the master of Robert Wyer, one of the most industrious typographers of the sixteenth century, and the printer of the "Complaynt of a dolorous Louer," which forms the fourth tract of the present volume.

The "Boke of Mayd Emlyn" and the "New Nutbrowne Mayd" are from the press of John Skot, or Scott, as he frequently spells his name. They were reprinted in 1820 by the late George Isted, Esq. for the members of the Roxburgh Club. A copy of the reprint in the British Museum has the date 1515 written on each tract, but this is unsupported by any authority. Skot's publications extend from 1521 to 1537, the first-named year being that of his earliest *dated* publication, but it is not unlikely that the tracts in question may have been printed a few years earlier.

The story of "Mayd Emlyn" is probably more ancient than the date of the tract, and bears some slight resemblance to Chaucer's "Wife of Bath." The woodcut on the title-page had been previously used by Pynson in "The Shyp of Folyes" printed in 1509, for which work it appears to have been

originally intended. The "New Nutbrowne Mayd" is a moralization of the beautiful old ballad of the Nut-Brown Maid, which was introduced to popular notice in the last century by Prior, and was edited in 1760 by Capell in his "Prelusions." The only work in which the ballad has yet been discovered is Arnold's "Chronicle," supposed to have been printed about 1502.

The "New Nutbrowne Mayd" is an extremely close parody upon the original, and exhibits one of the most curious specimens of a practice very common in the sixteenth century, that of turning popular songs into pious ballads. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that the two last-mentioned tracts were unknown, until reprinted by the Roxburgh Club.

The fourth tract, the "Complaynt of a Dolorous Louer," is indeed a sorry specimen of poetry, and its extreme rarity is the only excuse we can make for including it in the present selection. The same may almost be said of "Loue's Leprosie." It is the production of Thomas Powell, a Welsh poet, the author of the "Passionate Poet, with a description of the Thracian Ismarus:" *Printed by Valentine Simmes*, 1601; and of a prose tract interspersed with poetry, entitled "A Welch Bayte to spare Provender; or, a looking backe vpon the Times

past:" *Printed by Valentine Simmes, 1603.* As a poet, Powell deals much more in new words than new thoughts, and there is a laboured constraint in his writing which not unfrequently involves his meaning in obscurity.

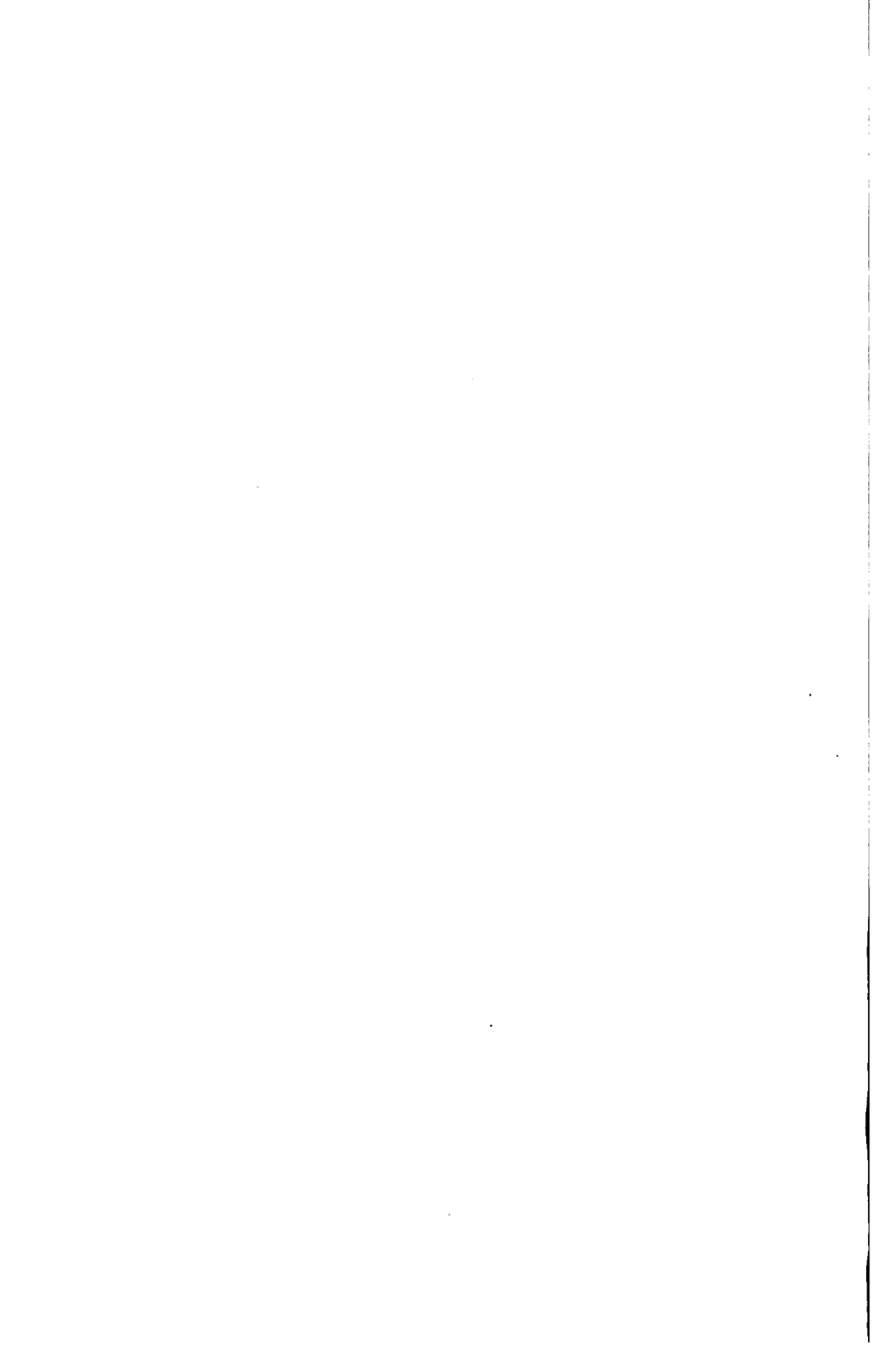
A person of the same name also wrote an entertaining tract entitled, "Wheresoever you see me, trust unto your self, or the Mysterie of Lending and Borrowing," 1623, besides several others of the same kind; but whether he can be identified as the author of the poetical tracts of the preceding century is a matter of question.

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THE DOCTRYNALL OF GOOD SERVAUNTES.

ALL ye seruantes that good intende to be,
Beholde in this treatyse here present,
In the whyche wryten ye shall se
Ryght good doctrynes playne and euydent.

Thou that seruest the spyrytualyte,
Behaue thyselfe to them obedyent ;
Not for them, but for theyr degre,
Syth they consecrate our God omnipotent.

Thou that them seruest at the autere,
Entende to them with all thy dylygence,
Be of thy mynde peasyble and entere,
That thou be worthy in thy Lordes presence.

Thou seruant seruynge ony prelate,
The whyche is set in dygnyte,
For theyr subiectes be good aduocate,
Supportynge them in good equyte.

Ye seruauntes in grete company,
In any lordes hous or mansyon,
Yf ye be yonge, se ye obey
To your elders, for it is reason.

A seruante ought to loue his lorde
With all his herte, and not to fayne ;
Yf he do the proffyte in dede and worde,
Do that thou it deserue agayne.

Seruauntes ought to be honourable,
Of theyr bodyes specyally,
To all men seruysable,
And to ete and drynke ay sobrelly.

Seruauntes ought not to swere in vayne,
The name of God in no maner,
Nor of his sayntes, beware that trayne,
For it standeth in grete daungere.

Ye seruauntes not seruynge at table,
In takynge of your nuryture,
Speke lytell and be agreable,
So that ye fauour may procure.

Euery man they ought to please,
And them obey with lowe intencyon ;
In lytell medlynge is grete ease,
Fle dysceyte, gyle, and decepcyon.

A seruaunte ought not for to brynge
No newe tydynges vnto theyr lorde,
Without they be nere hym touchynge,
For therof cometh grete dyscorde.

Seruauntes ought to aduertise,
To say euer trouthe and veryte,
Blame no man in any wyse,
Behaue the after thy degre.

Seruauntes that go on message
Of theyr mayster to any place,
Thinke well that it is grete outrage
To countrefet thy seale in any case.

Seruauntes ought after theyr pleasaunce,
For to be clenly of theyr bodyes,
Humble of loke and countenaunce,
Behauynge them to all degrees.

A seruaunt ought with dylygence,
To euery man to do honoure,
And to his mayster with reuerence
Enclyne hymselfe at euery houre.

A seruaunt ought euer for to fle
All places that are of euyl name,
As tauernes and houses of baudry,
Whiche bryngeth many a man to shame.

Who that wyll serue in loyalte
Marchauntes, preestes, or gentylmen,
To them dylygent must euer be,
And on euery hande haue fyngers ten.

Thou seruaunt that herest thy felawes blame,
And that he is not theyr present,
Blame hym for gyuyng his yll name,
Supportyng hym that is absent.

Ye seruauntes in ony wyse
Haue taken charge of besynes,
Erly in the mornyng se ye ryse,
Your werke and laboure to redresse.

Ye that are seruauntes in noblesse,
In kynges courte and other where,
Gyue euer honour to gentylnesse,
And your souerayne lorde loue and fere.

Ye seruauntes that in courte remayne,
Whiche here ony falshode or subtylte,
Holde your tonge and not complayne,
But yf it touche the mageste.

Seruauntes in courte that haue governaunce
Of the comenty in ony wyse,
Ought not so ferre them to auaunce,
Leest theyr mayster them dyspyse.

You marchauntes seruauntes I you auyse,
And ye labourers bothe daye and nyght,
Set not your mynde on couetyse,
Auoyde falshode, or ye do not ryght.

Seruauntes ought not to ensue
Theyr owne wyll nor volunte,
But to theyr mayster to be true,
Doyng his wyll with humelyte.

Seruauntes that are good and true,
Ought faythfully to bye and sell;
Fraude and falshode must they eschue,
Elles are they theues, and go to hell.

Ye marchauntes seruauntes, that go by the waye
To bye or sell your marchaundyse,
Where ye become do truely paye,
And giue true compte in your aduyse.

And ye that serueth labourers,
Of sloathfulnes se ye beware,
Be dylygent in all maners,
And by no meanes your body spare.

Seruauntes of chyrche or of noblesse,
Of laboure or of marchaundyse,
Thinke that trouth is worthe rychesse,
Therefore loue yt in ony wyse.

Ye seruauntes that wayte vpon the table,
Be ye honest and dylygent,
To hym that is most honourable
Afforme your maners and entent.

Couer your borde honestly,
After the custome of the countre ;
And whan they are set do you applye,
Echone to serue after his degre.

Yf ony be amonge them all
To whome your mayster wyll do honoure,
Tende ye hym as pryncypall,
Therby shall ye fall in fauoure.

Fyrst serue ye in the potage,
And than eche meet after his degre,
And be ye euer ware of outrage,
Or tatche of dyshoneste.

Ye seruauntes that at home do hyde,
Whan your mayster is forth of towne,
Ye wysest sholde the other guyde,
Kepynge good rule and prouysyowne.

And ye seruauntes of euery place,
Whan that the dyner is at an ende,
Present yourselfe for to saye grace,
Thankynge that Lorde that all dooth sende.

Whan that your mayster is fro the table,
And eche thyng as it sholde be,
Take your repast that is agreable,
So ye behaue you honestly.

Yf that thou wylte thy mayster please,
Thou must haue these thre prepyetees,
For to lyue at thyne hertes ease,
Auoydyng many of aduersytees.

A hartes fete with eeres of an asse,
An hogges snowt to must thou haue,
So mayst thou please in euery case
Thy mayster, yf thou the thus behaue.

By an asse eeres this is mente,
That thou must harken hym a bouste,
And yf that he be not content,
Saye nought, but se thou hym doute.

By the hogges snowte vnderstonden is
What mete soeuer to the is brought,
Though it be somewhat a mys,
Holde thy peas and grutche nought.

As to regarde of the fete of an harte,
They sholde euer theyr mayster socoure,
Payne the for hym though that thou smerte,
To renne and go at euery houre.

Nyght nor day spare no laboure,
Rader than he sholde haue damage,
Helpe hym in welth and in doloure,
Yf ony wolde do hym outrage.

Yf thou thus truely thy mayster serue,
He wyll it perceyue within a whyle,
Than shalte thou haue that thou doost deserue,
And a good name that none dooth fyle.

But yf that thou do hym begyle,
He shall perceyue it at the laste,
Than shall thy dedes thy name dyffyle,
And out of his hous he shall the cast.

Whan that thou arte thus departed
Without his loue dyshonestely,
As a seruaunte full yll aduerted,
And other mayster must thou aspye.

Than shall they come pryuely
And aske whyder thou were yll or good ;
Yf he say yll and the bewrye,
No man will haue the, by my hood.

But yf some be in necessitye,
And can none other seruaunte fynde,
Suche peraduenture wyll haue the,
But euer thou shalte fynde hym vnkynde.

But yf he be a foole or blynde,
Elles wyll he none of thy seruyce ;
Than must thou wander afore the wynde,
Therefore of this se thou be wyse.

Let pacyence abate thy maysters rygour,
And take good hede to his condycyon,
Thou shalt to hym do grete honour,
Submyttynge the to his correccyon.

And yf thy mayster make ye his secretary,
Se thou haue a sare tongue and stable ;
His counseyle se thou not bewry,
A secrete tongue is euer prouffitable.

And yf your mayster haue an vse
To swere the name of God in vayne,
His company se you refuse,
Leest ye be brought in suche a trayne.

Seruauntes auoyde the company
Of them that playe at cardes or dyse,
For yf that ye them haunte truely,
To thefte shall they you soone attyse.

Ye seruauntes that se the courage,
Of your mayster on angre set,
Yf he wyll do ony man damage,
With your myght se ye hym lette.

Ye seruauntes that ben in batayle,
Beware pyll not the comynthe,
Do not the chyrche robbe ne assayle,
Of God defended yf ye wyll be.

What ye do stele ye must restore,
Or here be hanged shamfully,
Or the hell fyre endure therfore ;
One must ye suffre of thes thre.

Ye seruauntes that ben oft angry,
Or oft dysposed for to fyght,
By dyscrecyon rule you wysely,
Hauynge the dethe ay in your syght.

Seruauntes yf that ye wyll ensue
The doctrynes and them obserue,
And serue and loue God with hertes true,
The blysse of heuen ye shall deserue.

Wherof the kynge shall you preserue,
Sendynge you rychesse and good mundayne,
Thus in this worlde can not ye sterue,
Yf that ye fro synne you refrayne.

Ye seruauntes that wyll kepe in mynde,
Thes doctrynes afore specyfyed,
Yf ye them folowe trust well to fynde
Some maners to be magnifyed.

Imprynted at London, in Fletestrete, at the sygne of Saynt
Johan Euangelyste, by me Johan Butler.

Here is the boke of mayd Emlyn that had
.b. Husbandes and all kockoldes; she wold
make theyr berdes whether they wold or no, and
gyue them to were a praye boodefull of belles.





THE BOKE OF MAYD EMLYN.

WYLL ye here of meruaylles
Drawne out of Gospelles
Of mayde Emlynne,
That had husbandes fyue,
And all dyd neuer thryue ?
She coude so well spynne,
Louynge to go gaye,
And seldom for to praye,
For she was borne in synne :
Ofte wolde she seke
The tauernes in the weke,
Tyll her wytte was thynne ;
Full swetely wolde she kys
With galautes, ywys,
And say it was no synne ;
Thus collynge in armes
Some men caught harmes,
Full lytell dyd they wyne ;
And if her husbande said ought,
Loke what she sonest cought,
At his heed she wolde it flynge.

She wolde saye, lozell thou
I wyll teche the, I trowe,
Of thy language to blynne;
It is pyte that a knaue
A prety woman sholde haue,
That knoweth not golde from tynne.
I trowe thou jalouse be
Bytwene my cosyn and me,
That is called syr Sym;
Thoughe I go ofte thyder,
We do nought togyder,
But prycked balades synge.
And I so cunnyng be
The more worshyp is to the,
Gyuyng thankes to hym:
For he me fyrste taught,
So I may cunnyng caught,
Whan I wente a brosshynge.
With suche wordes douse,
Thys lytell prety mouse,
The yonge lusty prymme:
She coude byte and whyne
Whan she saw her tyme,
And with a prety gynne,
Gyue her husbände an horne,
To blowe with on the morne:
Beshrowe her whyte skynne!
And ofte wolde she sleke
To make smothe her cheke,
With redde roses therin;

Than wolde she mete,
With her lemman sweete,
And cutte with hym ;
Talkynge for theyr pleasure,
That cocke with the fether,
Is gone an huntynge ;
Hymselfe all alone .
To the wode he is gone
To here the kockowe synge.
Thus with her playfere,
Maketh she mery chere,
The husbände knoweth nothyng ;
She gyueth money plente,
Bycause newe loue is daynte,
Unto her swetyng.
And prayeth ofte to come,
To playe there as shyneth no sonne :
• So at the nexte metynge,
She gyueth her husbände a prycke
That made hym double quycke,
So good was the gretynge.
Kocke, called of the bone,
That neuer was mayster at home,
But as an vnderlynge ;
His wyfe made hym so wyse,
That he wolde tourne a peny twyse,
And than he called it a ferthyng.
Nothynge byleued he
But that he dyd with his eyes se,
Full trewe was his meanyng ;

She cherysshed hym with brede and chese,
That his lyfe he dyd lese :

Than made she mournynge,
And dranke deuoutly for his soule,
The handbell ofte dyd she colle,

Full great sorowe makynge.
This sory widowe

But a whyle I trowe,
Mournynge dyd make ;

Whan he was gone
A yonge lusty one,
She dyd than take ;

Longe wolde she not tary
Lest she dyd myscary,

But full ofte spake
To haste the weddyng
And all for beddyng,

Some sporte to make ;
Her herte to ease
And the flesshe to please,
Sorowes to aslake.

In it out joyenge
That wanton playenge,

For the olde husbandes sake ;
Yet by your leue

A frere dyd she gyue,
Of her loue a flake ;
And sayd in her ouen
At any maner of season,
That he sholde bake,

There is rome ynowe,
For other and for you,
 And space to set a cake.
The seconde husbände Nycoll,
That pore sely soule,
 Myght not escape,
A kockolde to dye
It was his destenye,
 As man vnfortunate.
His wyfe vndeououte
Ofte wolde go aboute,
 And steppe ouer many a lake ;
Makyng bost in her mode,
That her husbände can no more good.
 Than can an vntaught ape.
Thus by her scole
Made hym a fole,
 And called hym dodypate ;
So from his thryfte
She dyd hym lyfte,
 And therof creste the date ;
She made hym sadde,
And sayd he was badde,
 Croked legged lyke a stake ;
She lyked not his face,
And sayd he mouthed was
 Moost lyke an hawke ;
This good man ease,
Was lothe to dysplease,
 But yet thought somewhat,

Thynkyng in his mynde,
That a man can fynde,
 A wyfe neuer to late ;
For of theyr properte,
Shrewes all they be,
 And style can they prate.
All women be suche
Thoughe the man bere the breche,
 They wyll be euer checkemate.
Faced lyke an aungell,
Tonged lyke a deuyl of hell,
 Great causers of debate ;
They loke full smothe,
And be false of loue,
 Venymous as a snake.
Desyrynge to be praysed,
A lofte to be raysed,
 As an hyghe estate ;
And these wanton dames
Ofte chaungeth theyr names,
 As An, Jane, Besse and Kate.
Thus thynketh he,
In his mynde pryuely,
 And nought dare saye ;
For he that is maysterfast,
Full ofte is agast,
 And dare not ronne and playe.
If she be gladde,
Than is he sadde,
 And fere of a sodayne fraye,

For woman's pryde
Is to laughe and chyde,
 Euery houre in a daye.
Whan she dothe loure,
And begynneth to snowre,
 Pyteously dothe he saye,
What do ye lacke?
Ony thyng swete herte,
 That I to you gyue maye.
She answered hym
With wordes grotchyng,
 Wysshynge her selfe in claye,
And sayth that she lackes
Many prety knackes,
 As bedes and gyrdels gaye ;
And the best sporte
That sholde me comforte,
 Whiche is a swete playe,
I can it not haue,
For so God me saue,
 Thy power is not to paye.
There is nought,
Nought may be cought,
 I can no more saye ;
Many men nowe here
Can not women chere,
 But maketh ofte delay ;
The wyfe dothe mone,
It is not at home,
 And borroweth tyll a daye,

What it is I trowe,
Well ynoughe ye knowe,
It is no nede to saye ;
Thus saye the wyues,
If theyr husbandes thryues,
That they the causers be !
They gete two wayes,
Bothe with worke and playes,
By theyr huswyuery.
With theyr swete lyppes,
And lusty hyppes,
They worke so plesauntly,
Some wyll fall anone
For they be not stronge,
They be weyke in the kne.
Be they pore or be they ryche,
I beshrewe all suche,
Amen nowe saye ye ;
They thynke it is as great almes,
As to saye the seuen psalmes,
And dothe it for charyte.
To gete gownes and furs,
These nysebeceturs,
Of men sheweth theyr pyte,
Somytyme for theyr lust,
Haue it they must,
Or seke wyll they be ;
If it do stycke
And she fele it quycke,
Full syle dothe she

Begyn for to grone,
And wyssheth she had lyne alone.

What ayleth you than? sayth he,
She saythe, syr I am with chylde,
It is yours by Mary mylde!

And so he weneth it be.
Whan played is the playe,
Jacke the husbande must paye,

This dayly may ye se.
He was gladde ywys,
Of that that is not his,

And dothe it vp kepe;
She that dothe mocke hym,
Another mannes concubyne,

And hys chylde eke:
Lo thus dothe landes
Fall in wronge ayres handes,

The causers may well wepe;
And worse dothe happen truely,
The broder the syster dothe mary,

And in bedde togyther slepe.
To synne lyghtely wyll the chylde drawe,
That is bekoten without lawe,

Wedlocke is veray swete;
But ones for all

The daye come shall,
The crye shall be welawaye;

Of all wedlocke brekers,
Thus saythe greate prechers,

Theyr dettes shall they truely paye.

All they that dothe offende,
God graunt them to amende,
And therfore lette vs praye.
But nowe of Emlyne to speke,
And more of her to treat,
Truely for to saye,
Whan the seconde husbande was dede,
The thyrde husbande dyde she wedde,
In full goodly araye.
But as the deuyll wolde,
Or the pyes were colde,
Fell a sodayne fraye ;
Moyses had a newe brother,
It wolde be none other,
And all came thorughe playe.
But mayde maydenhode myssynge,
Knoweth what longeth to kyssynge,
It is no nede to saye.
She loued well I trowe,
And gaue hym sorowe ynowe,
But ones on the daye,
With hym wolde she chyde,
He durst not loke asyde,
The bounde must euer obaye.
This man was olde
And of compleccyon colde,
Nothyng lusty to playe ;
She was full ranke,
And of condycyons cranke,
And redy was alwaye ;

In Venus toyes
Was all her joyes,
 Seldome sayde she naye ;
At the laste she thought,
That her husbande was nought,
 And purposed on a daye,
To shorten his lyfe,
And as a true wyfe
 She wolde it not delaye.
To fulfyll her lust,
In a well she hym thrust,
 Without any fraye ;
And made countenaunce sad
As thoughe she be sory had ;
 Also in good faye,
A reed onyon wolde she kepe,
To make her eyes wepe,
 In her kerchers I saye.
She was than stedfast and stronge,
And kepte her a wydowe veraye longe,
 In faythe almoost two dayes ;
Bycause she made greate mone,
She wolde not lye longe alone,
 For fere of sodayne frayes ;
Leste her husbande dede
Wolde come to her bedde,
 Thus in her mynde she sayes.
The fourthe husbande she cought,
That was lyke her nexte nought,
 For he vsed his playes—

With maydens, wyues and nonnes ;

None amyssed to hym commes,

Lyke they be of layes ;

Hym she lyked yll,

She prayed the fende hym kyll,

Bycause he vsed her wayes :

This mannes name was Harry,

He coude full clene cary,

He loued prety gayes.

So it happened at the last

An halfepeny halter made hym fast,

And therin he swayes ;

Than she toke great thought,

As a woman that careth nought,

So for his soule she prayes ;

And bycause she was seke

She wedded the same weke,

For very pure pyte and wo.

Yet or she was wedded,

Thryse had she bedded,

And great hast made therto.

The husbände had sone ynowe,

But Emlyn bended her browe,

And thought she had not so,

But to ease her louer

She toke another,

That lustely coude do ;

One that yonge was,

That coude ofte her basse,

Whiche she had fantasy to.

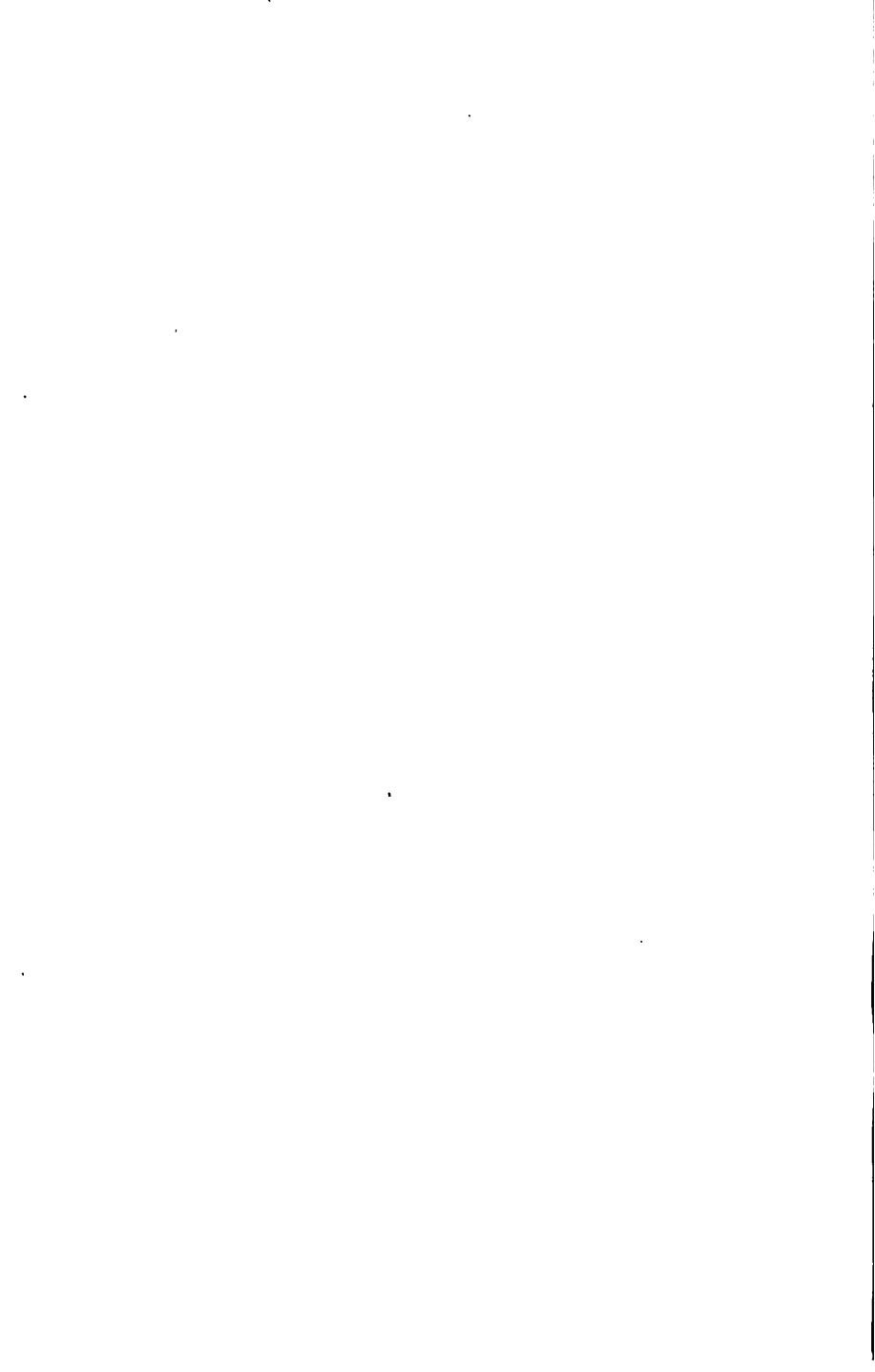
He coude well awaye,
With her lusty playe,
And neuer wolde haue do.
Bycause he coude clepe her,
She called hym a whypper ;
And as they were togyder
They bothe swetely played ;
A sergeaunt them afrayed,
And sayd they were full queuer.
They were than full wo,
The frere wolde ben a go,
He cursed that he came thyder ;
Whether they were leue or lothe,
He set them in the stockes bothe,
He wolde none dysceyuer.
In myddes of the market
Full well was set,
In full fayre wether,
For it dyd hayle and thonder ;
On them many men dyd wonder,
But Emlyne laughed ever ;
She thought it but a jape,
To se men at her gape,
Therof she shamed neuer ;
And sayd for her sportynge,
It is but for japynges,
That we be brought hyder ;
It is nother treason nor felony,
But a knacke of company,
And dye had I leuer

Than it forsake,
For I wyll mery make,
 Whyle youthe hathe fayre wether.
Whan her husbände it knewe
Sore dyd he it rewe,
 And was so heuy and wo,
He toke a surfet with a cup,
That made hym tourne his heels vp,
 And than was he a go.
And whan she was at large,
Care she dyde dyscharge,
 And in her mynde thought tho ;
Nowe wyll I haue my luste,
With all them that wyll juste,
 In spyte of them that saythe so .
And bycause she loued rydyng,
At the stewes was her abydyng,
 Without wordes mo ;
And all that wolde entre,
She durst on them ventre,
 Veray gentyll she was lo ;
And longe or she were dede,
She wente to begge her brede,
 Suche fortune had she tho ;
God dyd bete her surely,
With the rodde of pouerte,
 Or she dyde hens go.
Than she dyed as ye shall,
But what of her dyde befall,
 Naye there do I ho ;

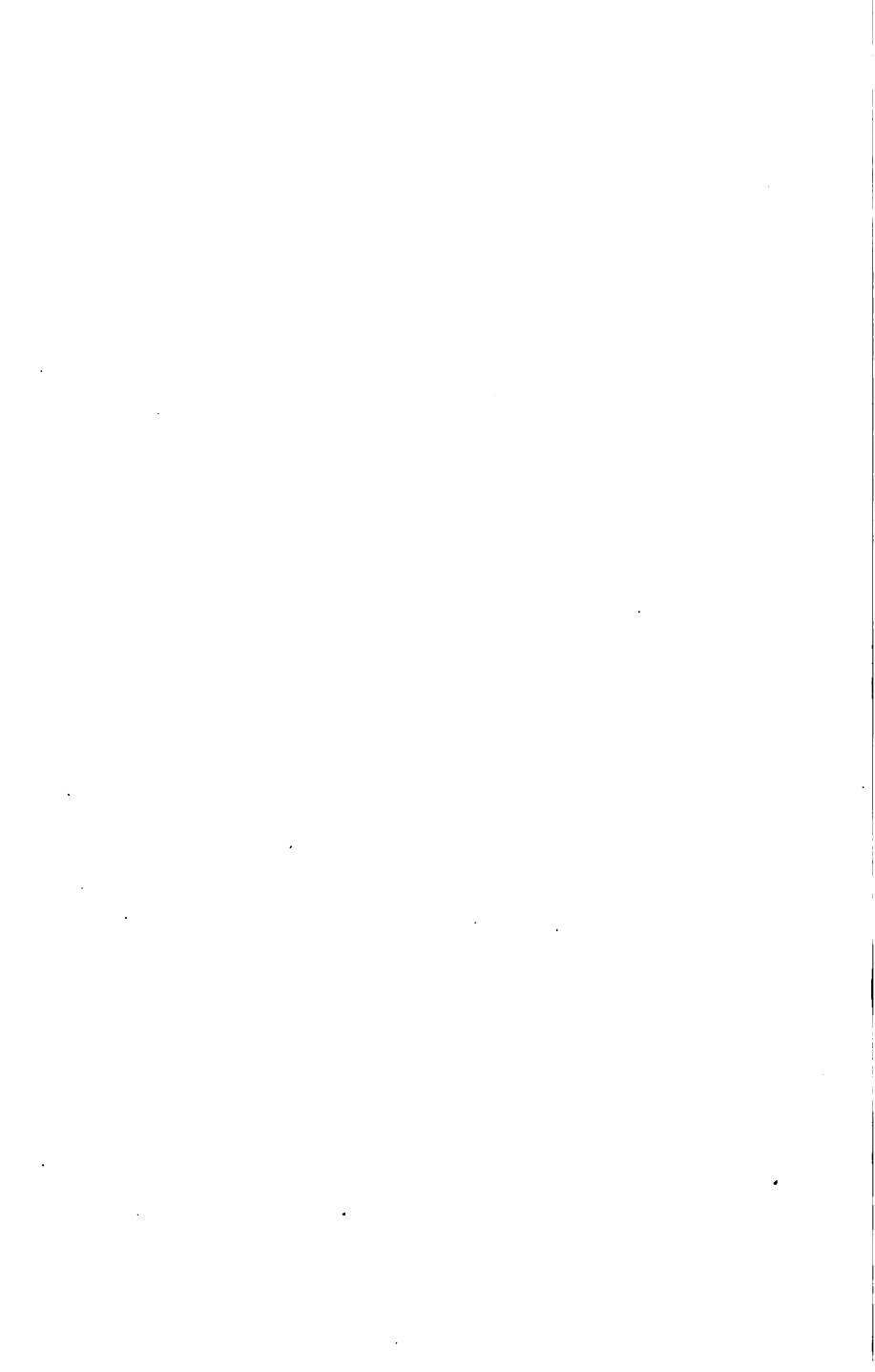
But they that rede this erly or late,
I praye Jesu theyr soules take,
Amen saye ye also.

FINIS.

Imprynted at London without Newegate, in Saynt Pulker's Paryssahe,
by me John Skot, dwellynge in the Olde Bayly.



Here beynneth the new Rotborune mayd
vpon the passion of Cryste.



HERE BEGYNNETH THE NEW NOTBORUNE
MAYD VPON THE PASSION OF CRYSTE.

RYght and no wrong, /
It is amonge
Yt I of man complayne,
Affyrmynge this,
Howe that it is
A laboure spent in vayne,
To loue hym well,
For neuer a dell
He wyll me loue agayne :
For though that I
Me sore applye
His fauer to attayne,
Yet yf that shrewe
To hym pursue
That clepyd is Sathan,
Hym to conuerte,
Sone from his herte
I am a banysshed man.

MARIA THE MAYDE. ✓

I say not naye,
Bothe nyght and daye,

Swete sonne as ye haue sayde,
 Man is vnkynde,
 Hys faythfull mynde
 In maner is halfe decayed ;
 But neuer the lesse,
 Through ryght wysenes
 Theyrwith be not apayed ;
 Yet mercy trewe
 Muste contynewe,
 And not aparte be layed ;
 Syth ye for loue
 Came frome aboue,
 Frome your father in trone,
 Of louynge mynde
 To warde mankynde,
 To dye for hym alone.

JESUS. 3

Than ye and I,
 Mother Marye,
 Let vs despute in fere ;
 Ryght hertely I you supply,
 Your reason lette me here.
 With man vnkynde,
 Hath neuer mynde,
 Of me that bought hym dere ;
 If his folye
 Shulde haue mercy,
 Ayenste all ryght it were.

I am by ryght
The kynge of lyght,
For man my blode out ranne;
Ye knowe a parte,
Yet from his herte
I am a banysshed man.

MARIA. 4

Here in your wyll
For to fulfyll,
I wyll not sone refuse,
To say the truthe
More is it ruthe,
I cannot man excuse;
To his owne shame
He is to blame,
His lyfe soo to measure.
Yet though rygoure
Without fauour,
Wolde hym theyrfore accuse,
Mercy I pleate
That is more greate,
Than rygoure ten to one;
Syth of good mynde
Towarde mankynde,
Ye dyed for hym alone.

JESUS. 5

The cause stode so,
Suche dedes were do,

Wherfore moche harme dyde growe
 To man, and I
 Came for to dye,
 A shamefull dethe ye knowe,
 Vpon a tree,
 To make hym free,
 This loue I dyde hym showe;
 Yet to my lawe
 For loue nor awe,
 He wyll not bende nor bowe.
 Thus my dere mother,
 For man my brother,
 Let me do what I canne,
 Hym to conuerte,
 Yet from his herte
 I am a banysshed man.

MARIA. . 6

O lorde of blysse,
 Remembre this,
 Howe mannes mynde is like the mone;
 Is varyable,
 Frayle, and vnstable,
 At morowe, nyhgt, and noone.
 Though he vnkynde
 Haue not in mynde,
 What ye for hym haue doone;
 Yet haue compassyon,
 Of our saluacyon,
 Forsake not man so soone.

A whyle hym spare,
He shall prepare
 Hym selfe to you anone ;
With harte and mynde,
Louynge and kynde,
 To serue but you alone.

JESUS. 7

I can beleue
He shall remeue,
 His synne a daye or twayne ;
But lytell space,
That God of grace,
 Wyll in his herte remayne ;
It shall aslake,
And he wyll take,
 His olde vsage agayne :
So from his thought,
I that hym bought,
 Shall be expoulshed playne.
Thus wyll he do,
Swete mother, loo,
 Holde ye all that ye canne ;
Vpon his parte,
Yet frome his herte,
 I am a banysshed man.

MARIA. 8

Swete sonne, syth ye
To make hym fre,

Wold dye of your good mynde ;
 Your herte souerayne,
 Clouen in twayne,
 By longes the blynde.
 And all was done
 That man alone,
 Shulde not be lefte behynde ;
 Your goodnes euer,
 Dothe styll perseuer,
 Though he haue ben vnkynde.
 What is offendyd,
 Shall be amended,
 Ye shall persayue anone ;
 He shall be kynde,
 Yeldyng his mynde
 And loue to you alone.

JESUS.

9

Matter in dede,
 My sydes dyde blede
 For man, ryght as ye saye,
 Yet yonge and olde,
 He neuer wolde
 Vnto my lawes obaye.
 But to fulfill
 His wanton wyll,
 Wrenchyng from me alway.
 Frome his delyght,
 By day or nyght,
 He wyll make no delay :

Lo mother! he
Refuseth me,
And tourneth hym to Sathan;
Thus from his thought,
I that hym bought,
Am made the banysshed man.

MARIA. 10

Bothe olde and yonge,
He hathe done wronge,
I graunt sone to the same;
Knowynge at large
In Sathan's barge,
Emparynge his good name.
Syth ye hym loue,
A greate reproue
It is to hym, and shame;
I do confesse
By ryght wysenes,
He is greatly to blame:
But I commence
Afore clemence,
For man myne accyon;
Let rygour reste,
Mercy can beste
Determyn this alone.

JESUS. 11

Consydre nowe
Swete mother, howe

✓ Man is a wylde outlawe ;
 Renneth a boughte
 In euery route,
 Workynge ayenst my lawe ;
 And yf the deuyll
 Tempte hym to euyll,
 Theyrto sone wyll he drawe,
 And all myschefe,
 Ys to hym lefe,
 Withouten loue or awe.
 To me or you,
 Though for his prowre
 Ye do to all ye can,
 Whan all is sought,
 Quyet frome his thought
 I am a banysshed man.

MARIA. 12

Though as ye say
 He disobaye
 Your commaundement and lore,
 Yet yf loue make
 Hym to forsake,
 His synne and wepe therfore ;
 With full contrycyon
 For his transgressyon,
 His herte oppressynge sore ;
 Contryte and meke,
 As Dauyd speke,
 What aske ye of hym more.

My sonne, my lorde,
Your prophyte's worde
I pray you thynke vpon,
And ye shall fynde
Man meke and kynde,
To serue but you alone.

JESUS.

My herte and mawe
To rent and drawe,
And me with othes to bynde,
Cheseth not he ;
Grace or pytye,
In hym can I none fynde.
The crewell Jewes,
Were to me shrewes,
But he is more vnkynde ;
Syth for his prowte,
He knoweth well howe,
I dyde of louynge mynde.
Of me eche membre
He dothe remembre,
With othes all that he can ;
Thus ofte I fynde
Me in his mynde,
But elles a banysshed man.

MARIA.

Full well knowe ye,
Ayenst thyes thre .

Man feble is to fyght,
 The deuyll, his flesshe,
 The worlde all fresshe,
 Prouoke hym day and nyght
 To sue theyr trace,
 Whyche in eche case,
 Is wronge and neuer ryght;
 That thyne stablyte,
 Of his fragylyte,
 Ayenst them hath no myhgt.
 Though man that frayle is,
 Swere armes and nales,
 Brane, blode, sydes, passyon;
 Swete sonne regarde,
 Your paynes harde,
 Ye dyded for hym alone.

JESUS.

Now for mannes nede
 Sith I wolde blede,
 And great anguysshe sustayne,
 In stony wayes,
 Both nyghtes and dayes,
 Walkynge in frost and rayne,
 In clode and hete,
 In drye and wete,
 My fete were bare both twayne;
 Though I for loue
 To mannes behoue
 Endured all this payne;

That I therfore
Sholde spare the more,
 No reason fynde ye can ;
Rather I sholde
More strayte hym holde,
 And as a banysshed man.

MARIA.

Yet my sonne dere
I pray you here,
 What tyme poure reason is ;
Mannes soule to cure,
Ye dyde endure
 Moche payne, I knowe well this.
To man all vayne
Shulde be your payne,
 If he were put to blys ;
For playne remysson
Is my petycyon,
 Where man hathe wrought amys.
Ye be his leche,
I you beseche
 To saulue his sores echone,
That he vnkynde,
May chaunge his mynde,
 And serue but you alone.

JESUS.

Hyther or theder,
He careth not whyther,

He go hym to encline
 To wyckydnesse ;
 From all goodnesse
 He dayly dothe declyne.
 In cardes and dyce,
 He compteth no vyce,
 Nor syttyng at the wyne ;
 To fyght and swere,
 To rent and tere
 Asondre me and myne.
 Lo thus he dothe,
 To make me wrothe,
 The worst he may or can ;
 And I am twynde,
 Out of his mynde,
 Ryght as a banysshed man.

MARIA.

My dere sonne dere,
 Syth ye the clere
 Fountayne of mercy be,
 Though man be frayle,
 He may not fayle,
 To fynde in you pytye.
 He wyll I truste
 Frome worldely lust,
 Turne his swete soule to me,
 And in shorte space
 So stande in grace,
 That I his soule shall se

To blysse assende
That hathe none ende,
There to remayne as one
That hathe ben kynde,
And set his mynde
To serue but you alone.

JESUS.

Man greueth me sore,
For lasse nor more,
Wyll he wons doo for me ;
Ones in a yere
A good prayer,
He sayeth not on his kne.
The poure may stande,
With empty hande,
For almes theyr wyll none be ;
Bothe day and nyght,
He flyeth the ryght,
But folye he wyll not fle.
His proper wyll,
For to fulfyll
He doeth all that he can ;
But from his thought,
I that hym bought,
Am euer a banysshed man.

MARIA.

If man for you,
Nor his owne prow,

Wyll to no grace procede ;
Mercy or grace,
A fore your face,
He none deserueth in dede.
But I your mother,
For man your brother,
Make instance in his nede ;
Though he deserue
To brynne and sterue
In the infernall glede ;
Spare hym for me,
And ye shall se
That he shall tourne anone
Frome his folye,
Incessantly
To serue but you alone.

JESUS.

Why shulde I soo,
Nay let hym go,
My dere mother Mary,
Syth his delyght
Is to be lyght,
And deale so vnkyndly,
For you nor me
He wyll not flee
From vyce ; nor hym applye
My wordes to here,
That bought hym dere,
On crosse anguyously.

Bothe yonge and olde,
He hathe ben bolde
 To greue me that he can ;
But my precept
Was euer vnkept,
 And I a banysshed man.

MARIA.

For ruthe and drede
Myne herte doth blede,
 Man in no wyse wyl be
By reason sayd,
Nor yet apayed
 From his offence to flee.
For though that I
For remedye,
 Do all that lyeth in me,
To haue hym cured,
Yet so endured
 With synne and vyce is he,
That to be shorte,
What I exhorte
 Not herde is, yet anone,
I trust he shall
Make well his thrall,
 And serue but you alone.

JESUS.

So rude and wylde,
And so defyled

Is he, past shame and drede,
That to what lawe,
He shulde hym drawe,

He scarcely knoweth in dede.
Yet better were
For hym to lere

Some vertu, and procede
To grace, than saye
Another daye,

Alas, my wycked dede
Hathe me betrayed ;
Lo thus, good mayde,

The daughter of saynte Anne ;
Man hath exylede,
Frome hym your chylde,
Ryght as a banysshed man.

MARIA.

Whan all to all
Shall come, he shall
I trust from vyce abrayed ;
And flee theyrfroo,
Whiche hathe hym so,

Encombered and arayed.
He shall repell,
Sathans counsell,

That ofte hathe hym betrayed ;
With full compounctyon
To take thy iniunction,
That shal be to hym layed.

Of harde penaunce ;
And hym auauunce
 To seche remysson,
Full reconsyled
To you my chylde,
 To serue but you alone.

JESUS.

My comaundement,
Neuer tontente
 His hyghnes for to alowe ;
His irous brayde
Wyll not be layed
 For me nor yet for you.
Myne yerte to teare
He hathe no feare,
 But dare it well avowe ;
Pryde with hym goeth
In herte and cloth,
 How say ye, mother, nowe ;
Hy thynketh great ease
Me to dysplease,
 By all the meanes he can ;
But whan my wyll
He shulde fulfyll,
 I am a banysshed man.

MARIA.

Sonne, though mannes blode
Be wylde and wode,

Frayle as a fadyng floure,
Regardyng nought
How ye hym bought,
Out of the fendes powre ;
With hertely mynde
Euer enclyned
To be a transgressoure
Ayenst your lawe ;
And though he drawe
Hymselfe to synne eche houre ;
Ye may not soo
His soule forgo,
Syth ye syttyng in throne,
Wolde for his loue
Come frome aboue
To dye for hym alone.

JESUS.

Mother, your loue
I se the proue
To man is kynde and true ;
To haue his lyfe
Brought out of stryfe,
Kyndely for hym ye sue.
And yf he wold
His vyces olde
Forsake, and take vertue ;
I wolde for ruthe,
Seynge the truthe
And loue that ye hym shewe,

Graunt hym remysson,
Vpon condycyon
That he forsake Sathan,
That I may fynde
Me in his mynde,
And as no banysshed man.

MARIA.

Sonne, your petye
And charytye,
Was well perceyued and sene ;
Whan your pleasure
Was to endure
To lye my sydes betwene
Nyne monethes, and than
Be borne as man,
And to brynge hym from tene ;
In graue be layed,
And me your mayd
To make of heuen quene ;
And condestende
Thus at the ende
To graunte man your pardon
At my requeste,
Wherfore shulde reste
Greate laude to you alone.

JESUS.

The poore at nede
To clothe and fede,

Parte of his rent and wage
He muste bestowe,
Rememberynge howe
All came of one lynage.
Forsakyng synne
He may me wynne ;
And to myne herytage
I shall hym take,
His soule to make
My spouse in mariage.
For to perseuer
With me for euer ;
With ioye she may say than,
That she hathe wonne
A kynges sonne,
And not a banysshed man.

THE TRANSLATOR.

Regarde and se,
O man to the
God is moche fauorable ;
Eschewe thou than
Reprehe no man,
Beware by dedes dampnable ;
In any wyse
Euer despyse
Sathan the deceyuable ;
Thy soule beware,
Out of his snare
Neuer be founde vnstable.

Perseuerauntly
Reason applye,
Justely let all be done ;
Endlesse solace
Shall he purchase,
That serueth but God alone.

Thus endeth the boke of the newe Notbrowne Mayd vpon the Passyon
of Cryste, imprinted at London by John Skot, dwellynge in
Foster lane within Saynt Leonardes perysshe.



HERE BEGYNNETH
A COMPLAYNT
OF
A DOLOROUS LOUER
VPON SUGRED WORDES AND FAYNED
COUNTENAUNCE.

I say, in right is reason, in trust is treason;
The loue of a woman doth last but a season.

Imprinted by Robert Wyer.

HERE BEGYNNETH A COMPLAYNT OF
A DOLOROUS LOUER.

O, WHAT dyscomforte! O, what dueyll!
What greuaunce, O, what syghes depe,
Thus from my pleasure for to recuyl
By force of her from whens my paynes doth crepe!
To wepynge teres tourned is my slepe;
O, what rage, to loue suche a fygure!
Uoyded of pytie, replyte with rygoure.

O, what hope, what solace of suche seruyce!
O, how am I with dolour furnysshed!
O, what dyspayre, what sadnes, what dystres!
As one in bytter tourmentes garnysshed;
With paynfull thoughtes thus to be banysshed
From her that hath aboue all creatures
My herte, and shall whyle the worlde endures.

Where I haue euer ben constant and true,
Content and glad aboue all measure,
To do that thyng that myght ensure
To her delyght and dayly pleasure!
O dolorous tourment that I endure,
Thus vnkyndly to be forsaken!
Wolde God rayther deth had me taken.

O what recomforte shuld I nowe haue,
For the langoure wherin I am wrapped ;
Ha ! loue vntrue thou doest me dysceyue,
By the semblaunce that I of the receyued,
Helas ! syth I no sooner perceyued
The sodayne stroke of thy vnkyndnesse,
Which deedly dothe my herte oppresse.

Helas ! to longe haue I attended,
My greuous payne to deth hath me brought ;
And where to loue I condyscended,
Repent I cannot, though I it dere hath bought ;
My trouth and fydelyte is nowe set at nought.
Helas ! moche better had ben for me
With bestes to haue lyued that vnknownen be ;

And there to haue eten rootes and grasse grene,
And taken my rest in places dysconserte ;
And neuer with woman to haue be sene,
But so to haue lyued in places deserte,
Then had I not knowen the causor of my smerte,
Whiche lytell regardeth my loue assured,
But with vnkyndnes my paynes hath procured,

Whiche are so greuous, that causeth me dayly
To crye and call for deth moste sodayne ;
Wyllynge for her to dye more gladly
Then to haue lyfe with her dysdayne.
Nowe out of hope I do remayne,
Euer to reioyce in playe or dysporte,
But styll to endure without comforte.

So with complayntes and regretes pyteous,
Uoyded of all ioye and pleasure dylectable ;
By force wherof constrayned to do thus,
My lyfe to lede with syghes lamentable.
Thus is my grefe imcomparable,
And the remembraunce of her swete face
From my iyes maketh the teres ronne apace.

Thus do I thynke, O what dyspleasure !
What grefe, what offence haue I done ?
Helas ! what thyng shuld her procure
Thus me for to forsake so soone,
For my true herte it is small guerdone ;
O then what cause haue I for to complayne,
That for loue suche doloure doth sustayne !

O what sorowe, what syghes with lamentacyons ;
What cryes, what wepynges, and what langoure ;
What dueyll tourmented of dyuers facyons,
What rygoure, what payne, what doloure !
O false dysdayne howe myght thou endure
Thy selfe in suche a place to present,
Whereas pytie shuld haue ben resydent.

Helas ! my dayes are shortened by thee,
And by the procurement of thy rewarde ;
Wherfore I may lament incessantly
My wyttes trobled, my body sore apparde ;
The roote of my sorowe hath no regarde
To my dyscomforte and deedly payne ;
Wherfore with wo to lyue I muste be faync.

Helas! haue I not then great wronge,
Syth my lyfe is abrydged and made shorte,
And that for her my sorowes stronge,
Whiche dayly doth to me resorte,
Is causoure of my dyscomforte?
Not consyderynge my mortall payne,
And greuous sorowes that I sustayne.

Causeles exempte from her fauoure,
Without equitye, reason, or ryght;
Helas! syth justyce hath no powre,
Trowth and fydelyte leseth theyr myght.
Fayned countenance hath blynded my syght;
Whom I thought faythfull had ben alwayes,
With cruell dysdayne my wages payes.

Nothyng in erthe so moche dyd me please,
As to hear laude or commendacyon
Gyuen vnto her; it dyd my herte moche ease,
And also no trouble, syckenes, nor vexacyon.
Thus me to grefe was none occasyon
But her vnkyndnes, whom I supposed
Her sugred wordes had not ben glosed.

Whiche, as me seemed, was able to constrayne
The power of dethe, to withdrawe his hande;
But now, alas! my hope is all in vayne;
I haue it loste that shuld withstande,
That was my ioye is now my wande;

My scourge, my tourment, and my trauelle,
Worse to endure then the paynes of helle.

By force wherof dymmed is my syght,
My wyttes rauysshed, my lyfe is wery,
My herynge stopped, my speche hath no myght,
Thus is there nothyng can me mery,
My dessperat dolour my body wolde bery.
The longer I lyue the more is my payne,
Wherfore to dye I wolde be glad and fayne.

My hole desyre is to be alone,
That I may haue her in remembraunce,
That is the causore of my mone,
The roote and grounde of all my greuaunce ;
Helas ! nowe haue I loste my vtterance,
My tonge is faynt to crye or call,
My voyce is feble, with lyfe ryght small.

Constraynt of wo causeth the teres
From my iyes plentuously to dystyll,
Suche habundaunce of sorowe my herte beres,
That my tonge can not vtter theffecte of my wyll.
My greuous herte my body doth fyll.
Thus dyenge and not dead, I do endure,
A hertles body without pleasure.

Thus adieu, farewell all ioye and pleasure ;
Adieu all companye of myrthe and dyssporte ;
Adieu all luthynge with songe or daunce,

Where in tymes past I had comforte ;
But nowe, helas ! I muste resorte
Vnto that doloure of dolours most dolorous,
The payne of paynes, then deth more greuous.

FINIS.

Imprynted by me Robert Wyer, dwellynge at the sygne of Saynt
John Euangelyst, in Saynt Martyns parysshe, beside
Charyng Crosse, in Norwyth Rents.

CUM PRIVILEGIO REGALI.

LOUES LEPROSIE.

THE PREFACE TO THE TITLE.

The leprosie yf phisicke bin approued,
Achilles cure, because Achilles loued :
The leprosie (saith Gordon) a disease,
Which on the child as yet vnborne doth sease,
Infectious and contagious, I could proue
It is incurable, and so is loue.
Loues leprosie, according to her kinde,
Made him a leaper in a louers minde.

Imprinted at London by W. White, dwelling in Cow-lane.

1598.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
SIR ROBERT SYDNIE,

LORD GOUVERNOUR OF FLUSHING, T.P. WISHETH ALL INCREASE
OF HONOUR, WITH THE CONTINUANCE OF HIS HOUSE
IN THAT FLORISHING ESTATE WHEREIN IT
IS NOW ESTABLISHED.

I know not (right Honourable) how to excuse this insinuation of mine, in committing this vnballast barke to the maine of your protection, considering that euerie little riuer hath water enough to beare it from the ground; yet if the ozean rage not (as in disdayne to support so weake a vessell) I may accomplish the period of my desires, and by this voiage learne to correct my compasse; if otherwise, this barke, conteyning all my fortunes, suffers vntimely shipwracke, and I banquerout of my hopes:

At tua supplicibus domus est assueta iuvandis,
In quorum numero me precor esse velis.

There is a sea intervening the hauen Aulis, of Beotia and Euboea, called Euripus, which flowes with such violence, that it preuayles against the windes in maynteining full sayles displayed ex aduerso: the same sea (right honorable) a true

idæa, resembles the loue wherewith you imbrace
the muses sonnes in rescuing from the Phocian
Pyreneus the Pyerian queristers, whom headstrong
lust seekes to dishonour ; I present to your Lordshyppe
the lucklesse loues of Achilles, which if they may
but gaine a gracious view in your iudiciall discretion,
you shall buy my labours at a high rate, and I thinke
my selfe therewith bountifully rewarded.

Your Lordshippes officious in all dueties of humilitie.

THO. POWELL.

LECTORI.

TWAS Dedelus that enuied at the boy
 Drencht in the sea, for making of a toy :

Little glory did he winne,
 Enuie is a mickle sinne.
 Tis he, and none but he I feare,
 Loath to buy my toy so deare.
 When Apollo shineth bright,
 Lesser starres shall loose their light.
 Wonder not when day is ended,
 Though our glimmering be extended.
 If I borrow from the Sunne,
 And restore not, day once done,
 May this starre that's so impaled,
 Like a meteor be exhaled ;
 That with his prodigious breath,
 Doth infect vnto the death.

Cast me not headlong from Parnassus hill,
 Although my work be wanting to my will.

Gentle reader yours to vse,
 If propitiate with his muse.

T. P.

JAMES HARMAN IN COMMENDATIONS OF
THE AUTHOR.

I CAN but muse to see thy timerous muse,
Of Enuies hidden sting to stand in awe:
What though th' Athinian carpenter did bruse
The forward youth, foyboasting of his saw:
Enuie will turne to loue, and loue to liking,
Such influence abideth in thy wryghting.

Let but the gentle reader read thy yeares,
Thy cygnet for a swanne he will allow;
For by Achilles loues it well appeares,
Thee with hir treasure Pallas did indow.
Let this suffice for all, thou mayst be bolde,
So young a head neare wrote a verse so olde.

Cum tonat ocyus ilex
Sulphure discuitur sacro quam tuque domusque.

LOUES LEPROSIE.

Troy lost hir souldier, Priam lost a sonne,
 Troye's hopes were past, and Priam's triumphes donne.
 The Phrygian dames, those sad Illyades,
 Earth spherifying lyghtes, heauen's Pleiades,
 Do fret the pauement of his brasen tombe
 With teares, whose currants from their eyelids runne,
 With teares in stead of flowers they strew the way,
 Such sollemne rites beseeme so blacke a day;
 With teares they wash his woundes, and then againe,
 Lament with teares their brother Hector slaine.
 Euen at these exequies amongst the rest,
 Was Peleus issue an vnwelcome guest.
 He noates their sorrow, and each seuerall passion,
 Affrighting Nemesis with inuocation
 Polyæna sendes foorth from trembling brest.
 Yee Gods in whom Troy holdes her interest
 Be iust vpon Achilles for this deede,
 Who first begirt me with a mourning weede:
 At this incenst, to heare such imprecation,
 As to his owne soule had so neare relation,
 His blood grows proud, and makes his brow the land
 Which he tryfallowes like caractered sand.

Thus he replyes in language mixt with gall,
That but for honour of the capitall,
And of that truce whereto they were coniured,
By Hector's blood, which had the earth manured,
And all the soules which by vntimely fate
His sword had sent to hell before their date ;
That tongue from whom such ranckor had his course,
Should begge for life and yet finde no remorse ;
But sacrificious at her brother's shrine,
Besprinkling it with blood, her soule refine.
These wordes he vsed, and vsing them came neare,
So nigh that faire Polyxene did appeare :
Our Mermaidonian captaine all amazed,
Stone still he standes, and standing still he gazed :
His eyes were dimde, the obiect was so bright,
Such is the force of beautie, such her might ;
His heart an anuill to a tragicke theame,
Where death began to forge a stratageme,
Will not endure while furie strikes a heate,
But at the first allarums sounds retreate.
His handes extended like that furious knight,
Who thought the Græcian fleet might proue his right,
Or as him selfe, when as his second selfe,
Breathed foorth his soule, diuorst from life and death.
Euen now, as then for his Patroclus sake,
Now did I say, euen now I mistake :
O now they plead as oracles of grace,
They menace none, for loue hath changed the case ;
A change to see his knee to offer duetie,
The foote whereof spurnes at all changing beautie.

Achilles loues Polyxene : What is shee ?
The lyuing daughter of his enemie.
How shall he woe her, that hath wed another ?
How shall he winne her, that hath slaine her brother ?
His trophees and his triumphes she doth hate ;
In Hector's death his vallon liued too late ;
Liue blest in this, that thou art Orpheus brother :
Hee none of thine, nor Thetis is his mother.
Hee in Castalian, therein didst thou bath,
And thou in Stygian, so he neuer hath :
Minion to Mars, and champion to the Nine :
O that our age could elbow that of thine.
But widow shee hath lost Achilles mate,
Sydney whose breathing fame admits no date.
O but for him I neuer should abyde,
But tell the Achademicks lowde he lyde,
Who mid those holsome hearbes which he did cherish
Suffered Metemsacosis so to florish.
In him Achilles wandring soule did rest,
Who like an eagle could not buyld her nest,
Till she had found him out ; but full of paine,
Seekes her Echytes els-where all in vaine.
With finding him, my muse hath lost her selfe,
Come backe ; for natures banquerout of her wealth,
The phoenix burnes, would teares might quench the
flame ;
Andromache calls on dead Hectors name ;
Though he be dead, his honors euer liue,
My infant penne shall him his tribute giue ;
And when this cygnet hath a whiter hew,
Shee vowes to swimme or sinke in open view :

Achilles wooes her loue, is full of woe,
Polyxen yeeldes, but Hecuba sayes noe.
Alas that loue the sonne, and loue the mother,
By opposition should aduerse each other ;
Shee doth accuse him as degenerate,
Whose birth a goddessse did contaminate :
Hee sweares shee is vnkinde of woman kinde,
Predominance stuffes her ambitious minde.
Both striue to soueraignize, both emulate,
Such ciuill warre the weale doth dissipate.
O I should deeme them, but for their descents,
Two of the foure substantiall elements:
Those two I meane, whose contrarietie,
Seekes to expell by their aduersitie.
Hence is't Polyxen loues and loathes together,
Much like the vaine that's guyded by the weather :
This is the influence of loue the mother,
And loue the sonne, efficient of the other.
Once more, and reprehende not for digression,
A womans minde is fit for each impression :
Hippocrates electuarie wyse
Attributes it to weaknesse in their eyes ;
Induce mee to subscribe he neuer can,
For euery female will outface a man,
And sinke him in the center of her eye,
Drentcht with the sourses of immodestye.
Olde Hecuba, well learned in their sex,
Instructes her daughter in this diuelish text ;
Hate occupie the center of thy hart,
Varnish with loue the superficiall part,

That when Achilles hopes to croppe a flower,
The hidden snake may haue him in her power.
The dryft is this, Achilles being slayne,
The Græcian trophees will decline and wayne :
Loue him as rangers vse to loue their deare,
That being fat, they fall at time of yeere.
The Lecturis was diligent to reed,
The pupill as attentiuie giues good heed :
The Græcian at the first encounter faylde,
Albeit, his second orasons preuaylde.
Maydes at the first, feare to be counted light,
And therefore vse their noe but as a slight :
Yet yf she loue, preuenting nay at thrice,
For feare shee loose her pray, cries yea at twice.
Egiptus sonne whom Danaa takes to wyfe,
Feeles ere he sees his throate to kisse the knyfe :
Euen so our louer, fearing no infection,
Tastes by the tongue, but tryes not by digestion.
And now he strikes a higher noate in loue,
Than earst when baser stringes did onely moue ;
Am I loues thrall, (quoth he) and must I yeele
To her the honors which I wonne in feelde ?
Loe Cytherea, at thy sacred shryne
My conquestes I do willingly resigne ;
Where loue's the goale, and beautie giueth ayme,
Ile proue an archer, though I loose the gayme.
Some of my shaftes are spent, nor will I spare,
But other shaftes shell proforate the ayre :
When all are gone heauens archar shall supplie,
By him ile calculate loues destenie,

Joynd with the most propitiate of the seauen,
Dart fourth celestiall influence from heauen.
For this dayes deede O chide mee not to morrow,
Tis not of Maurus that I begge or borrow :
If I do so let Fuseus loose his right,
And yet tis farre to reach vnto the whight.
His heauie quiuer and my hart of lead,
Will make the crasie sicke, the sick-men dead.
The destenies were neuer yet my saintes,
At fortunes shrine I breath not fourth my plaintes.
How much I scorne to borrow Maurus' bow,
Heauens constellations may confirme and show ;
I will commaund them all ; yf they refuse,
The pledge of wisdom shall be my excuse.
If Sagitarius throw me from a farre,
Foure spheres remote to Phœbus thirling carre,
And he suppose it be disparagement,
To giue a heauen wrackt soule some intertainment,
Like to a fire I'll sit vpon the maynes
Of his vnmanaged jades, and burne their raynes :
Then will I take my goddess by the hand,
Whose awfull scepter guydeth Paphos land.
How I am wronged shee shall informe her sonne,
And he shall helpe when all my hopes are done.
If Cupid fauour not, then will I prooue
Apostate vnto the god of love.
Nay more, a cynick like Diogenes,
Misanthropos and a Misogones :
This resolution did proceede from loue,
In whose thought flying orb his soule did moue :

The day he spendes in studie how to gaine her,
His studie nothing els but to obtaine her :
Observing this a motiue in their kinde,
High prayses humor best a woman's minde.
And this mooues him to proue practitioner ;
Solicite loue pleas Cupid's barrister.
Polyxenes poet in his mistres prayse,
Thus gins to volley foorth his amorous layes.
Thou wretchles father of a wretched sonne,
Sire to that dismounted Phaeton :
Giue raynes vnto those fierie steedes of thine,
That tread the path of the signiferous lyne.
Faire sunne that seest each mother's sonne on earth,
Cynthius by loue, Latoides by thy birth :
Proude for the one, promoted for the other,
Vowde to thy loue, deuoted to thy mother.
Eye of all seeing heauens, earthes lyfe, worldes light,
Whose presence makes the day, and absence night :
Performe the reuolution of swift time,
According to these faire demaundes of mine.
Poynt at that time, that wished time, and say,
Loe ! this of many a selected day
Wherein thy loue yeeldes her consenting voyce,
Of thee (would God of mee) to make her choyce.
Knowst thou, earth animating lyght, my saint ?
The fountaine of my griefe, and hartes complaint ?
If not, attende the whilst I shall thee show,
How thou my loue from others loues mayst know.
O shee is fayrer then the louely boy,
Who by his death bereft Hyperions ioy.

Had this Diana naked in the spring,
By any forrester bin euer seene,
He could not haue the power to runne away ;
But there inchaunted, at the gaze to stay.
Nor neede she call the Nymphes to reach her boe,
The sight had rauisht and bewicht him soe.
Her voyce the ground of winged Hermes sweete,
Wherewith Lucinae's watchman fell a sleepe :
Her handes, yf Joue perceiue they seeme to craue,
Sheneed not speake, Joue graunts what she would haue.
The margent is so fayre to gaze vpon,
That he shall surfet yf he gaze too long.
Her armes Heavens continent, the way so bright,
Reflecting Cynthias rayes seemes lacteall whight.
Once more the more for to decipher her,
Shees like thy selfe, O none so like faire starre.
The beautie thy disheuered lockes contayne,
Doth in the tramels of her hayre remayne.
As wee eye thee (all obiectes set apart)
So shee hath power to draw both eyes and hart.
If any penne distinguish twixt the Gods
And fayre Polyxen, I allow him ods :
Mainteine, there is no difference but this ;
That they in Heauen, shee on the center is.
By him her prayses haue eternitie,
And shee layes naked his mortallitie.
True loue's a saint, so shall you true loue know :
False loue a Schythian, yet a saint in show.
When many elegies of loue were done,
Polyxens hand, but not her hart he wonne :

On this condition, that his sword and shield
Should neuer be aduanst in Teucrian field ;
And euery Mermaidon whom he controlde,
The same with him inuiolate to holde.
By this the dayes of truce did take an ende,
And heere begins the practize they intende.
A second leader to the forebred fight
Was instigated, Troilus behight :
He knowes Achilles sleepes within his tent,
His loynes vngirded, and his bowe vn timer.
He there, the Troian gallant playes his pranks,
Passes confronted pykes and breakes their ranks.
The Græcians flye, their captaynes being slayne,
Our younger sonne to Mars pursues amayne :
Makes pauement of their trunkes, and where he rides,
The hollow hoofe checkquered in blood abides,
Leauing the print behinde, as who should say,
Be witnesse that the Troian rode this way :
Achilles doth beholde by loue restraynde,
He feares to be orebolde, but restes contaynde,
With execration that he did consent,
By solemne oath vnto this darke intent ;
Their instrumentes of warre keepe times accord,
The Spartan king, before Antenors sword
Flyes, in such danger of recouerie,
He wisht nighte's mantell were his sanctuarie.
His foe growes insolent, made proude with pray,
And conquest must her vtmost duetie pay.
Achilles is not tyde vnto the mast,
The Acheloydes singe, and he in hast

Leapes from his cabbin. O 'twere treble wrong
That he impatient should abstayne so long ;
Well mounted and well met they ioyned together
Like flowdes whose rushing cause tempestuous
weather :

And now their clattering shildes resemble thunder ;
The fire a lightning when the cloudes do sunder :
Long did it thunder ere the heauens were bright,
So long that when it cleered the day was night :
A night perpetuall vnto Priams sonne ;
His horse was slaine, the day was lost and won,
And heere each one might heare windes whispering
sound,

When earst the drums their senses did confound ;
Troilus dethes chiefe conquest from the felde,
Wrapt in their colours, couered with his shielde,
They carry him to make the number more,
Whose bleeding sydes Achilles speare did gore.
O had he not bin ouer insolent,
Achilles speare had rested in his tent :
But his prouoking pride did seeme to braue
The brauest souldier in the ayre concaue.
This is the onely price that valour yeeldes,
Thy soule shall finde his rest in Martiall fieldes.
The second league for dayes they doe proclaime,
And now Achilles visites his faire dame.
Ill fare that outward faire that's inward foule,
An angels face wed to Proserpine's soule :
If diuels in dietie thus masked bin,
The man thats so bewitcht doth no whit sin.

Thus pleades the subiect of my weeping muse,
For his fond loues alleadging this excuse.
If hee complayne on Loue, shee heares his plaintes
With delinition, and because he faintes
Shee doth reuiue him, brooking no delay,
With assignation of a wedding day.
Foorthwith a marriage twixt them was concluded :
Alas, that true loue should be so deluded.
The sunne is rose, sees Thetis sonne to fall
Vnder this false pretended nuptiall.
The Delphick oracle is now fulfild,
Eare Troy be wonne, Achilles must be kilde.
This is the day wherein they surfet all,
With blood of his who made the Troians thrall ;
And this the day wherein he did appease
Vnquiet soules, which earst could find no ease.
This day was nyght to him, and day to those
By whom vntimely death did heere repose.
His liues familliar starre doth shoote and fall,
The fairest starre the heauens weare gracte withall.
Euen when his steppes salute the temple porch
With hymmes, and Hymænus burning torch,
A shaft from Paris hand did soone disclose
Where Styx had kist him, and how high it rose.
Where the Stygian flood did neuer reach,
Deathes winged messenger did make a breach :
Whence from each veine the sacred breath descending,
Polyxens ioyes began, and his had ending.

ELÆGIA.

Or all the Gods about
 I did honour loue,
 Loue his dietie ;
 Nothing might me moue,
 For I did approue
 Loue his pietie.
 I did loue,
 He did proue
 Nothing myght my loue remoue.
 He did proue
 I did loue,
 Witsnesse this the Gods about.

He did not respect mee,
 But he did reiect mee
 In his royaltie ;
 He did not affect mee,
 But he did suspect mee
 Of disloyaltie :
 No respect
 Did reiect
 Mee in this his royaltie ;
 No affect
 Did suspect
 Mee for no disloyaltie.

I the felde did leaue,
And mine armes bequeath
 To the loue queene.
To my brow did cleaue
Venus myrtill wreath;
 There was loue seene.
 I did leaue
 And bequeath,
Myne armour for a myrtill wreath;
 Myrtle wreathe
 Purchast leaue,
To my temples fast to cleaue.

The boy that was so blinde,
Showed himselfe vnkinde
 To mine amours:
Playning to the winde
I no ease coulde finde
 To my clamours.
 He was blinde
 And vnkynde,
So vnconstant was his minde,
 As the winde,
 So vnkinde,
Ease for loue I could not finde.

Now I doe repent mee,
Now I do lament mee,
 But alas! too late.

Gentle hart relent thee,
Though thou must content thee
 With thy froward fate.
 Hart content thee,
 Hart relent thee,
Since Polyxen was vntrue,
 I lament mee,
 And repent mee ;
Loue and women both adew.

Tam Veneri quam Marti, mortuus Achilles.

THE END.

COCK LORELL'S BOTE :

A Satirical Poem.

FROM

AN UNIQUE COPY PRINTED BY WYNKYN DE WORDE.

EDITED BY

EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, ESQ. F.S.A.

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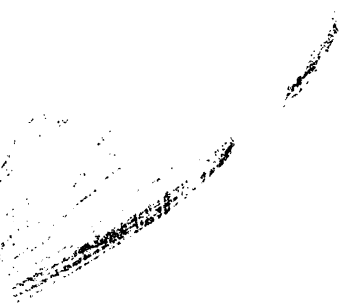
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INTRODUCTION

RICHARD JOHNSON, the compiler, and in all probability the author, of "The Crowne-Garland of Goulden Roses," was a ballad and prose-romance writer of some note at the end of the sixteenth, and beginning of the seventeenth, century. No particulars of his life have descended to us, and it is only from his works that we are enabled to glean a few slight notices of his career.

It has been conjectured, and with great probability, that the ballads in the following collection were written at a much earlier period than the date of their publication in the form of a "Garland." We know that Johnson was an author as early as the year 1592, when he published a poem called "Nine Worthies of London: explaining the honourable Exercise of Armes, the Vertues of the Valiant, and the memorable Attempts of magnanimous Minds," &c. 4to. (reprinted in the Harleian Miscel. viii. 437, ed. Park), and it was probably about that time he wrote, and printed in broadsides, many of the ballads which he afterwards collected in the present form.

In Kemp's "Nine Daies Wonder," printed in 1600, there is apparently an allusion to Johnson, as "the ballad-maker whom his kinsman Jansonius brought out," and whom Kemp "humbly requests not to fill the country with lyes of his never done actes, as he did in his late morrice to Norwich."

"The Famous Historie of the Seven Champions of Christendome" is the work by which Johnson is best known. Though now "the play-thing of children," it was once in high repute. Meres mentions it in his "Palladis Tamia, or Wit's Treasury," fol. 268, 1598; and Bishop Hall, in his *Satires*, published in 1597, ranks—

"St. George's sorrell, and his cross of blood"

among the most popular stories of his time. The earliest extant edition of this celebrated romance (*what* edition the title-page does not indicate) was printed, in two parts, in 1608, 4to. but the Rev. A. Dyce has pointed out two entries of it in the Stationers' Books in 1596. The first is to John Danter, on the 20th of April, and the second to Cuthbert Burby (by assignment from John Danter) on the 6th of September. Vide notes on Kemp's *Nine daies Wonder*, p. 35.

Upon the death of Queen Elizabeth, Johnson lamented that "untimely event" in a work bearing

the title of "Anglorum Lachrymæ, in a sad Passion, complayning the Death of Queene Elizabeth; yet comforted againe by the vertuous hopes of King James."

In 1607 he published "The Pleasant Walkes of Moore-fields," 4to., and in 1612 "A Remembrance of the Honors due to the Life and Death of Robert (Cecill) Earle of Salisbury."

Johnson was probably the author of "The History of Tom of Lincoln," 4to., by R. J., who likewise reprinted "Don Flores of Greece," 4to. His latest work appears to have been "Dainty Conceits," printed in the year 1630. Of this we know no other copy than that sold in the White-Knight's Sale. It may be conjectured that Johnson did not long survive this date; for, if we suppose him to have been twenty-five years old in the year 1592, when we first hear of him as an author, he must have attained the age of sixty-three when the "Dainty Conceits" were published.

The following Garland is reprinted from the first known edition, viz. that of 1612, a copy of which is deposited in the Bodleian Library. It was frequently reprinted, each time receiving "new additions." The greater proportion of the ballads are historical, and, from very early times down to the end of the seventeenth century, the common people knew history chiefly from ballads.

Aubrey mentions that his nurse could repeat the history of England, from the conquest down to the time of Charles I, in ballads.

It would be impossible to give anything like a complete list of the editions through which "The Crown Garland" passed; but those of 1631; of 1659 and 1662, for W. Gilbert; of 1680, for W. W.; and of 1692, for W. Thackeray (and probably others) are still extant.

It was at first intended to add, in an appendix to the present edition, the ballads included in that of 1659, but a careful examination has proved that the greater part, if not the whole, are to be found in other Garlands, which the Percy Society proposes at a future time to reprint. Many of the added ballads are by Thomas Deloney.

The contents of the two editions are the same as far as page 51 of the present reprint. All after that are omitted in the edition of 1659, and the following inserted in their place.

1. A Servant's Sorrow for the Loss of his late royal Mistris Queen An., who dyed at Hampton Court.

The tune is "In sad and ashy weeds."

First line.—"In dole and deep distress."

2. The Good Shepheard's sorrow for the death of his beloved son. To a new tune.

First line.—"In sad and ashy weeds."

3. Coridon's Comfort.—The second part of the Good Shepheard.
To the same tune.

First line.—"Peace, Shepheard, cease to moan."

4. A Mournful Ditty of the death of the Fair Rosamond, King
Henry the Second's concubine. To the tune of Flying
Fame.

First line.—"When as King Henry rul'd this land."

5. A most rare and excellent History of the Duchess of Suffolk's
calamity. To the tune of Queen Dido.

First line.—"When God had taken for our sin."

This ballad, which ends the first part, is taken
from Deloney's "Strange Histories," 1607, which
have already been reprinted by the Society. The
second part begins with—

6. The lamentable Fall of the great Dutches of Glocester, the
wife of Duke Humfrey: how she did penance in London
Streets bare-footed, with a wax candle in her hand: and
how at last she was banished the land, where, in exile in the
Isle of Man, she ended her dayes in woe. To the tune of
"Fortune my Foe."

First line.—"I once a Dutches was of great renown."

7. A courtly new song of the Princely wooing of the fair Maid
of London, by King Edward. To the tune of "Bonny sweet
Robin."

First line.—"Fair Angel of England, thy beauty so bright."

8. The Fair Maid of London's answer to King Edward's wanton
love. To the same tune.

First line.—"Oh wanton King Edward, 'tis labour in vain."

9. The story of ill May-day in the time of King Henry the Eighth, and why it was so called: and how Queen Katherine begged the lives of two thousand London Prentices. To the tune of "Essex's good night."

First line.—"Peruse the stories of this land."

10. The life and death of the two Ladies of Finsbury that gave Moor-Fields to the City, for the Maidens of London to dry cloaths in. To the tune of "Where is my true love."

First line.—"You gallant London Damsels."

11. An excellent Song made of the successors of King Edward the Fourth. To the tune of "O man in desperation."

First line.—"When as the King of England dy'd."

12. The princely Song of the Six Queens that were married to Henry the Eighth, King of England. The tune is "Well-aday."

First line.—"When England fame did ring."

13. The lamentable complaint of Queen Mary for the unkind departure of King Philip, in whose absence she fell sick, and dyed. The tune is Crimson Velvet.

First line.—"Many doth complain."

14. The Battel of Agen-Court, between the English-men and French-men. The tune is Flying Fame.

First line.—"A council grave our king did hold."

///.

A

C R O W N E - G A R L A N D

OF

G O U L D E N R O S E S .

GATHERED OUT OF ENGLAND'S ROYALL GARDEN.

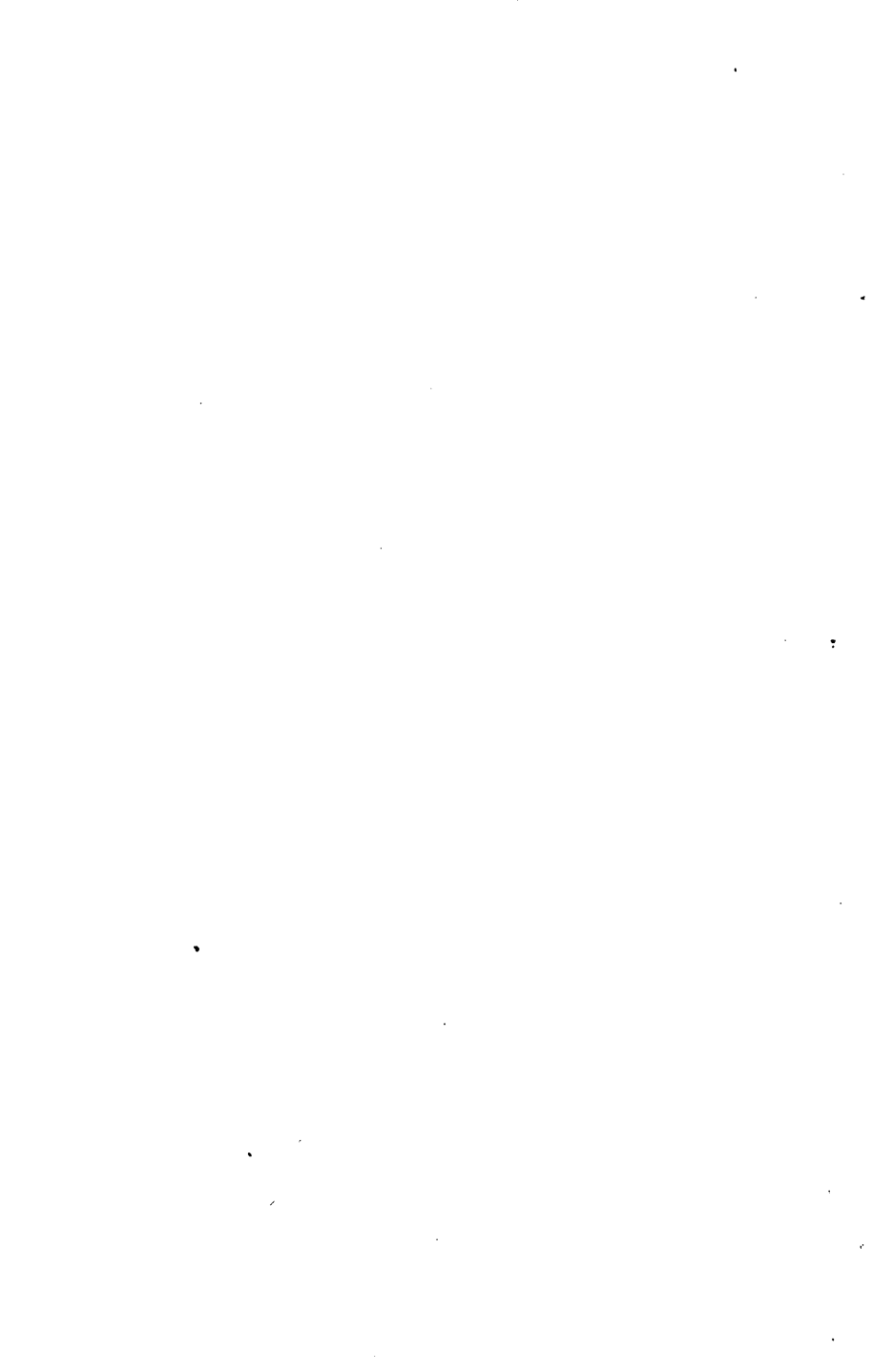
BEING THE LIVES AND STRANGE FORTUNES OF MANY GREAT
PERSONAGES OF THIS LAND. SET FORTH IN MANY PLEASANT
NEW SONGS AND SONNETTS NEVER BEFORE IMPRINTED.

BY RICHARD JOHNSON.

AT LONDON.

Printed by G. Eld for John Wright, and are to be sold at his
Shop at Christ Church Gate.

1612.



THE CROWNE-GARLAND
OF
GOLDEN ROSES.

A PRINCELY SONG MADE OF THE RED ROSE AND THE WHITE,
ROYALLY UNITED TOGETHER BY KING HENRY THE SEVENTH
AND ELIZABETH PLANTAGINET, DAUGHTER TO EDWARD THE
FOURTH : FROM WHOM OUR NOW SOVERAIGN LORD, KING JAMES,
LINNIALY DESCENDED.

To the Tune of "When flying Fame."

WHEN Yorke and Lankaster made war,
Within this famous land,
The lives of England's royall peerres
Did in much danger stand.
Seaven English kings, in bloody feelds,
For England's crowne did fight ;
In which their heires were, all but twaine,
Of lives bereaved quight.

Then thirty thousand English-men
Were in one battel slaine ;
Yet could not all this English blood,
A settled peace obtaine.

For fathers kind their deere sonnes kil'd,
And sons their fathers slew,
Yea, kindreds fought against their kind,
And not each others knew.

At last, by Henries lawfull claime,
This wasting warre had end ;
For England's peace he soone restor'd,
And did the same defend.
For tyrant Richard, nam'd the Third,
Chief breeder of this wo,
By him was slaine neare Leaster towne,
As cronicles doe show.

All feares of warre he thus exil'd,
Which joy'd each English-man,
And daies of long-desired peace
Within the land began.
He rul'd his kingdome by true love,
To cheire his subjects' lives:
For every one had dayly joy,
And comfort of their wives.

King Henry had such a princely care
Our further peace to frame,
Tooke fair Elizabeth to wife,
That gallant Yorkest dame :
Fourth Edward's daughter, blest of God
To scape King Richard's spight,
Was thus made England's peerless queene,
And Henries hearts delight.

Thus Henry, first of Tudor's name,
And Lankaster the last,
With Yorke's right heire, a true love's knot
Did linke and tie full fast.
Renowned Yorke the White Rose gave,
Brave Lankaster the Red :
By wedlocke here conjoyn'd to grow,
Both in one princely bed.

These Roses sprang and budded faire,
And carried such a grace,
That Kings of England in their armes
Afford them worthy place.
And florish may these Roses long,
That all the world may tell,
The owners of these princely flowers
In vertues doe excell.

To glorifie these Roses more,
King Henry and his queene
First plac'd their pictures in [wrought] gold,
Most gorgeous to be seene.
The king's owne gard now weares the same
Upon their backes and brest ;
Where love and loyalty remaines,
And evermore shall rest.

The red rose on the backe is plast,
Thereon a crowne of gold ;
The white rose on the brest as brave
And costly to behold :

Bedeckt most rich with silver studs,
On cotes of scarlet red ;
A blushing hew, which England's fame
Now many a yeare hath bred.

Thus Tudor and Plantaginet
These honors first devised,
To welcome long desired peace,
With us so dearly prized.
A peace that now maintayned is
By James, our royall king :
For peace brings plenty to the land,
With every blessed thing.

To speake againe of Henries praise,
His princely liberall hand
Gave guifts and graces many waies
Unto this famous land :
For which the Lord him blessings sent,
And multiplied his store ;
In that he left more wealth to us
Then any king before.

For first his sweet and lovely queene,
A joy above the rest,
Brought him both sonnes and daughters faire,
To make this kingdom blest.
The royall blood, that was at ebb,
So increased by this queene,
That England's heirs unto this day,
Doe florish faire and greene.

The first faire blessing of his seede
Was Arthur Prince of Wales,
Whose vertues to the Spanish court,
Quite ore the ocean sayles.
There Ferdinand, the King of Spaine,
His daughter Katherne gave
For wife unto the English prince ;
A thing that God would have.

Yet Arthur in his lofty youth,
And blooming time of age,
Submitted meekely his sweet life
To death's impartiall rage :
Who dying so, no issew left,
The sweet of nature's joy,
Which compast England round with griefe,
And Spaine with sad any.

King Henries second comfort prov'd
A Henry of his name ;
In following time eight[h] Henry cal'd,
A king of noble fame.
He conquered Bullen with his sword,
With many townes in France :
His manly might and fortitude
Did England's fame advance.

He popish abbies first supprest,
And papestry pul'd downe ;
And bound their lands by parliment
Unto his royall crowne.

He had three children by three wives,
All princes raining here ;
Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth,
A queene belov'd most deare.

These three sweet branches bare no frute,
God no such joy did send ;
Through which the kingly Tudors' name
In England here had end.
The last Plantaginet that liv'd
Was nam'd Elizabeth :
Elizabeth last Tudor was,
The greatest queene of earth.

Seventh Henry yet we name againe,
Whose grace gave free consent
To have his daughters married, both
To kings of high descent :
Margret, the eldest of the twaine,
Was made great Scotland's queene ;
As wise, as fair, as vertuous
As eare was lady seene.

From which fair queene our royall king
By lineale course descendeth ;
And rightfully he injoys that crowne,
Which God now still befriendeth.
For Tudor and Plantaginet,
By yeelding unto death,
Have made renowned Steward's name
The greatest upon earth.

His younger daughter, Mary cal'd,
As princely by degree,
Was by her father worthy thought
The Queene of France to be :
And after to the Suffolke Duke
Was made a noble wife,
Where, in the famous English court
She lead a vertuous life.

King Henry and his lovely queene
Rejoyst to see the day,
To have their children thus advanst
With honors every way :
Which purchast pleasure and content,
With many a yeares delight ;
Till sad mischance, by cruell death,
Procur'd them both a spight.

The queene, that faire and princely dame,
That mother meeke and mild,
To ad more number to her joyes,
Againe grew big with child :
All which brought comfort to her King ;
Against which carefull hower,
He lodg'd his dear kind-hearted queene
In London's stately Tower.

That tower, which prov'd so fatal once
To princes of degree,
Prov'd fatall to this noble queene,
For therein dyed she.

In child-bed lost she her sweet life,
Her life esteem'd so deare ;
Which had beene England's loving queene
Full many a happy yeare.

The king herewith posest with griefe,
Spent many months in moane ;
And dayly sight, and said that he
Like her could find out none :
Nor none could he in fancy chuse
To make his weded wife ;
Therefore a widdower would remaine
The remnant of his life.

His after-daies he spent in peace
And quietnesse of mind ;
Like king and queene, as these two were,
The world can hardly find.
Our king and queene, yet like to them
In vertue and true love,
Have heavenly blessings, in like sort,
From heavenly powers above.

A DELIGHTFULL SONG OF THE FOURE FAMOUS FEASTS OF ENGLAND:
THE ONE OF THEM ORDAYNED BY KING HENRY THE SEVENTH
TO THE HONOR OF MARCHANT TAYLORS; SHEWING HOW SEVEN
KINGS HAVE BEEN FREE OF THAT COMPANY, AND NOW LASTLY
GRACED WITH THE LOVE OF OUR RENOWNED PRINCE HENRY OF
GREAT BRITTAINE.

To the Tune of "Treatan's Toy."

ENGLAND is a kingdome
Of all the world admired,
More statelnesse in pleasures
Can no way be desired:
The court is full of bravery,
The citty stor'd with wealth,
The law preserveth unity,
The country keepeth health.

Yet no like pompe and glory
Our cronicles record,
As four great feasts of England
Do orderly afford:
All others be but dinners cal'd,
Or banquets of good sorte,
And none but fowre be named feasts;
Which here I will report.

Saint George's feast, the first of all,
Maintained is by kings,
Where much renowne and royalty
Thereof now dayly rings:

Princes come from foraine lands
To be St. George's knights ;
The golden garter thus is worne
By sundry worthy wights.

St. George, our English champion,
In most delightfull sort
Is celebrated, yeare by yeare,
In England's royall court.
The King, with all his noble traine,
In gould and rich aray,
Still glorifies the festivall
Of great Saint George's day.

The honoured Maior of London
The second feast ordaines,
By which the worthy citizens
Much commendation gains :
For lords, and judges of the land,
And knights of good request,
To Guildhall come to countenance
Lord Maior of London's feast.

Also the sargeants of the law
Another feast affords,
With grace and honor glorified
By England's noble lords ;
And this we call the sergiants' feast,
A third in name and place,

But yet there is a fourth likewise,
Deserves as gallant grace.

The Marchant-Taylors company,
The fellowship of fame,
To London's lasting dignity,
Lives honored with the same :
A guift King Henry the Seaventh gave,
Kept once in three yeares still,
Where gould and gownes be to poore men
Given by King Henries will.

Full many good fat bucks he sent,
The fairest and the best
The king's large forest can afford,
To grace this worthy feast ;
A feast that makes the number just,
And last account of foure,
Therefore let England thus report ;
Of feasts there be no more.

Then let all London companies,
So highly in renown,
Give Marchant-Taylors name and fame
To weare the lawrell crowne :
For seven of England's royall kings
Thereof have all beene free,
And with their loves and favors, grac'd
This worthy company.

King Richard, once the second nam'd,
Unhappy in his fall,
Of all these race of royall kings
Was freeman first of all.
Bolingbrooke, fourth Henry, next
By order him succeeds,
To gloryfie this brother-hood
By many princely deeds.

Fift Henry, which so valiently
Deserved fame in France,
Became free of this company,
Faire London to advance.
Sixt Henry then, the next in raigne,
Though lucklesse in his daies,
Of Marchant-Taylors freemen was,
To [their] eternall praise.

Fourth Edward, that right worthy king,
Beloved of great and small,
Also perform'd a freeman's love
To this renowned hall.
Third Richard, which by cruellty,
Brought England many woes,
Unto this worthy company
No little favour shoves.

But richest favours yet, at last,
Proceeded from a king,
Whose wisdom round about the world,
In princes' eares doth ring ;

King Henry, whome we call the seventh,
Made them the greatest grac'd,
Because in Marchant-Taylors' hall
His picture now stands placed.

Their charter was his princely guift,
Maintaynd unto this day ;
He added Marchant to the name
Of taylors, as some say.
Lo ! Marchant-Taylors they be cal'd,
His royall love was so ;
No London-company the like
Estate of kings can shoe.

From time to time we thus behold
The Marchant-Taylors' glory,
Of whose renowne the muses' pens
May make a lasting story.
This love of kings begot such love
Of our now royall prince,
(For greater love then his to them
Was nere before nor since ;)

It pleased so his princely minde,
In meek kinde courtesie,
To be a friendly freeman made
Of this brave company.
[O] London ! then in heart rejoyce,
And Marchant-Taylors sing
Forth prayses of this gentle prince,
The sonne of our good king !

To tell the welcomes to the world,
 He then in London had,
 Might fill us full of pleasing joyes,
 And make our hearts full glad.
 His triumphs were perform'd and done,
 Long lasting will remaine ;
 And chronicles report aright
 The order of it plaine.

THE LAMENTABLE SONG OF THE LORD WIGMOORE, GOVERNOR OF
 WARWICKE CASTLE, AND THE FAYRE MAID OF DUNSMOORE: AS
 A WARNING TO ALL MAIDS TO HAVE CARE HOW THEY YEELD
 TO THE WANTON DELIGHTS OF YOUNG GALLANTS.

To the Tune of "Diana."

In Warwickshire there stands a downe,
 And Dunsmoore-heath it hath to name,
 Adjoyning to a country towne,
 Made famous by a maiden's name :

Faire Isabel she called was,
 A shepheard's daughter, as some say ;
 To Wigmoore's eare her fame did passe,
 As he in Warwicke-Castle lay.

Poore love-sicke lord immediately
 Upon her fame set his delight ;
 And thought much pleasure sure did lie,
 Possessing of so sweet a wight.

Therefore to Dunsmoore did repair,
To recreate his sickly mind ;
Where in a summer's evening faire,
His chance was Isabell to find.

She sat amidst a meddow greene,
Most richly spred with smelling flowers,
And by a river she was seene
To spend away some evening howers.

There sat this maiden all alone,
Washing her self in secret wise,
Which virgin faire to look upon
Did much delight his longing eyes.

She, thinking not to be espied,
Had layd from her her countrey tire ;
The tresses of her haire untide,
Hung glist'ring like the golden wier :

And, as the flakes of winter's snow
That lie unmelted on the plaines,
So white her body was in show ;
Like silver springs did run her vaines.

He, ravisht with this pleasant sight,
Stood as a man amazed still ;
Suff'ring his eyes to take delight,
That never thought they had their fill.

She blinded his affection so,
That reason's rules were led awry ;
And love the coales of lust did blow,
Which to a fire soone flamed hye :

And though he knew the sinne was great,
Yet burned so within, his brest,
With such a vehement scorching heat,
That none but she could lend him rest.

Lord Wigmore beeing thus drown'd in lust,
By liking of this dainty dame ;
He call'd a servant of great trust,
Inquiring straight what was her name.

She is, quoth he, no married wife,
But a shepheard's daughter, as you see,
And with her father leads her life,
Whose dwellings by these pastures bee :

Her name is Isabel the faire ;
Then stay, quoth he, and speak no more,
But to my castle strait her beare,
Her sight hath wounded me full sore.

Thus to Lord Wigmoore she was brought ;
Who with delight his fancies fed,
And through his sute such means he wrought,
That he entic'd her to his bed.

This being done, incontinent
She did return from whence she came,
And every day she did invent
To cover her received shame.

But ere three months were fully past,
Her crime committed plaine appears:
Unto Lord Wigmore then, in haste,
She long complain'd with weeping teares.

THE COMPLAINT OF FAIR ISABELL FOR THE LOSSE OF HER HONOUR,
AT THE END WHEREOF SHE SLEW HERSELFE.

To the same Tune.

LORD WIGMOORE! thus I have defil'd
And spotted my pure virgin's bed;
Behold I am conceiv'd with childe,
To which vile folly you me led:

For now this deed that I have wrought
Throughout this country well is knowne,
And to my woful parents brought,
Whom now for me do make great mone.

How shall I looke them in the face,
When they my shamelesse selfe shall see?
Then sed: Eve! I feele thy case,
When thou hadst tasted on the tree!

Thou hidst thyselfe, and so must I,
But God thy trespassse quickly found ;
The dark may hide me from man's eye,
But leave my shame still to abound.

Wide open are my eyes to looke
Upon my sad and heavy sinne ;
And quite unclasped is the booke
Where my accounts are written in.

This sin of mine deserveth death ;
Be judge, Lord Wigmoore, I am shee,
For I have tread a strumpet's path,
And for the same I needs must die !

Bespotted with reproachful shame
To ages following shall I bee,
And in records be writ my blame ;
Lord Wigmoore, this is long of thee !

Lord Wigmoore, prostrate at thy feete,
I crave my first deserved doome,
That death may cut off from the roote
This body, blossom, branch and bloome !

Let modesty accuse this crime !
Let love, and law, and nature speake !
Was ever any wretch yet seene
That in one instant all did breake ?

Then, Wigmoore, justice on me show,
That thus consented to this act ;
Give me my death : for death is due
To such as sinne in such a fact.

O that the wombe had beene my grave,
Or I had perisht in my birth !
O that same day may darknesse have
Wherein I first drew vitall breath !

Let God regard it not at all !
Let not the sunne upon it shine !
Let misty darknesse on it fall,
For to make knowne this sinne of mine !

The night wherein I was conceiv'd
Let be accurst with mournefull eyes !
Let twinkling starres from skyes be reav'd,
And clouds of darknesse thereon rise !

Because they shut not up the powers,
That gave the passage to my life.
Come sorrow, finish up mine howers,
And let my time here end with greefe !

And having made this wofull moane,
A knife she snatched from her side ;
Where Lucesse part was rightly showne,
For with the same, fayre Isabell dyed.

Whereat Lord Wigmoore grieved sore,
In heart repenting his amisse,
And after would attempt no more
To crop the flowers of maiden's blisse :

But lived long in woefull wise,
Till death did finish up his dayes,
And now in Isabel's grave he lyes
Till judgment comes them both to raise.

A SONG OF SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON, WHO BY STRANGE FORTUNES CAME TO BEE THRICE LORD MAIOR OF LONDON ; WITH HIS BOUNTIFULL GIFTS AND LIBERALITY GIVEN TO THIS HONOURABLE CITY,

To the Tune of "Dainty come thou to me."

HERE must I tell the praise
Of worthy Whittington ;
Known to be in his dayes
Thrice Maior of London.
But of poor parentage
Borne was he, as we heare ;
And in his tender age
Bred up in Lancashire.

Poorely to London than
Came up this simple lad ;
Where, with a marchant-man,
Soone he a dwelling had ;

And in a kitchen plast
A scullion for to be,
Whereas long time he past
In labour drudgingly.

His daily service was
Turning spitts at the fire,
And to scour pots of brasse,
For a poore scullions hire.
Meat and drinke all his pay,
Of coyne he had no store,
Therefore to run away,
In secret thought he bore.

So from this Marchant-man,
Whittington secretly
Towards his country ran,
To purchase liberty.
But, as he went along
In a fair summer morne,
London's bells sweetly rung,
"Whittington back return."

Evermore sounding so,
"Turn againe, Whittington,
For thou in time shall grow
Lord Maior of London."
Whereupon back againe
Whittington came with speed,
A prentise to remaine,
As the lord had decreed.

Still blessed be the bells :
This was his daily song,
“They my good fortune tells,
Most sweetly have they rung.
If God so favour me,
I will not proove unkind,
London my love shall see,
And my great bounties find.”

But see his happy chance :
This scullion had a cat,
Which did his state advance,
And by it wealth he gat.
His maister ventred forth,
To a land far unknowne,
With marchandise of worth,
As is in stories showne.

Wittington had no more
But his poore cat as than,
Which to the ship he bore,
Like a brave marchant man.
Vent’ring the same, quoth he,
I may get store of golde,
And maior of London be,
As the bells have me told.

Wittington’s marchandise
Carried was to a land
Troubled with rats and mice,
As they did understand ;

The king of that country, there
As he at dinner sat,
Daily remain'd in fear
Of many a mouse and rat.

Meat that in trenchers lay,
No way they could keepe safe,
But by rats borne away,
Fearing no wand or staffe.
Whereupon soone they brought
Wittington's nimble cat,
Which by the king was bought;
Heapes of gold giv'n for that.

Home againe came these men
With their ships loaden so,
Whittington's wealth began
By this cat thus to grow.
Scullions life he forsooke
To be a marchant good,
And soon began to looke
How well his credit stood.

After that he was chose
Shriefe of the citty heere,
And then full quickly rose
Higher, as did appeare.
For to this cities praise,
Sir Richard Whittington
Came to be in his dayes,
Thrise Maior of London.

More his fame to advance,
Thousands he lent his king,
To maintaine warres in France,
Glory from thence to bring.
And after, at a feast
Which he the king did make,
He burnt the bonds all in jeast,
And would no money take.

Ten thousand pound he gave
To his prince willingly,
And would not one penny have :
This in kind curtesie.
God did thus made him great ;
So would he daily see
Poor people fed with meat,
To shew his charity.

Prisoners poore cherish'd were ;
Widdowes sweet comfort found ;
Good deeds both far and neere,
Of him do still resound.
Wittington Colledge is
One of his charities ;
Records reporteth this,
To lasting memories.

Newgate he builded faire,
For prisoners to live in ;
Christ's-Church he did repaire,
Christian love for to win.

Many more such like deedes
Were done by Whittington,
Which joy and comfort breeds
To such as looke thereon.

Lancashire, thou hast bred
This flower of charity !
Though he be gon and dead,
Yet lives he lastingly.
Those bells that call'd him so,
" Turne again Whittington"
Call you back many moe
To live so in London.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE GREAT DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM :
WHO CAME TO AN UNTIMELY END FOR CONSENTING TO THE
DEPOSITING OF TWO GALLANT YOUNG PRINCES, KING EDWARD
THE FOURTH'S CHILDREN.

To the Tune of " Shore's Wife."

A tale of grief I must unfold,
A tale that never yet was told,
A tale that might to pittie moove,
The spirits below, and saints above.

When warres did plague this maiden land,
Great Buckingham in grace did stand ;
With kings and queenes he ruled so,
When he said I, none durst say No.

Great Glouster's duke, that washt the throne
With blood of kings, to make't his own,
By Henry Stafford's help obtain'd
What reason wil'd to be refrain'd.

If any noble of this land
Against great Glouster's aime did stand,
Ould Buckingham with might and power,
In seas of woes did him devour.

He hoped when Richard was made king,
He would much greater honors bring
To Buckingham and to his name,
And well reward him for the same.

In Clarence' death he had a hand,
And 'gainst King Edward's queen did stand,
And to her sons bore little love,
When he as bastards would them proove.

King Edward swore him by his oth,
In true alledgiance to them both ;
" Which if I faile, I wish," quoth he,
" All christians' curse may light on me."

It so fell out on All-Soules day,
By law his life was tane away :
He had his wish though not his will,
For treason's end is alwaies ill.

In London having pleaded claime,
And Richard thereby won the game,
He challeng'd honour for his gain,
But was rewarded with disdain.

On which disgrace within few houres,
Great Buckingham had rais'd his powers :
But all in vain, the king was strong,
And Stafford needs must suffer wrong.

His army fail'd, and durst not stand
Upon a traitor's false command.
Being thus deceived,ould Stafford fled,
Not knowing where to hide his head.

The king with speed to have him found,
Did offer ful two thousand pound :
Thus Richard sought to cast him downe,
Whose wit did win him England's crowne.

The plaine old Duke, his life to save,
Of his owne man did souccour crave ;
In hope that he would him releive
That late much land to him did give.

Base Banester this man was nam'd,
By this vile'd deed for ever sham'd.
" It is" quoth he " a common thing
To injure him that wrong'd his king."

“ King Edward’s children he betraid,
The like ’gainst him I will have plaid ;
Being true, my heart him greatly grast,
But proving false, that love is past.”

Thus Banester his maister sold
Unto his foe for hie of gold :
But marke his end, and rightly see
The just reward of treechery.

The Duke by law did loose his blood,
For him he sought to do most good ;
The man that wrought his maister’s woe,
By ling’ring grieve was brought full low.

For when the king did heare him speake
How basely he the duke did take,
Instead of gold gave him disgrace,
With banishment from towne and place.

Thus Banester was forst to beg,
And crave for food with cap and leg,
But none to him would bread bestow,
That to his master prov’d a foe.

Thus wand’red he in poor estate,
Repenting his misdeed too late,
Till starved he gave up his breath,
By no man pittied at his death.

To wofull ends his children came,
 Sore punisht for their father's shame;
 Within a kennell one was drown'd,
 Where water scarce could hide the ground.

Another, by the powers devine,
 Was strangely eaten up by swine;
 The last a woofull ending makes,
 By strangling in a stinking jakes.

Let traitors thus behold and see,
 And such as false to masters be:
 Let disobedient sonnes draw neere,
 These judgments wel may touch them neere.

Both old and young that live not well,
 Looke to be plagu'd from heaven or hell:
 So have you heard the story than
 Of this great Duke of Buckingham.

THE WOFULL DEATH OF QUEENE JANE, WIFE TO KING HENRY THE
 EIGHT: AND HOW KING EDWARD WAS CUT OUT OF
 HIS MOTHER'S BELLY.

To the Tune of "The Lamentation for the Lord of Essex."

When as King Henry rul'd this land,
 He had a queene I understand,
 Lord Seymour's daughter, faire and bright,
 King Henry's comfort and delight:

Yet death, by his remorselesse power,
Did blast the bloome of this sweet flower.

Oh ! mourne, mourne, mourne, faire ladies ;
Jane your queen, the flower of England, dies.

His former queenes being wrapt in lead,
This gallant dame possest his bed :
Where rightly from her wombe did spring
A joyfull comfort to hir king ;
A welcome blessing to the land,
Preserv'd by God's most holy hand.

Oh ! mourne, mourne, mourne, faire ladies,
Jane your queen, the flower of England, dies.

The queen in travell, pained sore
Full thirty woeful daies and more,
And no way could delivered be,
As every lady wisht to see :
Wherefore the king made greater mone
Than ever yet his grace had showne.

Oh ! mourne, mourne, mourne, faire ladies,
Jane your queen, the flower of England, dies.

Being something eased in his mind,
His eyes a slumbering sleepe did find ;
Where dreaming he had lost a rose,
But which he could not well suppose ;
A ship he had, a Rose by name ;
Oh no ! it was his royall Jane.

Oh ! mourne, mourne, mourne, faire ladies,
Jane your queen, the flower of England, dies.

Being thus perplext with greif and care,
A lady to him did repaire,
And said, " O king ! shew us thy will,
The queene's sweet life to save or spill.
If she cannot delivered be,
Yet save the flower, if not the tree !"
Oh ! mourne, mourne, mourne, faire ladies,
Jane, your queen, the flower of England dies.

Then down uppon his tender knee,
For help from heaven prayed he :
Meane while into a sleepe they cast
His queene, which ever more did last ;
And opening then her tender woomb,
Alive they tooke this budding bloome.
Oh ! mourne, mourne, mourne, faire ladies,
Jane, your queen, the flower of England dies.

This babe so born, much comfort brought,
And chear'd his father's drooping thought :
Prince Edward he was cal'd by name,
Grac'd with vertue, wit, and fame :
And when his father left this earth,
He rul'd this land by lawfull birth.
Oh ! mourne, mourne, mourne, faire ladies ;
Jane, your queen, the flower of England dies.

But marke the powerfull will of heaven !
We from this joy were soone bereaven.
Six yeares he raigned in this land,
And then obeyed God's command,

And left his croune to Mary heare,
 Whose five years' raigne cost England dear.
 Oh ! mourne, mourne, mourne, faire ladies,
 Jane your queen, the flower of England, dies.

Elizabeth raigned next to her,
 Europe's pride, and England's starre,
 Wonder, world ! for such a queen
 Under heaven was never seene :
 A mayd, a saint, an angell bryght,
 In whom all princes took delight.
 Oh ! mourne, mourne, mourne, faire ladies !
 Elizabeth, the flower of England's, dead !

A SHORT AND SWEET SONNET MADE BY ONE OF THE MAIDES OF
 HONOR UPON THE DEATH OF QUEENE ELIZABETH, WHICH
 SHE SOWED UPON A SAMPLER IN RED SILKE.

To a new Tune, or " Phillida flouts me."

GONE is Elizabeth,
 Whom we have lov'd so deare ;
 She our kind mistres was
 Full foure and forty yeare.
 England she govern'd well,
 Not to be blamed,
 Flanders she govern'd well,
 And Ireland tamed.

France she befrended,
 Spaine she hath foiled,
Papists rejected,
 And the Pope spoyled.
To princes powerfull,
 To the world vertuous,
To her foes mercifull,
 To subjects gracious.
Her soule is in heaven,
 The world keeps her glory,
Subjects her good deeds,
 And so ends my story.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF FAMOUS THO. STUKELY, AN ENGLISH
GALLANT IN THE TIME OF QUEENE ELIZABETH, WHO ENDED
HIS DAYES IN A BATTAILE OF KINGS IN BARBARIE.

To the Tune of "King Henrie's going to Bullin."

In the west of England
Borne there was, I understand,
 A famous gallant in his dayes,
By birth a wealthy clothier's sonne ;
Deeds of wonder he hath done,
 To purchase him a long and lasting praise.

If I should tell his story,
Pride was all his glory,
 And lusty Stukely he was call'd in court;

He serv'd a bishop of the west,
And did accompany the best,
Maintaining still himselfe in gallant sort.

Being thus esteemed,
And every where well deemed,
He gain'd the favour of a London dame,
Daughter to an alderman,
Curtis he was called then,
To whom a sutor gallantly he came.

When she his person spied,
He could not be denied,
So brave a gentleman he was to see :
She was quickly made his wife,
In weale or woe to lead her life,
Her father willingly did so agree.

Thus, in state and pleasure,
Full many daies they measure,
Till cruell death, with his regardles spight,
Bore old Curtis to his grave,
A thing which Stukely wisht to have,
That he might revell all in gold so bright.

He was no sooner tombed
But Stukely presumed
To spend a hundred pound that day in waste :
The bravest gallants of the land
Had Stukelies purse at their command ;
Thus merily the time away he pass'd.

Taverns and ordinaries
Where his cheefest braveries,
 Goulden angells flew there up and downe;
Riots where his best delight,
With stately feastings day and night;
 In court and citty thus he won renowne.

Thus wasting land and living
By this lawlesse giving,
 At last he sold the pavements of his yard,
Which covered were with blocks of tin;
Old Curtis left the same to him,
 Which he consumed vainely as you heard.

Whereat his wife sore greeved,
Desir'd to be releev'd;
 "Make much of me, dear husband," she did say:
"I'll make much more of thee," quoth he,
"Than any one shall: verily,"
 "I'll sell thy clothes, and so will go away."

Cruelly thus hearted,
Away from her he parted,
 And travelled into Italy with speed:
There he flourisht many a day
In his silkes and rich array,
 And did the pleasures of a lady feed.

It was the ladies pleasure
To give him gold and treasure,
 And to maintaine him in great pomp and fame;

At last came newes assuredly
Of a battaile fought in Barbary,
And he would valiantly go see the same.

Many a noble gallant
Sold both land and talent
To follow Stukely in this famous fight ;
Whereas three kings in person would
Adventurously, with courage bould,
Within the battaile shew themselves in fight.

Stukely and his followers all
Of the king of Portugall,
Had entertainment like to gentlemen :
The king affected Stukely so,
That he his secrets all did know,
And bore his royall standard now and then.

Upon this day of honour
Each king did shew his banner,
Morocco, and the King of Barbary,
Portugall with all his train,
Bravely glist'ed in the plain,
And gave the onset there most valiantly.

The cannons they resounded,
Thund'ring drums rebounded,
Kill, kill ! as then was all the soldiers cry ;
Mangled men lay on the ground,
And with blood the earth was dround,
The sun was likewise darken'd in the skye..

Heaven was sore displeased,
And would not be appeased,
But tokens of God's heavy wrath did show
That he was angry at this war ;
He sent a fearfull blazing star
Whereby these kings might their misfortunes know.

Bloody was this slaughter.
Or rather wilfull murther,
Where six score thousand fighting men were slain ;
Three kings within this battaile died,
With forty dukes and earles beside,
The like will never more be fought again.

With woful armes enfoulding,
Stukely stood beholding
This bloody sacrifice of soules that day :
He, sighing, said, " I wofull wight,
Against my conscience heere did fight,
And brought my followers all unto decay."

Being thus molested,
And with greefes oppressed,
Those brave Italians that did sell their lands
With Stukely thus to travel forth,
And venture life for little worth,
Upon him all did lay their murthering hands.

Unto death thus wounded,
His heart with sorrow swounded,
And to them all he made this heavy mone :

“ Thus have I left my country deere,
To be so vilely murthered heere,
Even in this place whereas I am not known.

“ My wife I have much wronged ;
Of what to her belonged
I vainely spent in idle course of life.
What I have done is past, I see,
And bringeth nought but greef to me,
Therefore grant now thy pardon, gentle wife !

“ Life, I see, consumeth,
And death, I feel, presumeth
To change this life of mine into a new :
Yet this me greatest comfort brings,
I liv'd and died in love of kings,
And so brave Stukely bids the world adew.”

Stukely's life thus ended,
Was after death befrended,
And like a soldier buried gallantly ;
Where now there stands upon his grave
A stately temple, builded brave,
With golden turrets piercing in the skye.

A MOST ROYAL SONG OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF OUR LATE
RENOWNED PRINCESSE QUEENE ELIZABETH.

To the Tune of "The Ladies fall."

IN England raign'd once a king,
Eight Henry cal'd by name,
Which made fair Anne of Bullaine queen
Of England, in great fame.
Who brought unto this country joy,
And to her king delight :
A daughter that in England made
God's gospell shine most bright.

At Greenwich was this princess born,
That gallant place in Kent,
A house belov'd of kings and queenes,
A house of sweet content.
Ev'n in her childhood she beganne
So stor'd with heavenly grace,
That all estates, both high and low,
Her vertues did embrace.

None like Elizabeth was found
In learning so divine ;
She had the perfect skilful arts
Of all the muses nine.

In Latten, Greeke, and Hebrew, shee
Most excellent was knowne ;
To forraigne kings' ambassadors
The same was daily showne.

The Italian, French, and Spannish tongue
She well could speak, and read ;
The Turkish and Arabian speech
Grew perfect at her need.
Her musick made her wonderfull,
(So cunning therein found,)
The fame whereof about the world
In princes' ears did sound.

Yet when her royall parents' lives
By death were ta'en away,
And her deare brother Edward turn'd
To clodds of earth and clay,
Her cruel sister Mary sought
Her lasting greef and woe,
Regarding not the gifts that God
Upon her did bestow.

A bloody reign Quene Mary liv'd,
A Papist in beleefe;
Which was unto Elizabeth
A great heart-breaking greefe.
A faithful Protestant was she,
At which Queen Mary spighted,
And in Elizabeth's mishaps
She daily much delighted.

Poor maiden ! by the bishops' wills
In prison she was put,
And from her friends and comforters
In cruel manner shut :
Much hoping she would turn in time,
And her true faith forsake ;
But firme she was, and patiently
Did all these troubles take.

Her sister forthwith gave command
Her diet to be small,
Her servants likewise very few,
Yea, almost none at all :
And also would have ta'en her life,
But that King Phillip said,
" Oh Queen ! thy country will report
Thou hast the tiger plaid."

The Lord thus put this king in mind
His chosen saint to save ;
And also to Queene Maries life
A sodaine ending gave :
And so Elizabeth was fetcht
From prison to a crowne,
Which she full foure and forty yeares
Possest with much renoune.

She Popery first of all suppress,
And in our English tongue
Did cause God's Bible to be read ;
Which heaven continue long !

Pure preaching likewise she ordain'd,
With plenty in this land,
And still against the foes thereof
Most zealously did stand.

The pride of Rome this queene abates,
And spightfull Spain kept under,
And succord much Low-country states,
Whereat the world did wonder
That such a worthy 'queen' as she,
Should worke such worthy things,
And bring more honor to this land
Then all our former kings.

The Gould still brought from Spanish mines,
In spite of all her foes,
Throughout all parts of Christendome
Her brave adventures showes.
Her battailes fought upon the seas,
Resounded up to heaven ;
Which, to advance her fame and praise,
Had victory still given.

The spanish power in eighty-eight.
Which thirsted for her blood,
Most nobly, like an Amazon,
Their purposes withstood ;
And boldly in her royall campe
In person she was seene :
The like was never done, I think,
By any English queene.

Full many a traytor since that time,
She hath confounded quite,
And not the bloodiest mind of all
Her courage could affright:
For mercy joyn'd with majesty,
Still made her foes her friends,
By pardoning many which deserv'd
To have untimely ends.

Tirone, with all his Irish rout
Of rebels, in that land,
Though ne'er so desp'rate, bold, and stout,
Yet fear'd her great command.
She made them quake and tremble sore
But for to hear her name:
She planted peace in that faire land,
And did their wildnesse tame.

Though warres she kept, with dangers great,
In Ireland, France, and Spayne,
Yet her true subjects still at home
In safety did remaine.
They joy'd to see her princely face,
And would in numbers run,
To meet her royall majesty,
More thick then moates in sun.

But time that brings all things to end,
A swift-foot course did run;
And of this royal maiden queene
A wofull conquest won.

Her death brought feare upon the land,
No words but tales of woe
In subjects' ears resounded then,
Wherever men did goe.

But fear, exchang'd to present joyes,
Sweet comforts loud did ring ;
Instead of queene, the people cried
" Long live our royall king !"
Which name of king did seeme most strange,
And made us for to muse,
Because full many a year the name
Of king we did not use.

But such a noble king is he,
And so maintains our peace,
That we in that may daily wish
His life may never cease.
His queene and his posterity
Good angels still defend,
This is my muse's chief desire,
Her melody to end.

A SONG OF A BEGGAR AND A KING.

I READ that once, in Affrica,
A prince that there did raine,
Who had to name Cophetua,
As poets they did faine,
From natures workes he did incline,
For sure he was not of my minde,
He cared not for women-kind,
But did them all disdain.
But marke what happen'd by the way,
As he out of his window lay,
He saw a beggar all in grey,
Which did increase his paine.

The blinded boy, that shootes so trim,
From heaven downe so high,
He drew a dart, and shot at him,
In place where he did lye :
Which soone did pierce him to the quick,
For when he felt the arrow prick,
Which in his tender heart did stick,
He looketh as he would dye.
“What sudden change is this,” quoth he,
“That I to love must subject be,
Which never thereto would agree,
But still did it defie?”

Then from his window he did come,
And laid him on his bed,
A thousand heapes of care did runne
Within his troubled head.
For now he means to crave her love,
And now he seeks which way to proove
How he his fancie might remove,
And not this beggar wed.
But Cupid had him so in snare,
That this poore beggar must prepare
A salve to cure him of his care,
Or els he would be dead.

And, as he musing thus did lie,
He thought for to devise
How he might have her company,
That so did maze his eyes.
“In thee,” quoth he, “doth rest my life;
For surely thou shalt be my wife,
Or else this hand with bloody knife
The Gods shall sure suffice.”
Then from his bed he ‘soon’ arose,
And to his pallace gate he goes;
Full little then this beggar knowes
When she the king espied.

“The Gods preserve your Majesty!”
The beggars all gan cry,
“Vouchsave to give your charity
Our childrens food to buy.”

The king to them his purse did cast,
And they to part it made great haste ;
The silly woman was the last

That after them did hye.

The king he cal'd her back again,
And unto her he gave his chaine ;
And said, " With us you shall remain
Till such time as we dye:

" For thou," quoth he, " shalt be my wife,

And honoured like the queene ;

With thee I meane to lead my life,

As shortly shall be seene :

Our wedding day shall appointed be,

And every thing in their degree :

Come on," quoth he, " and follow me,

Thou shalt go shift thee cleane.

What is thy name?—go on," quoth he.

" Penelophon, O king !" quoth she :

With that she made a lowe courtsey ;

A trim one as I weene.

Thus, hand in hand, along they walke

Unto the king's palace :

The king with courteous, comly talke,

This beggar doth embrace.

The beggar blusheth scarlet read,

And straight againe as pale as lead,

But not a word at all she said,

She was in such amaze.

At last she spake with trembling voyce,
And said, "O king; I do rejoyce
That you will take me for your choice,
And my degree so base."

And when the wedding day was come,
The king commanded straight
The noblemen, both all and some,
Upon the queene to waight.
And she behav'd herself that day,
As if she had never walk't the way;
She had forgot her gowne of gray,
Which she did wear of late.
The proverb old is come to passe,
The priest when he begins the masse,
Forgets that ever clarke he was;
He know'th not his estate.

Hear may you read, Cophetua,
Through fancie long time fed,
Compelled by the blinded boy
The beggar for to wed:
He that did lovers' lookes disdaine,
To do the same was glad and fain,
Or else he would himself have slaine,
In stories as we read.
Disdain no whit, O lady deere!
But pittie now thy servant heere,
Lest that it hap to thee, this yeare
As to the king it did.

And thus they lead a quiet life
During their princely raigne,
And in a tomb were buried both ;
As writers shew us plaine.
The lords they tooke it grievously,
The ladies tooke it heavily,
The commons cryed pittiously,
Their death to them was pain.
Their fame did sound so passingly,
That it did pierce the starry sky,
And throughout all the earth did flye,
To every prince's realme.

A LOVER'S SONG IN PRAISE OF HIS MISTRESS.

To the Tune of "Apelles."

If that Apelles now did raigne,
Whoever sought for to have fame
He might have wone with lesser paine,
A greater honor to his name ;
For, with great paine, he sought all Greece
Till he had found the fairest peece.

Throughout all Greece he could not view
So fair, so feat, so fine withall ;
Nor yet his pencell never drew
So fair a peece, nor never shall.

Wherefore, if he had seen these dayes,
He might have wone a greater praise.

Oh ! happy man, might he have said,
If he had lived to this time,
For to have seen so fair a maide,
In all proportions made so fine ;
Her fullgent face so faire, so cleare,
That Europe cannot [shew] her peere.

Pygmalion, with his gravers, then
Could never worke so fair a peece,
Nor yet Apelles, in his time,
Did ever see the like in Greece :
For, if he had, he would have said
That Venus was not like this maid.

She is a graft of noble groweth,
And worthy is she of her fame,
For why her vertues plainly showeth
That well she hath deserv'd the same :
Wherefore my painfull pen all waies,
Shall never cease to write her praise.

O that my pen could print her praise
According to her just desert,
That I might say, and see those dayes,
That I desired with my heart !
For still I thought, and ever shall,
My mistres' praise might passe them all.

Now proof and praise in one is knit,
And hath blowne to praise this maide,
And justice doth in judgment sit
For to performe that I have said.
Thus to conclude, and end to make,
Unto the gods I her betake.

ANOTHER.

To a new Tune.

THE bee doth love the sweetest flower,
So doth the blossome the Aprill shower,
And I doe love that lady truely:
Why should not I love her that loves me?

The bird doth love the morning bright,
To see the day is her delight,
And I do [love] to see her face,
In whome, that I doe love, is my solace.

The fish doth love the fouds by kind,
For want of it they are but pynd,
And I doe love her presence also,
Whom that I love, and love no moe.

The lypard doth love to lie and pry
Upon the faces that goeth him by,
And I doe love to looke and gaze
Upon my true love's pleasant face.

The deere doth love in woods to dwell,
As I to you the truth shall tell,
And I doe love as doth the deere :
Oh ! whereas I love would Christ I were !

Troilus 'did love' with all his might,
Cressed of Troy, that was so bright,
And I doe love as farre as he,
And ever shall untill I dye.

IN PRAISE AND DISPRAISE OF WOMEN.

To a pleasant new Tune.

WOMEN to praise who taketh in hand,
A number shall displease,
But who so doth them most dispraise,
Doth most live at their ease ;
Whereat I muse and marvaile much,
And shall do till I die ;
And if you think I say not true,
Aske them if that I lye.

They are man's aid and only stay,
And comfort at his need,
They cherish him in all affaires,
How ever that he speed :

And that she for him may doe
She doth it willingly ;
And if you think I say not true,
Aske them if that I lye.

And when their husbands be farre from hand,
Then will they spin and carde,
They wil not gossip and go gay,
But then they fare full hard ;
They rise up early and lye downe late,
They labour earnestly
To save a penny or a groat ;
Ask them if that I lye.

And if her husband chance to chide,
She gives him not a word,
Or if he fight she answers him
No more then doth a bourd,
But out she goeth about her worke,
And takes all patiently,
Except she crowne him with a stoole ;
Aske them if that I lye.

Or with her ten commandments
She takes him on the face,
That from his cheekes, downe to his chin,
A man may see each race ;
The goodman then must weare a clout,
The goodwife she will dye,
Her husband['s] hurt so heavily
She takes, or else I lye.

Then to his bed she wil not come,
Nor with him will be 'greed,
Unlesse she have a petticoate,
Or else some other weed :
And when she's with her gossips met
She telles them by and by,
How she her husband handled hath :
Aske them if that I lye.

Well done, good gossip, saith the one,
Your practise well we praise .
I drinke to you for your good deed,
The second gossip sayes.
They all to put the same in use
Do promise by and by ;
Which they fulfil unto their power
Forthwith, or else I lye.

Good wives, a judgement I you pray,
Your verdict let me heere ;
Where all be falce, or all be true,
By you it must appeare.
How ever that the matter goeth,
The trueth you must descry ;
Or else it is not possible
To know if that I lye.

THE LOVER'S FAIRING SENT TO HIS BEST BELOVED.

To the Tune of "I wander up and downe."

MY comfort and my joy,
This fairing I do send ;
Let not unkindnesse him destroy
That is thy faithfull friend.

A loyall heart I send ;
To thee the same I give ;
O cherish it and keepe it safe,
And so the same will live.

But if you it forsake,
And will not yeeld it grace,
It lives and dyes, and soon is fled,
Within a little space.

O flie no promise made,
Nor do me not disdain ;
One frowne will strike so cruelly,
That I shall live in paine.

A smile revives me being dead,
And is a joyful treasure ;
O let that sunne-shine ere be spred,
For it is my chiefe treasure.

My selfe, and wealth, and all I have,
A fairing I do give
To thee, that first my heart possest,
And still maist make me live.

Steele not thy heart, nor make it hard,
But intertaine mine inne ;
So may I boast, and still shall say,
I shall much comfort win.

Returne me comfort back ;
Let me not languish ever !
For I am thine, and ever shall,
Till death my life do sever.

THE MAIDEN'S KIND ANSWERE TO HER LOVER.

To the same Tune.

TAKE courage, gentle love,
I never will thee forsake ;
Nor, while I live, shall ever man
Possession of me take.

Thy loyall heart Ile keepe,
And send mine back to thee,
Mine is in feare to live in paine,
But thine I am sure is free.

The promise that I made,
I vow and swear Ile keepe ;
My love to thee shall ever wake,
Oh never let thine sleepe !

No frownes shall kill my face,
But smiles shall stil be seene,
I long until I see thy face,
That absent long hath beene.

My heart doth melt like waxe,
And never shall be hard ;
Women have never steely hearts,
For then their sex were mar'd.

All comfort I can send
I do returne to thee,
My heart, my selfe, and all I have
Is thine eternally.

A MAIDE'S COMPLAINT FOR LACK OF A LOVE ;
EXPRESSING THE ANGUISH IN MIND SHE DOTHS PROOVE.

No maiden may so well as I
Complain of her hard destiny,
I am now in prime of yeares,
Yet there is no yong man beares

A brest that harboreth a heart
That hath compassion on my smart ;
Therefore I am sore affraid
I shall live and dye a maid.

I cast, as other maidens doe,
Amorous glances for to woe
Young men to settle on my love,
But those glances do not proove ;
They are like shaftes by blind men shot
Against a marke that nere is hot ;
Therefore I am sore afraid
I shall live and die a maide.

Twenty winters have I seene,
And as many sommers greene,
'Tis enough to breed dispaire
So long a maidenhead to beare ;
'Tis a burden of such waight,
That I would faine be eas'd of't straight ;
But, alas, I am afraid
I shall live and die a maide.

I know that young men me reject,
My beauty merrits more respect,
My quicke gray eye, my cherry cheeke,
Where they may finde, that list to seeke,
Matter to increase love's fire,
And to stir them to desire ;
But, alas, I am afraid
I shall live and die a maide.

Higbo, I love, yet modesty
Bids me not be too free
In demonstrating [all] my paine,
Least rebuke and shame I gaine;
But where fire is, there it smoakes;
Anguish followes heavy stroakes.
Out alasse! I am afraid
I shall live and die a maide.

I love, yet love binds me to paine,
Love rejected 's lovers' baine,—
We maides are bound by modesty,
At all assaies, to secrecy;
Modestie's too strict a dame,
To her will I cannot frame:
Out alasse! I am afraid
I shall live and die a maide.

Time hath wrought an alteration,
Blushing is a foolish fashion,
All maides leave it, so will I,
And to my sore a salve apply;
Babish blushing hinders all
Who would to modesty be thrall:
I will be no more afraid,
He no longer be a maide.

Bashfull young men make us bould
When they love in bondage hould,
They take from us that ruddy dye
That should upon our faces lye;

Condemne us not then, love makes way,
Like fire that's hid in dryest hay ;
I will be no more afraid,
He no longer live a maide.

THE LAMENTATION OF AN ALE WIFES DAUGHTER.

To a new Tune.

In the spring time, when plants do bud,
And birds use chirping notes,
When beasts do gather heart of grasse,
And fish in water flotes :
It was my chance for to espie
A nimph of Venus traine,
Who in a grove wherein she sat
Did mightily complaine.
I hearkned to her sad lament,
I listned to her tale,
Whereby it seemed that she had
Set honestly to sale.
Alas, said shee, that mother deere
An ale-wife was to me,
Or that it was my heavie chance
To use bad company.
Wo be to him that with the oyle
Of angels me intis'd,

Thrice woe be to the golden baits
That often me surpris'd.
Woe to the toyes of youth too rash,
Woe to the crafty snares
Of crooked age that youth doe catch
In nets at unawares.
Woe to dame nature for hir paines
In making me the glasse
For others for to scoffe and laugh
As they the way doe passe.
Then gushed out the silver streames
Of water from her eyes,
Which did bedew her roseate cheekes
And that in dolefull wise.

JENKIN. At which I came and spake these words:

What fortune hath decreed?
Or how, or why, have fatall fates
Committed such a deed
That thou, the mirror of our age,
And pride of natures bower,
Farre sweeter then the ruddy rose
Or gallant gillyflower,
Should'st thus lament and pine away,
Whose cheerfull countenance
The hearts of yong and eake of old
Hath causd full oft to daunce?
Ist losse of love? Ist want of wealth?
Ist cause thou sleepest alone?
Or ist the death of some deare friend
That causeth thee to mone?

- Joo. Not so, my friend, what doost thou mean,
 To make the thing so strange?
Experience teacheth after full
 There needs must bee a change.
The golden baite intised hath
 The pretious pearle from me,
Which to be gotten back againe,
 Remains without remedy.
- JEN. Your meaning (sweet) I do not know,
 I pray you tell it plaine,
Faine would I finde some remedy
 To ease you of your paine.
- Joo. I thanke you for your kind good will,
 Which you did shew to me,
In recompence whereof I will
 My words make plaine to thee.
As nature had adorned me
 With gifts of beauty rare,
So, for to deck and trim myself
 Was all my chiefest care ;
Then many suters came to me,
 And most my betters were,
Whom I disdain'd and set light by,
 My mind was to severe ;
At length there came an aged man,
 Of money store had he,
Who with his bags and golden baits,
 Hath bred my misery.
My mother yeelded her consent,
 And causd me doe the same,

Which maketh me thus to lament
That I must live in shame.
Let maidens then example take,
And warning by my fall,
Least they, like me, should caught be
By coming to the call.
Thus hast thou heard, my friend, my griefe,
I can no longer stay,
Adew, and twenty times farewell
This sorrowfull month of May.

A NEW SONNET OF CORIDON AND PHILLIDA.

CORIDON, arise, my Coridon,
Titan shineth cleare.
COR. Who is it that calleth Coridon?
Who is it I heare?
PHIL. Phillida, thy true love, calleth thee,
Arise then, arise then,
Arise and feed thy flocks with me.
COR. Phillida, my true [love], is it she?
I come then, I come then,
I come and feed my flocks with thee.
PHIL. Here are cherries ripe, my Coridon,
Eate them for my sake.
COR. Here's my oaten pipe, my lovely on[e],
Sport for thee to make.

Here are threeds, my true love, fine as silke,
To knit thee, to knit thee
A paire of stockins white as milke.
Here are reeds, my true love, fine and neat,
To make thee, to make thee
A bonnet to withstand the heate.

PHIL. I will gather flowers, my Coridon,
To set in thy cap.
COR. I will gather pears, my lovely on[e],
To set in thy lap.
PHIL. I will buy my true love garters gay
For Sundaies, for Sundaies,
To wear about his legs so tall.
COR. I will buy my true love yellow saye
For Sundaies, for Sundaies,
To weare about her midle small.

PHIL. When my Coridon sits on a hill,
Making melody :
COR. When my lovely on[e] sits at her wheele,
Singing cheerely,
Sure, me thinkes, my true love doth excell
For sweetnesse, for sweetnesse,
Our Pan, that old Arcadian knight ;
And, me thinkes, my true love beares the bell
For clearnesse, for clearnesse,
Beyond the nimphs that be so bright.

PHIL. Had my Coridon, my Coridon
Bin, alacke, my swaine,

Had my lovely on[e,] my lovely on[e]
Bin in the plaine,
Cinthia Endimion had refus'd,
Preferring, preferring
My Coridon to play withall ;
The queene of love had bin excus'd
Bequeathing, bequeathing
My Phillida the golden ball.

Yonder comes my mother, Coridon,
Whither shall I fly ?
Under yonder beech, my lovely one,
While she passeth by.
Say to her thy true love was not here :
Remember, remember
To morrow is another day.
Doubt me not, my true-love, do not feare.
Farewell then, farewell then,
Heaven keepe our love alway.

CORIDON'S COMPLAINT.

PHILLIDA, where hast thou bin ?
Long it is since I have seene
My Phillida ;
Every e'en when day was doon,
In the absence of the sunne,
Have we met, my love, to sport and play.

Now thy absence makes me feare
Coridon's not held so deare

Of Phillida

As he earst was wont to bee :
Smile as thou wert wont on me,
Phillida, my fairest Phillida !

Coridon is now as true
As when first the heavenly hew
Of Phillida
Made him all-admiring stand,
And did love and life command,
Phillida, my fairest Phillida !

Such sad dumps thy absence breeds,
That my pipe of oaten reeds,
Faire Phillida,
I lay by, and sighing sit ;
Sorrow, sighes, and teares beget ;
Phillida, my fairest Phillida !

With thee I can play and sing,
And mine armes shall, like a ring,
Faire Phillida,
Circle thee ; and then I hold
That's more desired of me then gold,
Phillida, my fairest Phillida.

But, without thee, still I say
I in woe weare time away,
My dearest love ;

Therefore let thy kind reply
Cure me, or I faint and dye,
 Phillida, let not thy fancy move.

PHYLLIDAE'S KIND REPLYE.

Wherefore faints my Coridon?
Thinks thou I am such a one
 As Cressida?
I will proove as firme to thee
As Lucrece or Penelope;
 Coridon, doubt not of Phillida.

Though I have been absent long,
Faint not, my sweet Coridon,
 Thy Phillida
Is, as thou art, true and just,
Strong in love, but weake in lust;
 Coridon, doubt not of Phillida.

Nor, though our sex are given to range,
Doth Phillida delight in change,
 My Coridon;
If my absence made thee greeve,
Let my presence now releeve
 Coridon, my deereſt Coridon.

As in me thou takeſt delight,
So do I in thy ſweete ſight,
 My Coridon;

I have bene in yonder grove,
Gathering flowers for my love,
Coridon, my dearest Coridon ;

The chiefest both for shew and sent,
So choice am I for thy content,
My dearest love ;
Looke, the livery of the spring
To deck thee, Coridon, I bring ;
Then do not thy Phillida reprove.

Such a loving simpathy
In our loves (deare love) doth lye,
I know right well,
Such a heart wrought combination,
That I feare no separation,
Coridon, such needlesse doubts repell.

▲ NEW SONNET OF ▲ KNIGHT AND ▲ FAIRE VIRGIN.

To the Tune of "Selengers round."

I READ how, in King Arthurs time,
A knight, as he did ride,
Did meet a virgin faire and bright
About the greene-wood side.
Could she well, or could she wo,
He lighted of his steed,
And there he tooke, against her will,
Her maiden head indeed.

When this was done, this maiden then
Went raging to the king,
Bewailing of her pitteous case,
And told him every thing ;
The king now hearing her complaint,
In stories as I read,
Commanded the knight he should be hangd
For this his hainous deed.

The queen, alas, considering this,
It was a pitteous thing
To cast away so faire a man,
She begd him of the king.
Unto the knight then she began :
Now, prisoner art thou mine,
For thou shalt dye, for ought I know,
Except thy wits are fine.

For I will give thee a whole yeares space,
To know of woemens kind,
What thing it is that woemen love best
If they may have their mind.
Full sadly went this knight away,
Some counsell for to find,
To know the cause ; to keepe the day
That was to him assign'd.

When that the yeare was almost out,
He came where he had seene
Twenty ladies in a rout,
All dancing on a greene ;

When he drew neere unto the place
His question to have told,
They faded all before his face,
Save one that was ful old.

Amaz'd be yee, sir knight, quoth she,
What ist that you mislike ?
Perchance you may pick out of me
The thing that you do seeke.
He told her then : she said againe,
If I do it for you,
You must agree to grant to me
That you may easily doe.

Content, quoth he ; Come on, quoth she,
Have with you to the queene,
And say that it is soveraignty
That women love, as I weene.
Onward they go, the queene did know
The knight was neere at hand,
She placed her ladies all on a row
To heare the matter scand.

The knight he gave his question thus :
My tale is soone exprest ;
It seems to me that soveraigntie
Is that that women love best.
The ladies all about the hall
Their verdidts soone did give,
This worthy knight hath hit so right,
He well deserves to live.

Then beldam stept before the queene,
Desiring that the knight
Might grant to her upon the greene
The troth that he did plight.
What is that? quoth he. Mary, quoth shee,
That I may be your wife.
Alas, quod he, then woe is mee,
Yet rather take my life.

There was no shift, but marriage swift,
And both laid in a bed;
When she did joy to prove a toy,
He turned away his head.
Sir, quoth she, were not you better have me,
Being both shrewd and old,
Then to have youth that, for a truth,
Should make you a cuckold?

But all this while she saw no smile
Nor countenance of the knight;
She changed hew, she made herself new,
Her beauty was brave and bright.
Then fell the knight to lovers delight,
Good Lord, what dayes are these!
It was so strange to see the change
A could not sleepe for fleas.

A NEW SONG OF AN HOSTISSE AND HER GUESTS.

To the Tune of "The Painter."

I WIL not to Saint Katherines goe
To laugh no more,
My hostisse chides and checks me so,
I am sorry therefore :
When I came in as merry as a fryer,
She hung the chin, she lookt awry,
She hould, she scould, she looked so coy,
I could not be merry, I could not joy.

I saw her sit so maidenly
When I came in,
To busse and kisse her curtusly
I did begin.
The more I shewed my countenance free,
The more beshrewed, the worse was shee ;
Her talke so shrill, the time so soure,
I durst not tarry there halfe an hower.

The beere was bitter for my taste,
I tell you true ;
I came to soone to make such hast,
As did ensue.
Yet after all these comely shewes,
As best becomes those friendly shrewes,
The frownes were gone, and frolick she,
Contented was to welcome me.

Then had we chat and cheere at will,
As served the place ;
A redy friend our pots to fill,
And fetch apace :
The goodman he was not at home,
The guests were cut over heart and come,
The shrew became a curteous dame.

The three hoop'd pot was filled round,
For lack of cheere ;
A neats foot in the towne was found,
And we drew neere
To take our fill of every joy,
Our hostisse was no longer coy,
But thanks be to God our friends and us,
Our malice and all was ended thus.

A LAMENTABLE DITTY ON THE DEATH OF A NOBLEMAN WHO
WAS EXECUTED IN THE TIME OF KING EDWARD.

SHOULD fortune frowne against the gods ?
Alas, and should she so !
Should worthy wightes of noble blood
Receive such mortall woe ?
Alas, poore England, now, alas,
Thy woe wil shortly come to passe !

In time of noble Edward's raigne,
Whose fame doth farre resound,

His uncle deare did truth maintaine,
And all his foes confound.
But in the end, alas, alas,
His wofull death was brought to passe !

His princely name and courage stout,
Which all men may report,
Could not defend him from the rout
Of those that did extort.
But in the end, alas, alas,
His wofull death was brought to passe !

He was bereft of noble power
Committed to his charge,
And cast into the prison tower,
His torments to enlarge.
Where as he lay, alas, alas,
To dolefull death was brought to passe !

Who then did know the faigned clause
Wherefore he was condemned ?
Is not the sentence of those lawes
Of all good men commended ?
O noble duke, alas, alas,
Thy wofull death is come to passe !

How wast thou led unto Tower-Hill,
With billes beset about,
Even like a lambe contended still
Before the woolvish rout.
O Summerset, alas, alas,
Thy wofull death is come to passe !

How did the common people cry,
With heaped voices shrill,
Pardon ! pardon ! with hands on high,
Hoping to keepe him still.
[O Summerset, alas, alas,
Thy wofull death is come to passe !]

He stood upright, a noble duke
With constant courage bold :
Content yourselves, (this was his sute,)
The lawes have me controld.
Alas, poore soules, alas, alas,
Your woe will shortly come to passe !

Pray for the peace of Edward king,
Your Soveraigne, he did say,
That he may prosper in living,
All ye, good people, pray,
Leaste that his foes, alas, alas,
Do bring his wofull death to passe.

Our summer sweet was thus bereft,
And winter did ensue,
What carefull hearts to us were left,
Are since approved true.
Oh ! England, cry alas, alas,
That thy woe should come thus [to] passe.

A PLEASANT NEW SONNET, INTITULED, MINE OWNE DEARE
LADY BRAVE.

To the Tune of " Rogero."

MINE owne deare lady brave,
Would God it were my hap
To be the spanniell that you have
To dandle in your lap.

Or that I were so feate
To please you with my skippes,
To take me up, in your conceit,
To stand and lick your lips.

Or that my pranking pace
In all points could agree
To touch your traine in every place,
At least as neere as he.

Or that I could so bragge,
Or simper with my taile,
To take me up into your lap
To know what I doe ayle.

Then should I hope and have
Each dainty in the dish,
And harbor, like a pretty knave,
According to my wish.

And sleepe between your paps,
With stroking on the head,
As tenderly as each lady raps
Such puppies in their beds.

Would God you would vouchsafe
To grant me half the grace,
A licke or leape some time to have
In such a puppies place.

Should never faining whelpe
So closely keepe you play,
For I will neither run nor yelp,
Your secrets to bewray ;

But what it should behove
A spaniel to professe,
To cloake or hide when you remoove,
My part shall be no lesse.

And what doth want in him
My favour might supply,
For though your puppie can do trim,
Yet not so well as I.

Perhaps you will forget
Your puppies dainty toyes,
When you and I are closely met
To play for pritty boyes.

[In] pitty now peruse
This written verse of mine,
Or else the dog I crave to choose,
The happy state of thine.

A NEW SONG OF A CURST WIFE AND HER HUSBAND.

PASSING along through Redriffe,
I heard one sore complaining,
Then streight I drew me neere to him
To know the cause and meaning
Of this his sorrow, care, and grieve,
Which did his mind disaster;
Alasse, sayes he, what shall I doe?
My wife will needs be maister.

For I may bid wo[e] worth the time
That ere with her I matched,
For with her nailes that are so sharpe
My face she hath bescratched;
To a surgion I was driven to run,
For to goe beg a plaister,
So thus, God knowes, unto my greefe,
My wife will be my maister.

I drudge, I droile, I tosse, I toyle,
Till that the day be ended;

At night I make to her account
What monny I have spended,
Or else my pockets she will search,
And say I am a waster :
Thus like a mome I live at home,
And shee will needes be maister.

For all the paines that I do take,
Yet still she will be chiding ;
Except five groats each night I bring,
At home ther's no abiding ;
She saies that I am good for nought
But for some foolish jeaster,
With angry browes, and deadly bowes,
She sweares to be my master.

Thus, honnest friend, as you have heard,
I daily live in sorrow,
Of never a neighbor that I have
Dare I once lend or borrow.
If I should live as many yeares
As ever did King Nestor,
Yet, in my mind, it still me feares,
That she would be my maister.

I dare not stir forth of her sight
But when I am a working,
For her jealous mind doth thinke I am
With one or other lurking ;

And if at any time I should
But chance to spend a teaster,
Sheele call me knave, base rogue, and slave,
And sweares sheele bee the maister.

NOTES.

P. 1,—“*To the tune of When flying fame.*” This tune, to which “Chevy Chace” and a great number of ballads of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were sung, is to be found in the Editor’s “Collection of National English Airs,” 4to. 1840.

3 P. ~~1~~, l. 2,—“*And Lankaster the last.*” In the original “And last of Lankaster,” which is presumed to be a misprint, as the line should rhyme with “fast.”

P. 3, verse 3,—“*First plac’d their pictures in RED gold.*” In the edition of 1659 “*wrought gold.*”

P. 12, verse 2,—“*To THEIR eternal praise.*” In the edition of 1612 this line is “*To his eternal praise.*” “Their” in the edition of 1659.

P. 17, last verse,—“*THEN SED : Eve ! I feele thy case.*” In the edition of 1659, “*O cursed Eve,*” &c.

P. 18, verse 1,—“*THE dark may hide me from MAN’s eye.*” In the edition of 1659 it is, “*No dark may hide me from God’s eye.*”

— verse 3,—“*For I have TREAD.*” “Trode” in the edition of 1659.

— verse 5,—“*I crave my FIRST deserved doome.*” “Just deserved doome” in the edition of 1659.

— verse 6,—“*Let modesty ACCUSE this crime.*” “Accurse” in the edition of 1659.

P. 19,—“*O that the wombe had beene my grave.*” This and the three following verses are a paraphrase of a portion of the third chapter of the book of Job.

P. 25,—“*To the tune of Shore's Wife.*” “The woeful lamentation of Jane Shore, a goldsmith's wife,” &c. was sung to the tune of “Come live with me,” which is printed in the “Collection of National English Airs,” 4to. 1840.

P. 28, verse 3,—“*The duke by law did lose his BLOOD.*” “Did lose his *head*” in the edition of 1659, and in verse 5, “But none *on* him would bread bestow.”

P. 32,—“*To a new tune, or PHILLIDA FLOUTS ME.*” This song and tune are reprinted in the “Collection of National English Airs.”

P. 33,—“*The life and death of the famous Tho. Stukely.*” “The former part of this song is so confined to particulars, that it cannot be expected historians should have taken notice of any of these facts ; but I am surprised that amongst the crimes our author has charged Stukeley with, he has not taken notice of the most heinous ; treason against his queen and country : for the king of Spain, enraged that queen Elizabeth should protect the Dutch, who had lately revolted from the Spanish government, took care to encourage the rebels in Ireland, and pope Gregory XIII entered into a strict league with him, desiring to set the marquis of Vincola, his illegitimate son, upon the throne of Ireland. Thomas Stukely, who for some reason (but what is not recorded) had fled from England, his native country, joined the pope, and pretended such interest in Ireland, that his holiness gave him the title of marquis of Leinster, earl of Wexford and Cartelagh, viscount Morogh, and baron of Rosse, and the command of eight hundred Italian soldiers, who were to be employed in the conquest of that kingdom. As religion was made the pretence, the expedition was to be commanded in chief by the great bigot of those days, Don Sebastian, king of Portugal, a priest-ridden monarch, whose education had been entrusted to a Jesuit, and who had been taught, that to plant the Roman religion with fire and sword was the grand business of a believing prince. Stukely therefore with his eight hun-

dred men sailed to Portugal to join his commander, but he was at that time taken up with other views, and designed an expedition nearer home; for he was raising an army to preach the gospel in Morocco. Nor was there a pretence wanted for carrying on this war; for after the death of Abdalla, king of Morocco, Muley Mohamed his son had caused himself to be proclaimed king; upon this his uncle, Muley Moluc, raised an army against him, alleging that pursuant to the laws of the Cheriffs, the king's brothers should ascend the throne before his sons, and Mahomet being overthrown in three pitched battles, fled to Portugal, where having represented his case to Don Sebastian, and promised that his subjects should turn Christians, that monarch, contrary to the advice of all his council, embarked with 13000 men, of whom Stukely and his 800 soldiers made a part, upon promise that, this expedition ended, he would immediately sail for Ireland. A pitched battle, and that a bloody one too, was fought, during which Moluc, who had lain lingering, died in his litter, Sebastian was slain, and Mahomet flying, was drowned in passing the river Mucazen."—*Old Ballads*, vol. i. p. 188, 8vo. 1727.

P. 42, verse 2,—“*That such a worthy QUEEN as she.*” In the edition of 1612, “*That such a worthy prince as she.*”

P. 45,—“*A Song of a Beggar and a King.*” The story of king Cophetua and the beggar maid is frequently alluded to by our old dramatic writers. Shakespeare, in his “*Romeo and Juliet*” (Act ii. sc. 1) makes Mercutio say:

“Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When King Cophetua loved the beggar maid.”

In the Second Part of Henry IV, Act v. sc. 3, Falstaff says to Pistol:

“O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?
Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.”

Ben Jonson alludes to it in his comedy of “*Every Man in his Humour*,” Sir William Davenant in “*The Wits*,” &c. &c.

- P. 46,—*When she the king ESPIED.* “Espies” in the edition of 1659, which preserves the rhyme, and is evidently the correct reading.
- P. 47, verse 2,—*And every thing in THEIR degree.* “In its degree” in the edition of 1659.
- P. 51, last verse,—*The lypard doth love to lie and PRY.* “Pray” in the original.
- P. 52, verse 2,—*Troylus DID LOVE with all his might.* In the edition of 1612, “Troylus that lord with all his might.”
- P. 53, last verse,—*Or with her ten commandments:*” i. e. her ten nails.
- P. 64, verse 1,—In this and other verses, the names of Philida and Coridon are omitted, but they are evidently in dialogue.
- P. 68,—*To the tune of SELENGER’S ROUND.* “Sellenger’s Round, or the Beginning of the World,” was a very popular tune in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It is to be found in Queen Elizabeth’s and Lady Neville’s Virginal Books, in “The Dancing Master,” and many other collections. It is mentioned by Morley in his Introduction, by Taylor the water-poet, by Tho. Delony, and by many old dramatists. See “National English Airs,” vol. ii. p. 76.
- P. 70, verse 4,—In the copy the two first lines of this verse stand thus :
- “The knight he gave his question *this*,
My tale was soone exprest;”
- And the last line,
“*Hath well deserved to live.*”
- P. 72, verse 1,—There is one line wanting in this verse, and another so misprinted as to be unintelligible.
- P. 75, verse 1,—The burden is supplied from the preceding verse, being omitted in the copy.

THE
CROWN GARLAND
OF
GOLDEN ROSES.

PART II.

FROM THE EDITION OF 1659.

LONDON.
PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,
BY T. RICHARDS, 100, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

M.DCCC.XLV.

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INTRODUCTION.

EARLY editions of popular Garlands are so rarely to be found, that it has been thought desirable to reprint, by way of appendix to the "Crown Garland" of 1612, the additional ballads contained in the almost equally rare edition of 1659.

Although many of the ballads are to be found in comparatively modern collections, the present copies seemed deserving of republication, as in most cases they afford the earliest authority for the text.

An edition of the "Crown Garland," printed in 1692, is in the British Museum, and another, the date of which is cut off, is preserved in the Pepysian Library.

The edition of 1692 corresponds in its contents with that of 1659, now reprinted, and for the loan of which the Percy Society are indebted to the liberality of Mr. J. Payne Collier.



THE CROWN-GARLAND
OF
GOLDEN ROSES.

ADDITIONAL BALLADS

FROM THE EDITION OF 1659.

A SERVANT'S SORROW FOR THE LOSS OF HIS LATE ROYAL MISTRESS, QUEEN ANN, WHO DIED AT HAMPTON COURT.

The tune is "In sad and ashy Weeds."

In dole and deep distress,
Poor soul, I, sighing, make my moan,
A doom of heaviness
Constrains my heavy heart to groan.
Then hapless I,
That thus must cry
Against those Sisters three;
Which, to my pain,
Her life have ta'en,
That late did comfort me.

In sable weeds I mourn
My princess' absence to condole,
Who never can return
Unto my sad forsaken soul.
Yet will I show
The grounds of woe,
Of such as mourners be,
For sorrowing care
Will be my share,
When none will comfort me.

My golden sun is fled,
And clearest day beset with clouds,
A hollow sheet of lead
My late beloved princess shrouds ;
For whose sweet sake
This moan I make,
As all the world may see ;
There is no joy
But in annoy,
Then who can comfort me ?

With grief I waste away,
Rememb'ring oft my gracious queen,
We servants all may say,
And witness well what she hath been.
A princess kind,
[Of royal mind],
Adorn'd with courtesy,
But now a grave

That grace will have,
And none will comfort me !

Oh! let my careful eyes
To sadness court and country move,
No mourning may suffice
To tell my dear affecting love ;
Nor worlds of woe
Cannot well show
The griefs that settled be
Within my breast,
So much distrest,
So none can comfort me !

Yet mourners there be store,
Of kings, of states, of princes high,
Who sadly do deplore
The want of that sweet majesty,
Who spent [her] days
In virtuous ways,
And doing good we see ;
Her liberal hand
Ador[n]'d this land,
Which much doth comfort me.

My sovereign lord, King James,
Lamenting, moans his turtle dear,
And princely Charles out-streams
Full many a sad and sorrowful tear ;
So [th]at that race
Of royal grace,

And blooms of majesty,
Conjoin in one
For to make moan,
Yet none will comfort me !

The Palsgrave of the Rhine,
With Denmark's most true honoured king,
Unto sad sorrow's shrine
Some sacrificing tears will bring.
Elizabeth !
Thy mother's death
A mournful news will be,
To fill those courts
With sad reports ;
Yet no man comforts me.

Methinks the Netherlands,
And German princes of her kin,
Possess'd with sorrow stands,
And sadly thus their grief begin :
Farewell ! adieu !
Sweet queen, so true !
Thy life much miss'd will be ;
For rich and poor
Fed on thy score,
But now none comforts me.

Where'er her highness went,
Sweet bounty freely she bestow'd,
The gifts that God her sent

Unto the world she nobly show'd :
Which many ways
Advanc'd her praise,
So full of good was she,
The which did move
All men to love ;
But now none comforts me.

You ladies fair and fine,
Attendants on this royal queen,
Her grace is made divine,
On this dull earth not to be seen.
Her soul is flown
Up to that throne
Where angels reigning be,
Whilst I aspire
To vain desire ;
For now none comforts me.

Oh! blessed be that mould
Which shall contain so sweet a prize !
Keep safe the same enroll'd,
Untouch'd, unseen of mortal eyes,
Till from this earth,
A second birth
Of newness framed be ;
And till that hour,
Preserve this flower,
Whose goodness comforts me !

A queen and mother dear,
A wife, a daughter to a king,
A sister royal here,
And grandam as renown doth ring :
Which rich born fame
Hath grac'd her name,
Though all now buried be ;
Yet after-days
Shall sound her praise,
Which greatly comforts me.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD'S SORROW FOR THE DEATH OF HIS
BELOVED SON.

To a New Tune.

In sad and ashy weeds
I sigh, I pine, I grieve, I mourn,
My oats and yellow reeds
I now to jet and ebon turn.
My urged eyes,
Like winter skies,
My furrowed cheeks o'erflow ;
All heaven knows why .
Men mourn as I ;
And who can blame my woe ?

In sable robes of night
My days of joy apparel'd be,
My sorrows see no light,
My light through sorrows nothing see.
For now my sun
His date hath run,
And from my sphere, doth go
To endless bed
Of folded lead,
And who can blame my woe?

My flocks I now forsake,
That silly sheep my grief may know,
And lilies loathe to take
That since his fall presume to grow.
I envy air,
Because it dare
Still breathe, and he not so,
Hate earth that doth
Entomb his youth,
And who can blame my woe?

Now a poor lad, alone,
(Alone how can such sorrow be?)
Not only men make moan,
But more than men make moan with me :
The gods of greens,
And mountain queens,
The fairy-circled row,

The muses nine,
The nymphs divine,
Do all condole my woe.

You awful gods of skies!
If shepherds may you question thus,
What d[e]ity to supply,
Took you this gentle star from us?
Is Hermes fled?
Is Cupid dead?
Doth Sol his seat forego?
Or Jove his joy
He stole from Troy?
Or who hath fram'd this woe?

Did not mine eyes, O heaven!
Adore your light as well before?
But that amidst you seven,
You fixed have one planet more!
You may well raise,
Now double days
On this sad earth below,
Your powers have won
Another sun,
And who can blame our woe?

At your great hands I ask
This boon, which you may easily grant,
That, till my utmost mask
Of death, I still may moan his want.

Since his divine
Parts with you shine,
Too bright for us below,
And Earth's sad breast
Entombs the rest,
Yet mine is all the woe.

CORIDON'S COMFORT.

The second part of the Good Shepherd.
To the same tune.

PEACE, shepherd, cease to moan,
In vain is all this grief and woe,
For him that's from us gone,
And can, alack ! return no more.
But yet, indeed,
The oaten reed,
And mirth thou late didst know,
I blame thee not,
If now forgot,
For who can blame thy woe ?

The breath had once a sound,
Harmonious, as in sighing spent,
The temples once were bound
With chaplets, or a pleasant scent.
Now cyprus wear,
Thy grief and care

To all the world [to] show,
The pipe so sweet
Thy lips so meet,
And who can blame thy woe?

The murmur of the brook,
Hath been delightful [to thine ear],
Much pleasure hast thou took,
Sweet Philomela's note to hear ;
To see that quire,
From bush to brier
Leap lightly to and fro,
The summer's queen,
Attir'd in green,
But now 'tis nothing so !

To see the queen of flowers,
When hoary Hiem's part is done,
Deck up those summer bowers,
Defend us from the parching sun.
To see the ground
Embroidered round,
And every tree to show
His virid dye,
Hath pleas'd thine eye,
But now 'tis nothing so !

Too well I know, thy sheep
At random graze upon the plain,
Grief lulls thee now asleep,
And now thou wak'st to grief again !

Asleep, awake,
For his dear sake,
Some sign of sorrow show,
No bed of rest
Can ease thy breast;
And who can blame thy woe?

No man the man that knew,
For whom our fainting bodies wear
These robes of saddest hue,
And woes more black imbreasted bear,
Can well forbear
To shed a tear,
Griefs still will overflow;
Pale sorrow's curse
Hath still such force;
Then who can blame my woe?

Thy woes I cannot blame,
But in sorrows bear a part,
Yet now to patience frame,
And see the salve cures all our smart.
This bud is dead,
Is gone, is fled,
But in his place doth grow
A flower as fair,
As fresh as rare,
And he cures all our woe.

A MOURNFUL DITTY OF THE DEATH OF THE FAIR ROSAMOND,
KING HENRY THE SECOND'S CONCUBINE.

To the tune of "Flying Fame."

WHEN as King Henry rul'd this land,
the second of that name ;
Besides the queen, he dearly lov'd
a fair and princely dame.

Most peerless was her beauty found,
her favour, and her grace ;
A sweeter creature in the world
did never prince embrace.

Her crisped locks, like threads of gold,
appear'd to each man's sight;
Her comely eyes, like orient pearls,
did cast a heavenly light.

The blood within her crystal cheeks,
did such a colour drive;
As though the lily and the rose
for mastership did strive.

Yea, Rosamond, fair Rosamond!
her name was called so;
To whom dame Elenor, our queen,
was known a mortal foe.

The king, therefore, for her defence,
 against the furious queen;
At Woodstock builded such a bower,
 the like was never seen.

Most curiously this bower was built,
 of stone and timber strong;
An hundred and fifty doors
 did to this bower belong.

And they so cunningly contriv'd,
 with turnings round about;
That none but by a clue of thread,
 could enter in or out.

And for his love, and lady's sake,
 that was so fair and bright;
The keeping of this bower he gave
 unto a valiant knight.

But fortune, that doth often frown,
 where she before did smile;
The king's delight, the lady's joy,
 full soon she did beguile.

For why the king's ungracious son,
 whom he did high advance;
Against his father raised wars,
 within the realm of France.

But yet, before our comely king
the English land forsook,
Of Rosamond, his lady fair,
his last farewell he took.

“O, Rosamond! the only rose
that pleaseth best mine eye;
The fairest rose in all the world,
to feed my fantasy!

“The flower of mine affected heart,
whose sweetness doth excel;
My royal Rose, a thousand times
I bid thee now farewell!

“For I must leave my fancy’s flower,
my sweetest Rose, a space,
And cross the seas to famous France,
proud rebels to abase.

“But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt
my coming shortly see;
And in my heart, while hence I am,
I’ll bear my Rose with me.”

When Rosamond, that lady bright,
did hear the king say so,
The sorrow of her grieved heart,
her outward parts did show.

And from her clear and crystal eyes,
the tears gusht out apace;
Which like the silver pearled dew,
Ran down her comely face.

Her lips, like to a coral red,
did wax both wan and pale,
And for the sorrow she conceiv'd,
her vital spirits did fail.

And falling down all in a swoond,
before King Henry's face,
Full oft within his princely arms,
her corpse he did embrace.

And twenty times, with wat'ry eyes,
he kist her tender cheek,
Until he had reviv'd again,
her senses mild and meek.

"Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose?"
the king did often say;
"Because," quoth she, "to bloody wars
my lord must part away."

"But sith your grace in foreign coasts,
among your foes unkind,
Must go to hazard life and limb,
why should I stay behind?"

“Nay, rather let me, like a page,
your shield and target bear;
That on my breast the blow may light,
that shall annoy you there.

“O! let me in your royal tent,
prepare your bed at night;
And with sweet baths refresh your grace,
at your return from fight.

“So I your presence may enjoy,
no toil I will refuse;
But wanting you, my life is death,
which doth true love abuse!”

“Content thyself, my dearest friend,
thy rest at home shall be
In England’s sweet and pleasant soil;
for travel fits not thee.

“Fair ladies brook no bloody wars,
sweet peace their pleasures breed;
The nourishers of their heart’s content,
which fancy first doth feed.

“My Rose doth rest in Woodstock bower,
with music’s sweet delight;
While I, among the piercing pikes,
against my foes do fight.

“My Rose in robes of pearl and gold.
with diamonds richly dight;
Shall dance the galliards of my love,
whilst I my foes do smite.

“And you, Sir Thomas, whom I trust
to be my love's defence;
Be careful of my gallant Rose
when I am parted hence.”

And therewithal he fetch'd a sigh,
as though his heart would break;
And Rosamond, for very grief,
not one plain word could speak.

And at their parting well they might
in heart be grieved sore:
After that day fair Rosamond
did see the king no more.

For when his grace had pass'd the seas,
and into France was gone;
Queen Elenor, with envious heart,
in Woodstock came anon.

And forth she call'd this trusty knight,
which kept this curious bower;
Who with his twined clue of thread,
came from that famous flower.

And when that they had wounded him,
the queen this thread did get,
And went where lady Rosamond
was like an angel set.

But when the queen, with steadfast eyes,
beheld her heavenly face,
She was amazed in her mind,
at her exceeding grace.

"Cast off thy robes from thee," she said,
"that rich and costly be;
And drink thee off this deadly draught,
which I have brought for thee."

But presently upon her knee,
sweet Rosamond did fall;
And pardon of the queen she crav'd
for her offences all.

"Take pity of my youthful years,"
fair Rosamond did cry;
"And let me not with poison strong
enforcèd be to die.

"I will renounce this sinful life,
and in a cloister bide;
Or else be banish'd, if you please,
to range the world so wide.

“And for the fault which I have done,
though I was forc'd thereto;
Preserve my life, and punish me
as you think good to do.”

And with these words, her lily hands
she wrung full often there;
And down along her lovely cheeks
proceeded many a tear.

But nothing could this furious queen,
therewith appeased be;
The cup of deadly poison fill'd,
as she sat on her knee,

She gave that comely dame to drink,
who took it in her hand,
And from her bended knees arose,
and on her feet did stand:

And casting up her eyes to heaven,
she did for mercy call;
And drinking up the poison strong,
her life she lost withal.

And when that death through every limb
had done her greatest spite;
Her chiefest foes did plain confess
she was a glorious wight.

Her body then they did entomb,
 when life was fled away,
 At Godstow, near to Oxford town,
 as may be seen this day.

A MOST RARE AND EXCELLENT HISTORY OF THE DUCHESS OF
 SUFFOLK'S CALAMITY.

To the tune of "Queen Dido."

WHEN God had taken for our sin,
 That prudent prince K. Edward away,
 Then bloody Bonner did begin
 His raging malice to bewray;
 All those that did God's word profess,
 Are persecuted more or less.

Thus whilst the Lord did on us lower,
 Many in prison he did throw,
 Tormenting them in Lollard's tower,
 Whereby they might the truth forego;
 Then Cranmer, Ridley, and the rest,
 Were burn'd in fire, whom Christ profest.

Smithfield was then with faggots fill'd,
 And many places more beside;
 At Coventry was Sanders kill'd,
 At Worcester ~~like~~ good Hooper died.

16. Worcester, vide p. 73.

And to escape this bloody day,
Beyond seas many went away.

Amongst the rest that sought relief,
And, for their faith, in danger stood,
Lady Elizabeth was the chief,
King Henry's daughter, of royal blood,
Within the Tower did prisoner lie,
Looking each day when she should die.

The Duchess of Suffolk seeing this,
Whose life likewise the tyrant sought;
Then in the hope of heavenly bliss,
Within God's word her comfort wrought;
For fear of death was fain to fly,
And leave her house most secretly.

That for the love of Christ alone,
Her lands and goods she left behind;
Seeking still for that precious stone,—
The word of truth, so rare to find!
She, with her nurse, husband, and child,
In poor array their sight beguil'd.

Thus through London they passed along,
Each one did take a several street;
Thus, all unknown, escaping wrong,
At Billingsgate they all did meet:
Like people poor, in Gravesend barge
They simply went with all their charge.

And along from Gravesend town,
With journeys short, on foot they went;
Unto the sea's coast they came down,
(To pass the seas was their intent);
And God provided so that day,
That they took ship and sail'd away.

And with a prosperous gale of wind,
In Flanders safe they did arrive;
This was to their great ease of mind,
And from their hearts much woe did drive.
And so with thanks to God on high,
They took their way to Germany.

Thus they travell'd still disguised;
Upon the high-way suddenly,
By cruel thieves they were surpris'd,
Assailing their small company;
And [all] their treasure and their store
They took away, and beat them sore.

The nurse, in middle of the fight,
Laid down the child upon the ground;
She ran away out of their sight,
And never after that was found.
Then did the duchess make great moan,
With her good husband all alone.

The thieves had their horses kill'd,
And all their money quite had took;

The pretty baby, almost spill'd,
Was by the nurse likewise forsook;
And they far from their friends did stand,
All succourless in a strange land.

The skies likewise began to scowl,
It hail'd, and rain'd in piteous sort,
The way was long, and piteous foul;
Then (may I now full well report),
Their grief and sorrow was not small,
When this unhappy chance did fall.

Sometime the duchess bore the child,
As well as ever she could be,
And when the lady kind and mild
Was weary, then the child bore he.
And thus they one and other eas'd,
And with their fortunes were well pleas'd.

And after many weary steps,
All wet-shod, both in dirt and mire,
After much grief their heart it leaps,
For labour doth some rest require.
A town before them they did see,
But lodg'd therein they could not be.

From house to house then they did go,
Seeing where they that night might lie;
But want of money was their woe,
And still the babe with cold did cry.

With cap and knee they court'sy make,
But none on them would pity take.

Lo! here a princess of great blood
Doth pray a peasant for relief!
With tears bedewed as she stood,
Yet few or none regards her grief.
Her speech they could not understand.
But gave her money in her hand.

When all in vain their pains were spent,
And that they could not house-room get,
Into a church-porch then they went,
To stand out of the rain and wet.
Then said the duchess to her dear,
"Oh! that we had a fire here."

Then did her husband so provide,
That fire and coals he got with speed;
She sat down by the fire side
To dress her daughter, that had need.
And while she dress'd it in her lap,
Her husband made the infant nap.

Anon the sexton thither came,
And finding them there by the fire,
The drunken knave, all void of shame,
To drive them out was his desire;
And spurning forth that noble dame,
Her husband's wrath it did inflame.

And all in fury as he stood,
He wrung the church keys out of his hand,
And struck him so that all of blood
His head ran down, where he did stand:
Wherefore the sexton presently
For help and aid aloud did cry.

Then came the officers in haste,
And took the duchess and her child,
And with her husband thus they pass'd,
Like lambs beset with tigers wild;
And to the governor were brought,
Who understood them not in aught.

Then Master Bartu, brave and bold,
In Latin made a gallant speech,
Which all their miseries did unfold,
And their high favour did beseech:
With that a doctor sitting by,
Did know the duchess presently.

And thereupon arising straight,
With words abashèd at his sight,
Unto them all that there did wait,
He thus broke forth in words aright:
"Behold, within your sight," quoth he,
"A princess of most high degree!"

With that the governor and the rest
Were all amaz'd the same to hear,

Who welcomed this new-come guest
With reverence great, and princely cheer;
And afterwards conveyed they were
Unto their friend, Prince Casimir.

A son she had in Germany,
Peregrine Bartu call'd by name,
Surnam'd the good Lord Willoughby,
Of courage great, and worthy fame:
Her daughter young, which with her went,
Was afterwards Countess of Kent.

For when Queen Mary was deceas'd,
The duchess home return'd again:
Who was of sorrow quite releas'd,
By Queen Elizabeth's happy reign:
Whose godly life and piety,
We all may praise continually.

THE SECOND PART.

THE LAMENTABLE FALL OF THE GREAT DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER,
THE WIFE OF DUKE HUMPHREY: HOW SHE DID PENANCE
IN LONDON STREETS, BAREFOOTED, WITH A WAX
CANDLE IN HER HAND: AND HOW AT LAST SHE
WAS BANISHED THE LAND, WHERE, IN EXILE,
IN THE ISLE OF MAN, SHE ENDED
HER DAYS IN WOE.

To the tune of "Fortune, my foe."

I ONCE a duchess was of great renown,
My husband near allied to England's crown,
The good Duke Humphrey titled was his name,
Till fortune frown'd upon his glorious fame.

Henry the Fifth, that king of gallant grace,
Of whom my husband claim'd a brother's place,
And was protector made of his young son,
When princely Henry's thread of life was spun.

Henry the Sixth, a child of nine months old,
Then rul'd this land, with all our barons bold;
And in brave Paris crownèd king of France,
Fair England with more honour to advance.

Then sway'd Duke Humphrey like a glorious king,
And was protector over every thing,
Even as he would, to please his heart's desire;
But envy soon extinguish'd all his fire.

In height of all his pompal majesty,
From Cobham house with speed he married me,
Fair Ellinor, 'the pride of ladies all,'
In court and city people did me call.

Then flaunted I in Greenwich's stately towers,
My winter's mansions, and my summer's bowers;
Which gallant house now since those days hath been
The palace brave of many a king and queen.

The silver Thames, that sweetly pleas'd mine eye,
Procur'd me golden thoughts of majesty;
The kind contents and murmur of the water,
Made me forget the woes that would come after.

No gallant dame nor lady in this land,
But much desired in my love to stand;
My golden pride encreasèd day by day,
As though such pleasures never would decay.

On gold and silver looms my garments fair
Were woven still, by women strange and rare,
Embroidered curiously with Median silk,
More white than thistle-down, or morning's milk.

My coaches, and my stately pamper'd steeds,
Well furnish'd in their gold-betrappèd weeds,
With gentle gildings in the summer nights,
Still yielded me the evening's sweet delights.

A hundred gentlemen in purple chains,
As many virgin maids were still in trains,
The queen of Egypt with her pomp and glory,
For pleasure could not equal this my story.

But yet at last my golden sun declined,
And England's court at these my joys repined;
For soon my husband, in his honoured place
Amongst the barons reaped some disgrace.

Which grudge being grown and sprung up to that height,
Unto his charge they laid some crime of weight;
And then in prison cast, good royal duke,
Without misdeed he suffered vile rebuke.

They took from him his great protector's name,
Through causes which those peers did falsely frame,
And after, overcome with malice deep,
My noble lord they murdered in his sleep.

The kind young king, having thus his uncle lost,
Was day by day with troubles vexed and crost;
For such ambition in the land then bred,
That from the factious house of York took head.

O, kingly Lancaster! my husband's line,
His death began his fall as well as mine;
For being dead, his livings and his lands
They seized all into king Henry's hands.

And after turn'd me, friendless, out of door,
To spend my days like to a woman poor;
Discharging me from all my pompal train,
But Elenor would a lady still remain.

The noble spirit of a woman's will,
Within my breast did burn in fury still,
And raging so in my revengeful mind,
Till I the murderers of my lord did find.

But knowing them to be of power and might,
Of whom no justice could by law take right,
But yet, to nourish up my thoughts in evil,
I crav'd the help of hell, and of the devil.

To practise witch-craft then was my intent,
And therefore for the witch of Ely sent,
And for old Bolingbroke, of Lancashire,
Of whom, for charms, the land stood much in fear.

We slept by day, and walkt by midnight hours,
(The time the spells have force and greatest powers),
The twilights, and the dawning of the morns,
When elves and fairies take their gliding forms.

Red streaming blood fell down my azur'd veins,
To make charàcters in round circled [strains];
With dead men's skulls, by brimstone burned quite,
To raise the dreadful shadows of the night.

All this, by black enchanting arts, to spill
Their hated bloods, that did Duke Humphrey kill:
My royal lord! untimely ta'en from me!
Yet no revengement for him could I see.

For by the hand of justful-dooming heaven,
We were prevented all, and notice given,
How we, by witchcraft, sought the spoil of those
That secretly had been Duke Humphrey's foes.

Wherefore, my two companions for this crime
Did suffer death, ere nature spent their time;
Poor Elenor, I, because of noble birth,
Endur'd a stranger punishment than death.

It pleasèd so the council of my king,
Me to disrobe of every gorgeous thing,
My chains, my rings, and jewels of such prize,
Were chang'd to rags more base than rugged frieze.

And, by command, along each London street,
To go in penance, wrappèd in a sheet,
Bare-footed, with a taper in my hand;
The like did never lady in this land.

My feet, that lately trod the steps of pleasure,
Now flinty stones so sharp were forc'd to measure;
Yet none alive, where I did come or go,
Durst shed one trickling tear at this my woe.

Break, heart, and die! here ended not my pain,
I judgèd was an exile to remain,
And go a banish'd lady from this place,
Where, in my blooming youth, I liv'd in grace.

The remnant of those years which God me gave,
Poor banish'd Elenor spent to find her grave;
And left this land, where she was bred and born,
In foreign soils for her misdeeds to mourn.

The Isle of Man, encompass'd by the sea,
To England namèd so unto this day,
Imprison'd me within the wat'ry round,
Till time and death found me a burying ground.

Full nineteen years in sorrow thus I spent,
Without one hour or minute of content,
Rememb'ring former joys of modest life,
Whilst I bore name of good Duke Humphrey's wife.

The loss of Greenwich towers did grieve me sore,
But death of my dear love ten thousand more;
Yea, all the joys, once in my bower and hall,
Are darts of grief to wound me now withal.

Farewell, dear friends! farewell my courtly trains!
My late renown is turn'd to ling'ring pains;
My melody of musick's silver sound,
Are snakes and adders hissing on the ground.

The downy bed[s], whereon I lay full oft,
Are sun-burnt heaps of moss, now seeming soft;
And waxen tapers lighting me to bed,
Be stars about the silver moon bespread.

Instead of wine I now drink waters clear,
Which pays for my delightful banquets dear;
Thus changeth stately pomp and courtly joys,
When pleasure endeth with such deep annoys.

My beauteous cheeks, where Cupid danc'd and play'd,
Are wrinkled grown, and quite with grief decay'd;
My hair turn'd white, my yellow eyes stark blind,
And all my body altered from her kind.

Ring out my knell, you birds in top of sky!
Quite tir'd with woes, here Elenor needs must die!
Receive me, earth, into thy gentle womb,
A banish'd lady craves no other tomb!

Thus died the famous duchess of our land,
Controll'd by changing fortune's stern command;
Let those that sit in place of high degree
Think on their ends, that like to hers may be.

A COURTLY NEW SONG OF THE PRINCELY WOOING OF THE
FAIR MAID OF LONDON BY KING EDWARD.

To the tune of "Bonnie sweet Robin."

FAIR angel of England, thy beauty so bright
Is all my heart's treasure, my joy and delight!
Then grant me, sweet lady, thy true love to be,
That I may say 'Welcome, good fortune to me.'

The turtle so true, and chaste in her love,
By gentle persuasions her fancy will move,
Then be not entreated, sweet lady, in vain,
For nature requireth what I would obtain.

That phenix so famous, that liveth alone,
Is vowèd to chastity, being but one;
But be not, my darling, so chaste in desire,
Lest thou, like the phenix, do penance in fire.

But, alas! gallant lady, I pity thy state,
In being resolved to live without mate;

For if of our courting the pleasures you knew,
You would have a liking the same to ensue.

Long time I have sued the same to obtain,
Yet am I requited with scornful disdain;
But if you will grant your good favour to me,
You shall be advancèd to princely degree.

Promotions and honours may often entice
The chastest that liveth, though never so nice:
What woman so worthy but will be content
To live in [a] palace where princes frequent?

Two brides young and princely to church I have led,
Two ladies most lovely have decked my bed,
Yet hath thy love taken more root in mine heart
Than all their contentment whereof I had part.

Your gentle hearts cannot men's tears much abide,
And women most angry when least they do chide;
Then yield to me kindly, and say that at length
Men do want mercy, and poor women strength.

I grant that fair ladies may poor men resist,
But princes may conquer and love whom they list;
A king may command her to lie by his side
Whose feature deserveth to be a king's bride.

In granting your love you shall have renown,
Your head shall be decked with England's fair crown;

Thy garment so gallant with gold shall be wrought,
If true love for treasure of thee may be bought.

Great ladies of honour shall 'tend on thy train,
Most richly attired in scarlet of grain;
A chamber most princely thy person shall keep,
Where virgins with music shall rock thee asleep.

If any more pleasures thine heart can invent,
Command them, sweet lady, thy mind to content;
For kings' gallant courts, where princes do dwell,
Afford such sweet pastimes as ladies love well.

Then be not resolved to die a true maid,
But print in thy bosom the words I have said,
And grant a king favour thy true love to be,
That I may say, 'Welcome, sweet lady, to me.'

THE FAIR MAID OF LONDON'S ANSWER TO KING EDWARD'S
WANTON LOVE.

To the same tune.

O WANTON King Edward! 'tis labour in vain
To follow the pleasures thou canst not attain;
Which getting thou lovest, and having dost waste it,
The which if thou purchase, is spoil['d] if thou hast it.

But if thou obtain'st it thou nothing hast won,
And I, losing nothing, yet quite am undone;
But if of that jewel a king do deceive me,
No king can restore, though a kingdom he give me.

My colour is changed since you saw me last,
My favour is banisht, my beauty is past;
The rosy-red blushes that sat on my cheeks
To paleness is turn'd, which all men mislikes.

I pass not what princes for love do protest,
The name of a virgin contenteth me best;
I have not deserved to sleep by thy side,
Nor to be accounted for King Edward's bride.

The name of a princess I never did crave,
No such type of honour thy handmaid will have;
My breast shall not harbour so lofty a thought,
Nor be with rich favors to wantonness brought.

If wild wanton Rosamond, one of your sort,
Had never frequented King Henry's brave court,
Such heaps of deep sorrow she never had seen,
Nor tasted the rage of a [harsh] jealous queen.

All men have their freedom to show their intent,
They win not a woman except she consent;
Who, then, can impute to men any fault,
Who still go upright, till women do halt?

Tis counted a kindness in men for to try,
And virtue in women the same to deny;
For woman inconstant can never be prov'd,
Until by their betters therein they be mov'd.

If women and modesty once do but sever,
Then farewell good name and credit for ever!
And, royal King Edward, let me be exil'd
Ere any man knows that my body's defil'd.

No, no, my old father's reverend tears
Too great an impression within my soul bears;
Nor shall his bright honour the blot by me have,
To bring his grey hairs with grief to the grave.

The heavens forbid that when I shall die,
Any such sin should upon my soul lie:
If I have thus kept me from doing this sin,
My heart shall not yield with a prince to begin.

Come rather with pity, and weep on my tomb,
Then, for my birth, curse my dear mother's womb,
That brought forth a blossom that stained the tree,
With wanton desires to shame her and me!

Leave me, most noble king, tempt not in vain,
My milk-white affection with lewdness to stain;
Though England will give me no comfort at all,
Yet England will grant me a sad burial.

THE STORY OF ILL MAY-DAY IN THE TIME OF KING HENRY THE
EIGHTH, AND WHY IT WAS SO CALLED: AND HOW QUEEN
KATHERINE BEGGED THE LIVES OF TWO THOUSAND
LONDON 'PRENTICES.

To the tune of "Essex's good night."

PERUSE the stories of this land,
And with advisement mark the same;
And you shall justly understand
How ill May-day first got the name.
For when King Henry Eighth did reign,
And rul'd our famous kingdom here;
His royal queen he had from Spain,
With whom he liv'd full many a year.

Queen Katherine named, as stories tell,
Sometime his elder brother's wife,
By which unlawful marriage fell
An endless trouble during life.
But such kind love he still conceiv'd
Of his fair queen, and of her friends,
Which being by Spain and France perceiv'd,
Their journeys fast for England bends.

And with good leave were suffered
Within our kingdom here to stay;
Which multitudes made victuals dear,
And all things else, from day to day.

For strangers then did so increase,
By reason of King Henry's queen;
And privilege in many a place
To dwell, as was in London seen.

Poor tradesmen had small dealing then,
And who but strangers bore the bell?
Which was a grief to Englishmen,
To see them here in London dwell.
Wherefore, God wot, upon May eve,
As prentices on maying went,
Who made the magistrates believe
At all to have no other intent.

But such a May-game it was known,
As like in London never were,
For by the same full many a one
With loss of life did pay full dear.
For thousands came with Bilboa blade,
As with an army they could meet;
And such a bloody slaughter made
Of foreign strangers in the street,

That all the channels ran down with blood
In every street where they remain'd;
Yea, every one in danger stood,
That any of their part maintain'd.
The rich, the poor, the old, the young,
Beyond the seas though born and bred,

By prentices there suffered wrong,
When armed thus they gathered head.

Such multitudes together went,
No warlike troops could them withstand;
Nor yet by policy them prevent,
What they by force thus took in hand:
Till at the last King Henry's power
This multitude encompass'd round,
Where with the strength of London's tower,
They were by force suppress'd and bound.

And hundreds hang'd, by martial law,
On sign-posts at their masters' doors,
By which the rest were kept in awe,
And frighted from such loud uproars.
And others which the fact repented,
(Two thousand prentices at least),
Were all unto the king presented,
As mayors and magistrates thought best.

With two and two together tied,
Through Temple-bar and Strand they go,
To Westminster, there to be tried,
With ropes about their necks also.
But such a cry in every street
Till then was never heard nor known,
By mothers for their children sweet,
Unhappily thus overthrown.

Whose bitter moans and sad laments
Possess the court with trembling fear;
Whereat the queen herself relents,
Though it concern'd her country dear.
What if, quoth she, by Spanish blood
Have London's stately streets been wet,
Yet will I seek this country's good,
And pardon for these young men get.

Or else the world will speak of me,
And say Queen Katherine was unkind;
And judge me still the cause to be,
These young men did these fortunes find.
And so, disrob'd from rich attires,
With hair hang'd down, she sadly hies,
And of her gracious lord requires
A boon, which hardly he denies.

"The lives," (quoth she), "of all the blooms
Yet budding green, these youths I crave;
O, let them not have timeless tombs,
For nature longer limits gave!"
In saying so, the pearled tears
Fell trickling from her princely eyes,
Whereat his gentle queen he cheers,
And says, "Stand up, sweet lady, rise!"

The lives of them I freely give,
No means this kindness shall debar,
Thou hast thy boon, and they may live
To serve me in my Boulogne war."

No sooner was this pardon given,
But peals of joy rung through the hall,
As though it thunder'd down from heaven,
The queen's renown amongst them all.

For which, (kind queen), with joyful heart,
She gave to them both thanks and praise,
And so from them did gently part,
And liv'd beloved all her days:
And when King Henry stood in need
Of trusty soldiers at command,
These prentices prov'd men indeed,
And fear'd no foes of warlike band.

For at the siege of Tours, in France,
They showed themselves brave Englishmen:
At Boulogne too they did advance
Saint George's lusty standard then.
Let Tourenne, Tournay, and those towns
That good King Henry nobly won,
Tell London's prentices' renowns,
And of their deeds by them there done.

For ill May-day, and ill May-games,
Perform'd in young and tender days,
Can be no hind'rance to their fames,
Or strains of manhood, any ways.
But now it is ordain'd by law,
We see on May-day's eve at night,
To keep unruly youths in awe,
By London's watch in armour bright.

Still to prevent the like misdeed, [came;
Which once through head-strong young men
And that's the cause that I do read
May-day doth get so ill a name.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE TWO LADIES OF FINSBURY
THAT GAVE MOOR-FIELDS TO THE CITY, FOR THE
MAIDENS OF LONDON TO DRY CLOTHES IN.

To the tune of "Where is my true Love?"

You gallant London damsels,
Awhile to me give ear,
And be you well contented
With that you now shall hear:
The deeds of two kind ladies
Before you shall appear,
O maidens of London, so fair!

At Finsbury there dwelled
A gallant noble knight,
That for the love of Jesus Christ
Desired for to fight;
And so unto Jerusalem
He went, in armour bright.
O maidens of London, so fair!

And charged both his daughters
Unmarried to remain,
Till he from blessed Palestine
Returned back again,
And then two loving husbands
For them he would attain.
O maidens of London, so fair!

When he was gone from fair England,
A knight of Rhodes to be,
His daughters they were well content,
Though born of good degree,
To keep themselves in mean estate,
Of living orderly.
O maidens of London, so fair!

The eldest of the two was nam'd
Fair Mary, as is said,
Who made a secret vow to God
To live and die a maid;
And so a true professed nun,
Herself with speed array'd.
O maidens of London, so fair!

Her garments were of mourning black,
Befitting her desires,
Where at the house of Bethlehem,
The abbess she requires
An entertainment to be made,
To their melodious quires.
O sweet singing maidens so fair!

Where in the nunnery she remain'd
Beloved many a year,
Still spending day and night in prayers
For her old father dear:
Refusing worldly vanities,
With joy and pleasant cheer.
O heavenly blest maidens, so fair!

And, in the name of Jesus Christ,
A holy cross did build,
Which some have seen at Bedlam gate,
Adjoining to Moor-field.
These be the blessed springing fruits,
That chastity doth yield.
O maidens of London, so fair!

If that England's great royal Queen
I should be made, quoth she,
Not half so well contented then,
Good ladies, should I be.
There is no life that's half so sweet
As virgin's life, I see.
O maidens of London, so fair!

Nor will I taste the joys of love
Belong to marriage bed,
Nor to a king consent to yield
My blooming maiden-head,
Till from my father I do hear,
To be alive or dead.
O maidens of London, so fair!

So, virgin-like, she spent her days,
About this pleasant spring;
And us'd herself, from time to time,
Upright in every thing;
Which caus'd the ladies of this land
Her noble praise to sing.
O maidens of London, so fair!

The younger of the sisters, nam'd
Dame Annis, fair and clear,
Who framed there a pleasant well,
By her esteemed dear;
Where wives and maidens daily came
To wash, both far and near.
O, heaven-blest maidens, so fair!

In it were all her earthly joys,
Her comfort and delight,
About the same remaining still
With pleasure day and night;
As glorious as the golden sun,
In all his beams so bright.
O maidens of London, so fair!

The lovely ladies of the land
Unto dame Annis went,
Persuading her this single life
Was not the best content.
The married sort doth most command,
Being still to pleasures bent.
O maidens of London, so fair!

And daily, troops of London dames
Unto her did repair,
With purest lawn and cambric fine,
To wash both clear and fair:
And rich embroider'd furnitures
Of child-bed linen rare.
O maidens of London, so fair!

Thus lived these two sisters here,
As you have heard it told;
Till time had chang'd their beauteous cheeks,
And made them wrinkled, old.
Then from their father news was brought,
How he was wrapt in mould.
O maidens of London, so fair!

For the king of England soon,
The Duke of Normandy,
Returned from Jerusalem
With fame and victory;
And brought their father's heart in lead,
Here buried for to be.
O maidens of London, so fair!

This heart that spill'd his dearest blood
For Jesus Christ in heaven,
Being thus unto his daughters twain,
In kindness brought and given,
Was mourned for three hundred days,
From morning unto even.
O maidens of London, so fair!

And then with lamentations,
Sweet maidens, being weary,
Their aged father's noble heart
Most solemnly did bury,
And gave the place their father's name,
As says our English story.
O maidens of London so fair!

Old Sir John Fines, he had the name,
Being buried in that place,
Now since then called Finsbury,
To his renown and grace;
Which times to come shall not outwear
Nor yet the same deface.
O maidens of London so fair!

And likewise, when those maidens died,
They gave those pleasant fields
Unto our London citizens,
Which they most bravely build;
And now are made most pleasant walks
That great contentment yield
To maidens of London so fair.

Where lovingly both man and wife
May take the evening air,
And London dames to dry their clothes
May thither still repair,
For that intent most freely given
By these two damsels fair,
Unto the maidens of London for ever.

AN EXCELLENT SONG MADE OF THE SUCCESSORS OF KING
EDWARD THE FOURTH.

To the tune of "O, man in desperation."

WHEN as the king of England died,
Edward the Fourth by name,
He had two sons of tender years
For to succeed the same:
Then Richard, Duke of Gloucester,
Desiring kingly sway,
Devised by treason how to make
His nephews both away.

He with the duke of Buckingham
Did closely then contrive
How he unto the English crown,
Might happily atchieve:
Betwixt them both they laid a plot,
And both together went
To Stony-Stratford, where they met
Our king incontinent.

This sweet young king did entertain
His uncle lovingly;
Not thinking of their secret drift
And wicked treachery.
But then the Duke of Buckingham,
To set abroad the thing,

Began a quarrel for the nonce,
With them that kept the king.

And there they did arrest Lord Gray,
The brother to the queen;
Her other brother, Lord Rivers,
In durance then was seen:
Sir Thomas Vaughan they likewise
Did then and there arrest;
Thus was the king of all his friends
On sudden dispossess.

The king doth for his uncles plead,
And would their sureties be;
But both these dukes would in no case
To his request agree:
In brief, these noblemen were sent
To Pomfret Castle soon,
Where secretly and suddenly,
They there to death were doom.

Then forth they brought the king alone
To London with great speed,
Using persuasion in such sort,
Not to mislike their deed:
But when to London he was come,
For him they had prepar'd
The Bishop's palace, there to hold,
But safely under guard.

And then Duke Richard takes on him
The keeping of the king;
Naming himself Lord Protector,
His purpose about to bring:
Devising how to get in hold
The other brother too,
The which the cardinal undertook
Full cunningly to do.

The cardinal then, all in haste,
Unto the queen did come,
Using persuasions in such sort,
He got the other son:
And then they both incontinent
Unto the Tower were sent,
After which time they ne'er came forth,
For death did them prevent.

Duke Richard having found the means
To work these princes' death,
Did cause James Tyrrel's hired men
Full soon to stop their breath:
Miles Forrest, and James Diggens both,
These wicked careless men,
Were made the instruments of blood,
To work the murder then.

These princes lying in their bed,
Being sweetly arm in arm,
Not thinking of this vile intent,
Or meaning any harm;

These villains in their feathered beds
Did wrap them up in haste,
And with the clothes did smother them,
Till life and breath was past.

But when they were so murdered,
Where laid no man did know;
But mark! the judgment of the Lord
Did sharp revenge soon show.
Betwixt these dukes within short space,
Such discord there was bred,
That Buckingham, (to please the king,)
Was forc'd to lose his head.

Then Richard in his kingly seat
No rest nor ease could find,
The murder of his nephews did
So sore torment his mind:
He never could take quiet rest,
His life he still did fear,
His hand upon his dagger was,
And none might come him near.

At length the Earl of Richmond came
With such a puissant band,
That this usurping king was forc'd
In his defence to stand:
And meeting him in Bosworth field,
They fought with heart full fain;
But God, (for shedding princes' blood),
Caus'd Richard to be slain.

Then, being dead, upon a horse
All nak'd as he was born,
His flesh sore cut and mangled,
His hair all rent and torn:
And then Earl Richmond, worthily,
For this his deed of fame,
Of England he was crowned king,
Henry the Seventh by name.

From whose most royal loins did spring
That famous king of might,
Henry the Eighth, whose worthy deeds
Our chronicles recite.
Who dying, left his land and crown
To Edward, his sweet son;
Whose gracious reign all England ru'd
His time so soon was run.

His sister Mary did succeed,
Next princess in this land,
But in her time blind ignorance
Against God's truth did stand:
Which caused many a martyr's blood
Be shed in ruthful case,
But God did England's woes regard,
And turn'd those storms to grace.

At length the other sister came,
Elizabeth, late queen;
And she reliev'd her subjects' hearts
From grief and sorrow clean:

She spent her days in peace and joy,
And died God's servant true,
And now enjoys a place in heaven,
Amongst the blessed crew.

Next her succeeding mighty James,
Likewise of Henry's race,
His majesty with royal right,
Deserves this worthy place:
Whose progeny God long preserve
This kingdom for to sway,
And send all subjects loyal hearts
Their sovereign to obey.

THE PRINCELY SONG OF THE SIX QUEENS THAT WERE MARRIED
TO HENRY THE EIGHTH, KING OF ENGLAND.

The tune is "Welladay."

WHEN England fame did ring,
Royally, royally,
Of Henry the Eighth, our king,
All the world over:
Such deeds of majesty
Won he most worthily,
England to glorify,
By the hand of fair heaven.

His royal father dead,
Curiously, curiously,
Was he then wrapt in lead,
As it appeareth:
Such a tomb did he make
For his sweet father's sake,
As the whole world may speak
Of his gallant glory.

England's brave monument,
Sumptuously, sumptuously,
Kings and queens gave consent,
To have it there graced.
Henry the Eighth was he
Builde in gallantry,
With golden bravery,
In this rich chapel.

And after did provide,
Carefully, carefully,
To choose a princely bride,
For his land's honour.
His brother's widow he
Married most lawfully,
His loving wife to be,
Royal Queen Katherine.

Katherine
of Spain,
his first
wife.

Which queen he loved dear
Many a day, many a day,
Full two and twenty year,
Ere they were parted.

From this renowned dame
Mary his daughter came,
Yet did his bishops frame
To have her divorced.

When as Queen Katherine knew
How the king, how the king
Prov'd in love most untrue,
Thus to forsake her;
Good Lord! what bitter woe
Did this fair princess show,
Unkindly thus to go
From her sweet husband.

"Oh! my kind sovereign dear,"
Said the queen, said the queen,
"Full two and twenty year
Have I been married:
Sure it will break my heart
From thee now to depart,
I ne'er play'd wanton's part,
Royal King Henry!"

All this availed nought,
Woful queen, woful queen,
A divorce being wrought,
She must forsake him:
Never more in his bed
Laid she her princely head:
Was e'er wife so bestead,
Like to Queen Katherine?

Amongst our Englishmen
Of renown, of renown,
The Earl of Wiltshire then
Had a virtuous fair daughter.
A brave and princely dame,
Anna Bullein by name,
This virgin was by fame
Made wife to King Henry!

Anna
Bullein
his second
wife.

From this same royal queen,
Blessedly, blessedly,
As it was known and seen,
Came our sweet princess,
England's Elizabeth,
Fairest queen on the earth ;
Happy made by her birth,
Was this brave kingdom.

When Anna Bullein's place
Of a queen, of a queen,
Had been for three years' space,
More was her sorrow:
In the king's royal head
Secret displeasure bred,
That cost the queen her head
In London's strong tower.

Then took to wife Lady Jane,
Lovingly, lovingly,
That from the Seymours came,
Nobly descended:

Jane
Seymour,
his third
wife.

But her love bought she dear,
She was but queen one year;
In child-bed she died, we hear,
Of royal King Edward.

England, then understand,
Famously, famously,
Princes three of this land
Thus came from three queens:
Katherine gave Mary birth;
Anna, Elizabeth;
Jane, Edward by her death,
All crowned in England.

After these married he
All in fame, all in fame,
A dame of dignity,
Fair Ann of Cleves:
Her sorrow soon was seen,
Only six months a queen!
Graces but growing green,
So quickly divorced.

Ann of
Cleves, his
fourth
wife.

Yet liv'd she with grief to see,
Wofull queen! wofull queen!
Two more as well as she,
Married unto King Henry.
To enjoy love's delights
On their sweet wedding nights,
Which were her proper rights;
Mournful young princess!

First a sweet gallant dame,
Nobly born, nobly born,
Which had unto her name
Fair Katherine Howard:
But ere two years were past,
Disliking grew so fast,
She lost her head at last:
Small time of glory!

Katherine
Howard, his
fifth wife.

After her, Katherine Parr
Made he queen, made he queen,
Late wife to Lord Latimer,
Brave English baron!
This lady of renown
Deserved not a frown,
Whilst Henry wore his crown
Of thrice famous England.

Katherine
Parr, his
sixth wife.

Six royal queens you see,
Gallant dames! gallant dames!
At command married he,
Like a great monarch.
Yet lives his famous name
Without spot or defame,
From royal kings he came,
Whom all the world feared.

THE LAMENTABLE COMPLAINT OF QUEEN MARY FOR THE
UNKIND DEPARTURE OF KING PHILIP, IN WHOSE
ABSENCE SHE FELL SICK, AND DIED.

The tune is, "Crimson Velvet."

MARY doth complain;
Ladies, be you moved
With my lamentations
And my bitter moans:
Philip King of Spain,
Whom in heart I loved,
From his royal queen
Unkindly now is gone.
Upon my bed I lie,
Sick and like to die:
Help me, ladies, to lament!
For in heart I bear,
He loves a lady dear
Better can his love content.
Oh Philip! most unkind,
Bear not such a mind,
To leave the daughter of a king:
Gentle Prince of Spain,
Come, oh come again,
And sweet content to thee I'll bring.

For thy royal sake,
 This my country's danger,
And my subjects' woes
 I daily do procure:
My burning love to slake,
 Noble princely stranger!
And the same to move,
 Where it was settled sure,
Divers in this land
 Against my foes did stand,
Pawning their lives therefore:
 And for the same were slain,
Gentle king of Spain!
 Streets ran down with purple gore.
Forty thousand men,
 All in armour then,
This noble kingdom did provide
 To marry England's queen,
Before thou shouldst be seen,
 Or I be made thy gallant bride.

But now my great good will
 I see is not regarded;
And my favours kind
 Are here forgotten quite:
My good is paid with ill,
 And with hatred rewarded:
I, unhappy queen,
 Left here in woful plight,

On our English shore
Never shall I more
Thy comely personage behold:
Nor upon the throne,
Gloriously be shown
In thy purple robes of gold.
Oh! my heart is slain!
Sorrow, care, and pain
Dwell within my sobbing brest:
Death approacheth near me,
Because thou wilt not cheer me,
Thou gallant king of all the west!

Those jewels, and those rings,
And that golden treasure,
First to win my love,
Thou broughtest out of Spain;
Now unto me bring
No delight, no pleasure,
But a sorrowful tear,
Which ever will remain:
Thy picture when I see,
Much amazeth me,
Causeth tears amain to flow:
The substance being gone,
Pleasures I have none,
But lamenting sighs of woe:
The chair of state adorned,
Seems as if it mourned,
Binding up mine eyes with weeping:

And when that I [am] led
Unto my marriage bed,
Sorrow keeps me still from sleeping.

Come, you ladies kind!
Bring my gown of sable,
For I now must mourn
The absence of my lord:
You see my love-sick mind
Is no longer able
To endure the sting
Of Cupid's pricking sword:
My dying heart doth rest
In Philip's princely breast,
My bosom keeps no heart at all:
But ever will abide,
In secret by his side ;
And follow him through bower and hall.
Though I live disdained,
Yet my love unfeigned
Shall remain both chaste and pure,
And evermore shall prove
As constant as the dove,
And thus shall Mary still endure.

Ring out my dying knell,
Ladies so renowned!
For your queen must die,
And all her pomp forsake ;
England, now farewell!

For the fates have frowned,
And now ready stand
My breathing life to take:
Consume with speed to air,
Fading ghost is fair,
With my milk-wings go fly:
Where, sitting on the throne,
Let my love be shown,
That for his sake is forc'd to die.
Be for ever blessed,
Though I die distressed,
Gallant king of high renown!
The queen now broken-hearted,
From this world is parted,
In the heavens to wear a crown.

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT, BETWEEN THE ENGLISHMEN
AND FRENCHMEN.

The tune is, "Flying Fame."

A COUNCIL grave our king did hold
With many a lord and knight,
That they may truly understand
That France did hold his right.

Unto the king of France therefore
Ambassadors were sent
That he might fully understand
His mind and his intent.

Desiring him in friendly wise
His lawful right to yield,
Or else he vowed by dint of sword
To win the same in field.

The king of France, with all his lords
Which heard his message plain,
Unto our brave ambassadors
Did answer in disdain.

And feign'd our king was yet too young,
And of too tender age ;
Therefore we weigh not of his wars,
Nor fear not his courage.

His knowledge is, in feat of arms,
As yet but very small ;
His tender joints more fitter were
To toss a tennis ball.

A tun of tennis-balls therefore,
In pride and great disdain,
He sent unto our noble king,
To recompense his pain.

Which answer when our king did hear,
He waxed wrath in heart,
And said he would such balls provide
Should make all France to smart.

An army then our king did raise,
Which was both good and strong,
And from Southampton is our king
With all his navy gone.

In France he landed safe and sound,
With all his warlike train,
Unto the town Harfleur next
He marched up amain.

But when he had besieg'd the same,
Against the fenced walls
To batter down their stately towers
He sent his English balls.

This done, our noble English king
March'd up and down the land,
And not a Frenchman for his life
Durst once his force withstand:

Until he came to Agincourt,
Whereas it was his chance
To find the king in readiness,
With all his power in France.

A mighty host he had prepar'd
Of armed souldiers then,
Which were no less, by just account,
Than forty thousand men.

Which sight did much amaze our king,
For he and all his host
Not passing fifteen thousand had
Accounted with the most.

The king of France, which well did know
The number of our men,
In vaunting pride unto our prince
Did send a herald then

To understand what he would give
For ransom of his life,
When they in field had taken him,
Amidst their bloody strife.

And then our king with cheerful heart
This answer soon did make,
And said, "before this comes to pass,
Some of your hearts shall quake!

And to your proud presumptuous prince
Declare this thing," quoth he,
"Mine own heart-blood shall pay the price,
None else he gets of me!"

With that bespoke the Duke of York,
 "O noble king," quoth he,
"The leading of this battle brave
 Vouchsafe to give to me!"

"God a mercy, cousin York," quoth he,
 "I grant thee thy request ;
Then march thou on courageously,
 And I will lead the rest."

Then came the bragging Frenchmen down,
 With cruel force and might,
With whom our noble king began
 A hard and cruel fight.

The archers they discharg'd their shafts
 So thick as hail from sky,
That many a Frenchman in the field
 That happy day did die.

The horsemen tumbled on the stakes,
 And so their lives they lost,
And many a Frenchman there was ta'en
 As prisoners to their cost.

Ten thousand men that day were slain
 Of enemies in the field,
And as many prisoners
 That day were forc'd to yield.

Thus had our king a happy day,
And victory over France,
And brought them quickly under foot
That late in pride did prance.

The Lord preserve our noble king,
And grant to him likewise,
The upper hand and victory
Of all his enemies!

FINIS.

NOTES.

P. 1.—Anne, Queen of James I, died at Hampton Court on the 1st of March, 1618-19, according to our computation, and this song must have been written immediately after her death. It was reprinted in the third volume of "A Collection of Old Ballads," second edition, 1738. There are many inaccuracies in that copy, but it serves, nevertheless, to restore some passages in this.

P. 2, last line but two—"Of royal mind."] This line is omitted in the Crown Garland, but is found in the other copy.

P. 3, l. 3.—"Oh! let my care-full eyes."] In the old ballads, "Oh! let my ireful cries."

P. 3, l. 12.—So none can comfort me."] In old ballads, "That none can comfort me," which is probably the correct reading.

P. 3, l. 17.—In the Crown Garland it stands thus, "Who spent *their* days," and in the 21st line the "n" is omitted in "*adorn'd*."

P. 3, last line but one.—In the Crown Garland it is "*So at that race*," and in the old ballads, "*So as that race*."

P. 6.—The first song was sung to the tune of "In sad and ashy weeds," which was once very popular, although now unknown. It is supposed that the words are only to be found in this collection.

P. 8, l. 6.—The original reads, “What *ditty* to supply.”

P. 10, l. 1.—In the original, “To all the world *of* show.”

P. 10, l. 6.—Hath been delightful *to thine ear*.] The three last words are added to complete the measure. The line is defective in the original.

P. 12.—Deloney’s ballad of Fair Rosamond has been reprinted by the Percy Society in “Strange Histories, (1607). That is the earliest and most authentic copy, but there are some errors in it that may be corrected from this; such as, “And falling down all in a *sound*,” for “*swound*,” *i.e.* swoon; “My Rose in robes *and pearls of gold*,” for “My Rose in robes of pearl and gold,” &c.

“Flying Fame” was the tune to which “Chevy Chace,” and many other ballads were sung. See “National English Airs,” p. 1.

P. 20.—The ballad of the “Duchess of Suffolk’s Calamity” is also printed in “Strange Histories.” There are many verbal differences in this copy. Another will be found in the Roxburgh Collection, vol. i. p. 94, and in the Bagford Collection, British Museum.

P. 20, last line.—“At *Worcester* eke good Hooper died.”] This should be, “At *Gloucester*,” &c., as in “Strange Histories.”

P. 26.—Instead of the two last lines, we have, in “Strange Histories,”—

“For whose life and prosperity
We may praise God continually,”

which prove the ballad to have been written during the reign of Elizabeth, although that edition was printed four years after her death.

P. 27.—Another, but inferior copy of this ballad will be found in “A Collection of Old Ballads,” vol. ii. p. 92. The tune of “Fortune my foe,” called the hanging tune, from the

number of "last dying speeches and confessions" that were sung to it, will be found in "National English Airs," vol. i. p. 33, and the words in the Bagford Collection, Brit. Mus.

P. 31, l. 6.—The last word, "strains," is taken from the copy in the Collection of Old Ballads, instead of "veins," as in the Crown Garland, which belongs to the line above.

P. 34.—"Fair Angel of England."] A copy of this ballad is in the Bagford Collection, British Museum, "Printed for W. O., and are to be sold by the booksellers of Pye Corner, and London Bridge;" black letter; another in the Roxburgh Collection, vol. i. p. 58. The tune "Bonny sweet Robin," will be found in the "National English Airs."

P. 39.—The story of "Ill May-Day."] This ballad is to be found in "The Collection of Old Ballads," vol. iii. p. 54. It has been reprinted by Evans, and in the "Songs of the London Prentices and Trades." The tune of "Essex's good night" will be found in Elizabeth Rogers' "Virginal Book," MS., in the British Museum.

P. 43, last line but four.—"Or *strains* of manhood, any ways."] This should be "or *stains* of manhood," as in the copy in the "Collection of Old Ballads."

P. 50.—*When as the King of England died.*] This ballad is also to be found in the "Collection of Old Ballads," (vol. iii. p. 131), and it is reprinted with many others from the same, in Evans's excellent Collection. There is a ballad beginning, "When Edward was in England king," in the Roxburgh Collection.

P. 52, v. 2, l. 1.—In the Old Ballads this line stands thus:—"The Cardinal then, *all in haste*," which is more metrical.

P. 52, v. 3, l. 5.—Evans corrects the name "James Diggens" to "John Dighton," quoting from Hollinshed.

P. 55.—*When England fame did ring.*] This ballad is also to be found in Old Ballads, vol. iii. p. 72. The ballad of

"Welladay," to the tune of which it was sung, is reprinted by Mr. Collyer. Vide "Old Ballads" printed for the Percy Society. The tune is preserved in an ancient Lute Book, (William Ballet's), in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin.

P. 65, l. 5 and 6.—"Fading ghost is fair,

With my milk wings go fly."

In the "Collection of Old Ballads," vol. iii. p. 90, these lines vary, and are more intelligible :—

"Fading ghost *prepare*

With my milk-wings *to fly.*"

P. 65.—"The Battle of Agincourt."] This ballad is to be found in the "Collection of Old Ballads," and in Evans's Collection. In both copies the last verse but three is omitted.

FINIS.

LONDON:

RICHARDS, PRINTER, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

iv.

②

FOLLIE'S ANATOMIE :

OR

Satyræ & Satyricall Epigrams

BY

HENRY HUTTON, DUNELMENSIS.

FROM THE ORIGINAL TRACT
PRINTED IN 1619.

EDITED BY

EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, ESQ. F.S.A.

LONDON:
REPRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY.

MDCCCXLII.



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INTRODUCTION.

THE "Satyres and Satyricall Epigrams" reprinted in the following pages, are the only known productions of Henry Hutton. He was a caustic and vivid writer, and has sketched with some humour a picture of the habits and manners of his time. Many of his observations were drawn from passing events; and the incidental notices of Sir John Harington, Tom Coryat, Taylor the water-poet, and George Wither, form not the least interesting portions of his work.

According to Wood (*Athenæ*, ii. 277) he was born "in the county palatine of Durham, of an antient and genteel family;" passed some time at Oxford, "either as *hospes* or *aularian*; but minding the smooth parts of poetry and romance more than logic, departed as it seems without a degree."

Many scattered notices of the Hutton family may be found in Surtees' "History and Antiquities of the County Palatine of Durham," but I

do not clearly trace among them the author of "Follie's Anatomie." Henry Hutton, A.M., "perpetual curate of Witton Gilbert," may however be the same person. He was the fifth son of Edward Hutton, "Batchelor of Civil Law and Bailiff of Duresme," and survived till the year 1671. The inscription in the parish church of Witton Gilbert, where he was buried, does not mention his age, but merely informs us that he died on the 24th of April in that year.

Supposing my conjecture to be correct, it may in some measure account for his retirement from the profession of an author. In the "Postscript to the Affecting Printer," appended to the following pages, he promised "ere long" to produce a work "in folio," but nothing of the kind is known to have appeared. That he did not write for gain, may be inferred from his address "To the worthily honor'd Knight, Sir Timothy Hutton:" in which he says,

"Value my verse according to her worth :
No mercenary hope hath brought her forth.
Times puny penny-wits I loathing hate ;
Though poore, I'me pure from such a servile state."

The address "To the Reader" by "his Kinsman," and signed R. H., was in all probability his elder brother, Ralph Hutton, "barrister-at-law." The latter died in the year 1638; and as the

ages of the brothers could not have differed materially, we may safely conclude that Henry Hutton must have been much advanced in life in 1671, the period of his decease. This may go far to confirm my conjecture, that the curate of Witton Gilbert and the author of "Follie's Anatomie" may be one and the same.

FOLLIE'S ANATOMIE :

OR

SATYRES

AND

SATYRICALL EPIGRAMS,

WITH A COMPENDIOUS HISTORY
OF IXION'S WHEEL.

COMPILED BY

HENRY HUTTON, DUNELMENSIS.

LONDON :

Printed for Mathew Walbanke, and are to be sold at his
Shop at Graies-Inne Gate.

1619.

TO THE READER,

UPON THE AUTHOR HIS KIN3-MAN.

OLD Homer in his time made a great feast,
And every Poet was thereat a guest :
All had their welcome ; yet not all one fare ;
To them above the salt (his chiefest care)
He spewd a banquet of choise Poesie,
Whereon they fed even to satietie.
The lower end had from that end their cates,
For Homer, setting open his dung-gates,
Delivered from that dresser excrement,
Whereon they glutted, and returnd in print.
Let no man wonder that I this rehearse ;
Nought came from Homer but it turnd to verse.
Now where our Author was, at this good cheere ;
Where was his place ; or whether he were there ;
Whether he waited ; or he tooke away ;
Of this same point I cannot soothly say ;
But thus I ghesse : being then a dandiprat,
Some witty Poet tooke him in his lap
And fed him, from above, with some choice bit :
Hence his Acumen, and a ready wit.

But praises from a friendly pen ill thrive,
And truth's scarce truth, spoke by a relative.
Let envy therefore give her vote herein :
Envy and th' Author sure are nought a-kin.
He personate bad Envy : yet say so,
He lickt at Homers mouth, not from below.

R. H.

AD LECTORES.

To stand on terms 'twere vain, by hook and crook,
One terme, I was defrauded of a booke.
Now, readers, your assistance I must crave
To play at noddy; to turne up a knave.
My foe at tick-tack playes exceeding well :
For bearing, (sirs,) beleeev't, he bears the bell.
He's of a blood-hounds kinde, because his nose
Utters each new-made sent ; be't verse or prose.
Could ye attache this felon in's disgrace
I would not bate an inch, (not Boltons ace,)
To baite, deride, nay ride this silly asse ;
I would take paines he should not scot-free passe.
All filching knaves, (be't spoken as a trope,)
Will once be plaide, displayed by a rope :
And be this proud disperser of stole workes
Once caught, (that now in clanks and corners lurks ;)
Lest he delude some kinde affecting scholler,
Pray have him twiched in a hempen collar :
Once burnt ith' hand, he will example give
To such times turne-coats as by filching live.

TO
THE WORTHILY HONOR'D KNIGHT,
SIR TIMOTHY HUTTON.

NOBLEST of mindes, unknowne, I would invite
Rich Pyrrhus to accept a Codrus mite.
My lame-legd muse nere clome Pernassus mount,
Nor drunke the juice of Aganippe's fount:
Yet doth aspire with Dedall's wings, appeale
To you, sole patron of our common weale.
The foule maskt lady, Night, which blots the skie,
Hath but one Phœbe, fever-shaking eye:
Olympus azure clime, one golden light,
Which drownes the starry curtaine of the night:
And my rude muse (which satyrists would rend)
One generous, grave, patronizing friend.
You this Mæcenus are; peruse my writ,
And use these Metroes of true meaning wit:
Command; commend them not: such humile art
Disclaimes applause, demerits no desert.
Value my verse according to her worth:
No mercenary hope hath brought her forth.
Times puny penny-wits I loathing hate.
Though poore, I'me pure, from such a servile state.

These workes (fram'd on the anvile of my braine,)
My free borne muse, enfranchise from such shame !
In which large calender timists may view
I onely writ to please the world, and you.

Your worships friend

Nomine et re,

HENRY HUTTON.

SATYRES.

I URGE no time, with whipt, stript satyrs lines,
With furies scourge, whipping depraved times.
My muse (tho' fraught) with such shall not begin
T' uncase, unlace the centinell of sin :
Yet let earths vassailes, pack-horse unto shame,
Know I could lash their lewdnesse, evill fame ;
Reade them a lecture should their vice imprint
With sable lines in the obdured flint ;
Their mappes of knavery and shame descry
In lively colours, with a sanguine die ;
And tell a tale should touch them to the quick ;
Shold make them startle ; fain themselves cap-sick ;
But that no patron dare, or will, maintaine
The awfull subject of a satyre's vaine.

WHAT have we here ? a mirror of this age
Acting a comicks part upon the stage.
What gallant's this ? his nature doth unfold
Him to be framed in Phantastes mold.

Lo how he jets ; how sterne he shewes his face,
Whiles from the wall he passengers doth chase.
Muse, touch not this man, nor his life display,
Ne with sharpe censure gainst his vice invey :
For, sith his humor can no jesting brooke,
He will much lesse endure a satyre's booke.
Beshrew me, sirs, I durst not stretch the streete,
Gaze thus on conduits scrowls, base vintners beat,
Salute a mad-dame with a french cringe grace,
Greete with " God-dam-me," a confronting face,
Court a rich widow, or my bonnet vaile,
Converse with bankrupt mercers in the gaile,
Nor in a metro shew my Cupide's fire,
Being a french-poxt ladies apple-squire ;
Lest taxing times (such folly being spide)
With austere satyres should my vice deride.
Nere breath, I durst not use my mistresse fan,
Or walke attended with a hackney-man,
Dine with Duke Humfrey in decayed Paules,
Confound the streetes with chaos of old braules,
Dancing attendance on the Black-friers stage,
Call for a stoole with a commanding rage,
Nor in the night time ope my ladies latch,
Lest I were snared by th' all-seeing watch :
Which critick knaves, with lynxes pearcing eye,
Into mens acts observantly do pry.

MUSE, shew the rigour of a satyres art,
In harsh sarcasmes, dissonant and smart.

First, to yon masse of humors, puffe of winde,
Which, polipe-like, doth enterchange his mind.
Note how this Timist, scratching of his pate,
Invents a fable to advance his state,
Venting a legend of man, divells lies,
Which in the eares of potentates must flie.
See how he squares it, takes a private stand,
To Gnathonize, to act it with his hand.
Behold his gesture and his brazen face,
How stoutely he doth manage his disgrace.
Lo! how he whispers in his masters eare;
In's closet tattles, lest the servants heare;
Winkes of an eye, and laughs his lord to scorn,
By his attractive fingers making hornes.
His swimming braine thus being brought to bed,
As motives to his wit, he rubs his head:
Then like a ledger at the tables end,
Takes place for an invited friend;
Applauding in discourse his masters speech,
Admiring's vertu, ore the pot doth preach:
Inveies 'gainst ding-thrifts that their lands have spent,
Detesting ryot more then thin cheekt Lent:
Censures base whoredome, with a mustard face,
With a sowre pis-pot visage doth disgrace
A ruffled boote; and will in no case stand
In view of a (sir reverence) yellow band.
He rayles on musick, pride, and wines excesse,
And from an organ-pipe himselfe doth blesse;
Abhorres a sattin suit, or velvet cloake,
And sayes tobacco is the divells smoake;

The thought of To. his intrailles more doth gripe
Then physicks art, or a strong glister-pipe.
Go tell this slave his vices shall not passe,
Such craftie colts must feele the satyres lash.
The lyons skinne awhile may shade the ape:
But yet his worship shall not scot-free scape.
Though he seeme nice, demeane himself demure,
The world perceives this sycophant's impure.
His harpies face, dissembling syrens voyce,
Which in each corner make a whistling noyce,
Cannot be sconced with each male pretence,
Nor blind the world with some mis-constru'd sense.
We know his thoght concurs not with his word:
His mouth speaks peace, his hart intends a sword.
None can discerne whence Titan fram'd this mold
Which, Gnato like, doth blowe both hot and cold.
O subtle tyrant, whose corroding hate,
Deprives both life, and consummates the state
Of senselesse noddies, who repose in rest,
Foster hot embers, serpents in their brest;
Which, sparkling flames, t' accomplish vain desire,
Makes fooles, their subiects, fuell to the fire;
And like the viper, fraught with spleenefull maw,
The intralls of their patrons states doe gnaw.
Next, lets survey the letchers obscene shame,
Rouse him from's squat, pursuing of the game,
Tracing each footstep by his fresh made sent,
And pinch him with a scandald soule, impure,
Note him with Theta for ay to endure.

Wilt please you view this monster in his glasse?
It best discovers a phantastick asse.
See how, Narcissus like, the foole doth doate,
Viewing his picture and his guarded coate;
And with what grace, bold actor like he speakes,
Having his beard precisely cut i'th' peake;
How neat's mouchatoes do a distance stand,
Lest they disturbe his lips, or saffron band:
How expert he's; with what attentive care
Doth he in method place each stragling haire.
This idle idoll doth bestow his wit
In being spruce, in making's ruffe to sit:
His daies endeauours are to be compleate,
To use his vestures nitid and facete:
For vulgar oathes, he raps forth blood and heart,
As coadjutors in the wenching art:
In's frizled periwig, with bended brow,
Sweares at each word for to confirm his vow.
He holds an oath's the ornamentall grace
Of veniall discourse, befitting's place;
And doth maintaine, in's humor, to be drunk
Is the preparative to love a punke;
A pipe of To. th' indulgence of his brains,
Using potatoes to preserve the raines.
Pale horned Luna, sister to darke night,
In Venus sport he useth for a light;
Thinking earth's sable mantle hides his shame,
Deprives the terror of swift winged fame.
When darknesse doth eclipse Don Phœbus raies,
When nights vast terror hath expell'd the daies,

Then doth this subject pase it to Pickt-hatch,
Shore-ditch, or Turneball, in despite o'th' watch ;
And there reposing on his mistrisse lap,
Beg some fond favour, be't a golden cap :
Plaies with her plume of feathers or her fan,
Wishing he were accepted for her man ;
And then at large in ample tearmes doth showe
His Cupids dart and much endured woe,
Desiring cure to salve his languisht care,
T' expell the willow-garland of despaire :
And, that he may obtaine his lust, compares
Her eyes to starres, to amber her pounct hayres ;
Equalls her hand to cignets purest white,
Which in Mæanders streames do take delight ;
Her sanguine blush, and ruby painted mold,
Unto Aurora's red, rich Indies gold.
Having earth's weaker vassaile overcome,
He bribes a Pandar with some trifling sum ;
Doth frolike with the musick in this vaine,
Hearing the diapason of their straine.
Perhaps hee'l cut a caper, neatly prance,
And with his curtail some odde galliard dance ;
Then glutted with his lust make quick dispatch,
Pretending hee's in danger of the watch :
So taking vale till some other night,
Must be conducted by a tapers light
Along the streete to his polluted cell,
Where this vile lecher doth inhabit, dwell.
He thinks the secret quietnesse of night,
Which with phantasmes doth possesse each sprite,

Is a safe shelter to conceale his fact,
Having no witsnesse to record his act.
O stupid foole ! the Heavens al-seeing eye
Beholds thy base frequented infamy ;
And will repay thee treble, with a pox,
For the night-hanting of base Shoreditch smocks.

ALL haile Tom Tosspot ! welcome to the coast !
What Paris news canst brag of, or make bost ?
Thy phisnomie bewraies thou canst relate
Some strange exploits attempted in the state.
I know th' hast courted Venus-lusting dames,
'Twas thy intent when thou tookst ship on Thames.
Let's sympathize thy hap ; enjoy some sport :
What art thou sencelesse, dead-drunk, all a mort ?
Gallants, this abject object which you see,
Is an old picture of gentilitie.
With Coriat he travell'd hath by land
To see Christs crosse, the tree where Judas hangd.
Divelin and Amsterdam his sea crab pase,
With other countries moe, did often trace.
Earth's circled orbe he frequent trudged ; went
With lesse expences then Tom Odcombe spent :
With fewer cloaths, thogh furnisht with mo shifts
With sparing diet ; fewe received gifts.
Tom had one payre of stockings, shooes, one suite ;
But Tosspots case Tom Coxcombs doth confute ;
For he has travell'd all Earths globe a-foote,
Without whole cloathes, good stockin, shooe or boote.

His ragged journall, I bemone, condole ;
Yet (God be thank't) he is return'd all-hole.
Tom had assistants, as his bookes report,
But Tospot travell'd voide of all consort ;
Having no creature with him whiles he slept,
Or walkt ; but such as in his bosome crept.
Tospot detests all cloaths, hates new found forme,
Unless it were no cloaths at all were worne.
Which method (I dare say) he would observe,
Goe naked with his com-ragges, beg, and sterve.
He is no boasting Thraso which will vant
Of his adventures, penurie, and scant ;
Yet, if you please to reade my slender Muse,
I shall describe the humor he doth use.
Tobaccho, bottle-ale, hot pippin-pies ;
Such traffique, merchandize, he daily buies.
With belly-timber he doth cram his gut,
With double jugges doth his Orexis glut,
Sweares a " God-dam-me " for the tapsters shottes,
And may pledge no health lesse then with two pots.
He has a sword to pawne in time of neede,
A perfect beggers phrase, wherewith to pleade
For maintenance, when his exhausted store
Is profuse lavisht on some pockie whore.
Tibornes triangle trees will be the thing,
Must send this knave to Heavens in a string.

MOUNSIER Bravado, are you come t'out-face,
With your mouchatoes, gallants of such place ?
Pack hence ! it is an humor to contend,
In a bravado, with your neerest friend.
Wee'l not contest or squabble for a wall,
Nor yet point field, though you us vassailes call.
Invent some other subject to employ
Your gilded blade, your nimble footed boy.
Correct your frizled locks, and in your glasse
Behold the picture of a foolish asse :
Barter your lowsie sutes for present gaine,
Unto a broker in rich Birchin lane :
Compile a sonnet of your mistrisse glove :
Copy some odes t' expresse conceited love.
Ride with your sweet-heart in a hackney coach,
Pick quarrells for her sake, set fraies on broach :
Use musicks harmony (which yeelds delight)
Under your ladies window in the night :
Stretch with a plume, and cloak wrapt under th' arm,
Yong gallants glories soone will ladies charme.
S' foot walke the streets : in cringing use your wits :
Survey your love, which in her window sits.
Black-Friers, or the Palace-garden beare,
Are subjects fittest to content your care ;
An amorous discourse, a poets wit,
Doth humor best your melancholy fit.
The Globe to morow acts a pleasant play,
In hearing it consume the irkesome day.
Goe take a pipe of To. ; the crowded stage
Must needs be graced with you and your page.

Sweare for a place with each controlling foole,
And send your hackney servant for a stoole.
Or if your mistrisse frowne, seeme malecontent,
Then let your Muse be cloistred up, ypent.
Be love-sicke, and harsh madrigalls expresse,
That she may visit you in such distresse.
I'me sure you have some pamphlet, idle toy,
Which you rate high, esteeme a matchlesse joy.
Where's your tobacco box, your steele and touch?
Roarers respect, and value these too much.
Where is your larum watch, your Turkies rings,
Muske-comfits, bracelets, and such idle things?
Y'are nak't as Adam if you have not these,
And your endeavours cannot ladies please.
If you the gallants title will assume,
Goe use th' apothecarie for perfume,
Weare eare-rings, jewels, cordivant's strong sent,
Which comely ornaments dame Nature lent.
Fy, fy: you are to blame, which times misspend;
That for a trifling cost will lose a friend.
Do not contend in each frequented lane,
With evere idle coxcombe, busie braine:
But your Minervaes industry employ,
Your ladies golden tresses to enjoy.
Record your name in some rich mercers note,
That tradesmen may come pull you by the coate.
And in th' abyse of vintners chalked score,
Shipwrack good fortune, run thy state on shoare.
Dive in mechanicks books, till in the streete
Seargeants arrest, convey thee to the Fleete,

And there in durance cag'd, consume with woe,
Beg with a purse, and sing *Fortune's my foe*.

WRITE, poetaster: fy for shame, your dayes
Wil dy without remembrancers of praise.
'Tis pittie such a pregnant witty verse
Should be intombed in the fatall herse.
Confine your muse some tractates to compile,
In scanned metre, or condigner stile;
That earth's milde censure may applauding blaze
Your Phoenix quill with volleys of great prayse.
Why art so slowe? the trophies will bee lost,
Unlesse you wright all fortunes shall be crost.
What, canst thy stile prohibit? gazing mute,
Where earth's contending for the golden fruite.
You vilifie your selfe with endlesse shame,
Imposing scandall to each poets name.
I grieve he should be silent, in despite
Of all the Muses which sarcasmies write.
He doth resemble minstrells in each thing,
Invited once, hee'l neyther play, nor sing.
Unbidden, will invey against each friend,
Incessant write great volumes without end.
The amatorist which doth your wardrobe keepe,
Admires your sluggish Muse is yet asleepe.
He should a riming madrigall compose;
And wanting you, must tell his griefs in prose.

The wenches they exclaime, cry out, and call
For poetasters workes extemporall.
The alehouse tippler, he protests your Muse
Greatly dishonours him with grosse abuse,
Infringing promise: which you lately made,
Concerning libells, that should touch the trade.
He gave you earnest after you were wooed,
A dozen of strong liquor he bestowed
To bathe your muse, to make your fluent vaine
Apt to despise a satyres taxing braine.
The idle minstrell, he cries out of wrong,
Because you doe his sonnets still prolong.
You injure much his treble squeaking note,
Deprives him of the townships armes, red coate ;
Such wrongs may not passe free: invent a theam,
Rouze up your muse from her conceited dreame.
Give him a cup of ale, a pipe of To :
And let him to his private study go.
Hee'l breake a jest, when he has drunke a glasse,
Which shal for currant mongst the tapsters passe,
And rime to any word you can propound,
Although a metre for it nere were found.
Wright panegyricks in the praise of's friend,
Make compleat verses, on his fingers end.
He has a subject he did late invent,
Will shame the riming sculler, Jack a Lent.
'Tis writ in print ; perhaps you'l see't anon,
'Twas made of Robin Hood and little John :
'Twil be discovered er't be long, and ly
Under the bottome of a pippin-py,

Be pind to capons backs to shroude the heate,
Fixt to some solid joynt of table meate.
Wish it be put to no worse service then
To shelter the scorcht caponet or hen.
I pray't may have such office, worthy place,
Yet feares't must suffer vile rebuke, disgrace.
Jack out of office, wee't ere long shall finde,
'Ith house of office, being mew'd, confinde.
Well though it be, yet for the Muses sakes,
Hee'l pen a pithie tractacte of A-jax.
I wish he would reserve A-jax in minde,
Twill serve but for A-jax and come behinde.
For men adjudge the volumes of this foole
Worthie no chayre, scarce to deserve the stoole.
Let cease the clamor of thy hotchpot verse,
The stupid pots, or sencelesse streetes to pearce.
The doggrell discord of thy long legd rime,
Defameth poëts, scandalize the time.
Your mock-verse muse deserveth nought but fire,
The beggers' whipstock, or the gallowes hire.
In silence spend the reliques of your dayes :
For being mute you will attaine most prayse.
Avoide each satyres lash, censures of times,
Which doe deriding read pot-poets rimes.

THE crane-throate hell of this depraved age,
Earths belly-god, let's view upon the stage.

See how the squadron of his full fraught panch
Out-squares the straightnes of his narrow hanch;
Making his stumpes supporters to upholde
This masse of guttes, this putrefied molde.
His belly is a cisterne of receit,
A grand confounder of demulcing meate.
A sabariticke sea, a depthlesse gulfe,
A sencelesse vulture, a corroding wolfe.
Behold this Helluo, how he doth glut,
Fill (like a wallet) his immeasurde gut,
Cramming his stomack with uncessant loade,
Like a stufte bladder, hate's big swelling toade;
And rammes his panch, that bottomlesse abyse,
As if to glut were legall, promis'd blisse.
All's fish that comes to net, this harpy's tooth
Eates what's within the compasse of his mouth.
His table-talke hates hunger, more then vice,
Railes against fortune, cheating, cards, and dice,
Envies 'gainst actors, taxing such as fight,
Or in tobacco doe repose delight,
And thousand subjects mo exactly scannes,
Rayling on cloakebagge breeches, yellow bands;
Wishing the fencing-schooles might be suppress,
And all save belly-timber doth detest.
This large discourse his gluttony doth cloake,
Are motives his Orexis to provoke.
Which being fraught, till sences are a mort,
At noone tide to concoct he takes a snort.
His drowsie sences hudwinkt in a cap,
Leaning upon his chaire do take a nap.

Conferre his belly with his lower part,
And you'l adjudge dame Natures rarest art
Made not this bulke, infusing life, or blood,
In such unsquared timber, unheawn wood.
He's more misshapen then Crete's monstrous sin,
Deformed both without, and eke within.
His circled panch, is barrell like, rotound,
Like earths vast concaves hollow and profound.
His hanches which are lockt as in some box,
With the straight compasse of a par a-dox,
He doth into so little compasse bring,
As if they should be drawne through Gyges ring,
So that he seemes as if black Vulcans art
Of diverse fossiles had compil'd each part ;
As if some taylor had bound on with points,
Nero's great belly, to starv'd Midas joynts.
I could dicipher this huge map of shame,
And lively pourtrait his abhorred name,
Wer't not that criticks would debase, revile,
Censure the sharpnesse of a satyres stile.
'Tis shame, such vipers, all devouring hell,
Should be indured in our coasts to dwell.
We can frame nothing of such naughtie earth,
Except a storehouse in the time of dearth ;
Or beg this minotaure, when he doth die,
T' make dice of's bones, or an anatomie.
Ile therefore leave him in his pan-warm'd bed,
Resting on's pillow his distempr'd head.
Wer't not for censures, I should make him prance,
Skip at the satyre's lash, leade him a dance,

Unrip his bowels, and anatomize
His filthy intrailes, which he doth much prize.
But taxing times such projects doe confute,
Silence sterne satyres, warnes them to be mute.
The golden dayes are chang'd when foxes sins
Passe scot-free, marching in the lyons skins;
When corrupt times may complot wrong or right,
Without controule of contradicting might.

My treatise next must touch (thogh somewhat late)
A woman creature most insatiate.
See this incarnate monster of her sex
Play the virago, unashamde, perplext.
See Omphale, her effeminated king,
Basely captive; make him doe any thing.
Her whole discourse is of Guy Warwick's armes,
Of errant knights, or of blind Cupid's charmes.
Her civill gesture is to faigne a lie
In decent phrase, in true ortographie.
Her modest blush, immodest shame O fy!
'Tis grand disgrace to blush, indignity.
She counts him but a nazard, halfe a-mort,
That will not jumble, use dame Venus' sport.
To kisse, to cull, t'admire her painted face,
And doe no more; ignoble, vile disgrace!
She likes his humor which plaies for the marke,
Affects the man that's expert in the darke.

With costly unguents she depaints her browes,
Calls them the palace of chaste Hymen's vows.
And yet this statue for her honor'd trade,
With ev'ry vassaile will be underlaide.
Her sole delight is fixed in a fan,
Or to walke usherd by a proper man.
Nature hath polisht each externall part
Of this vile dame with oratories art ;
Making each limb an oratour, defence,
To maske her scandall with some good pretence.
Doe but conferre and note her private speech,
Her divine frame will passe your human reach.
Shee'l complement, pathetically act
A tragick story, or a fatall fact.
Lively discover Cupid and his bowe,
Manage his savage quiver in her brow,
Court so compleately, rarely tune a song,
That she will seeme a Dido for a tongue ;
And by the vertue of all-conquering sight,
Infuse even life in him that has no sprite.
Her golden phrase will ravish so your eares
With amorous discourse, pale lovers teares,
That you would judge her rarest parts divine,
Deeme her a virgin of chast Vestaes shrine.
Yet this proud Jezabell, so nice, demure,
Is but a painted sepulchre impure.
Shee seemes a saint (in conferance being hard)
Yet is more spotted then the leopard.
Though she bestow her vigilancie, care,
In coyning phrases, pouncing of her hayre :

Yet are her legends, golden masse of wit,
But like Apocrypha, no sacred writ.
All's not authenticall the which she pleades,
Or wholsome doctrine, that she daily reades.
Cease, austere muse, this counterfeit to touch :
Y'have spoke satyricall, I doubt, too much.
He rather pittty, then envy invay,
Their kalender of wretch'nesse to display,
Shutting my muse in silence, least she strip
This saint-like creature with a satyres whip.
I blush, my quill with so immodest face
Abruptly pointed at her great disgrace,
Loathing the subject of a satyre's stile,
Discernes desert, which should this sect defile.
Pardon my muse (kinde sirs) she whips not all
Whom we in specie do women call.
'Tis Corinth's Lais, Rome's confronting whore,
Which like the Hellespont we run on shore ;
Such as resemble Dian in their deedes,
I meane in giving large Actæons heads.
These are the subjects which demerit blame,
And such we tax with earths eternall shame.
Applauding such chast Philomels, whose love,
Idem, per idem, doth most constant prove.

SHOULD I commend your satyres? faith no; tush,
'Tis an olde proverbe, Good wine needes no bush. —
If ye demerit earth's condigner laude,
Let graver censures grace you with applaude.
If ye deserve no poets lawrell stem,
Be ye base orphans, I disclaime ye then.
To praise good works 'twere shame, indigne, and vile,
For none but counterfeits do prayse their stile.
Good is but good; and no man can more say:
To praise the bad makes satyrists invay.
Goe seeke your fortunes, be it good or bad,
If bad, I'le grieve; if good, I shall be glad.

HENRY HUTTON.

SATYRICALL EPIGRAMS

COMPILED BY

HENRY HUTTON,

DUNELMENSIS.

LONDON :

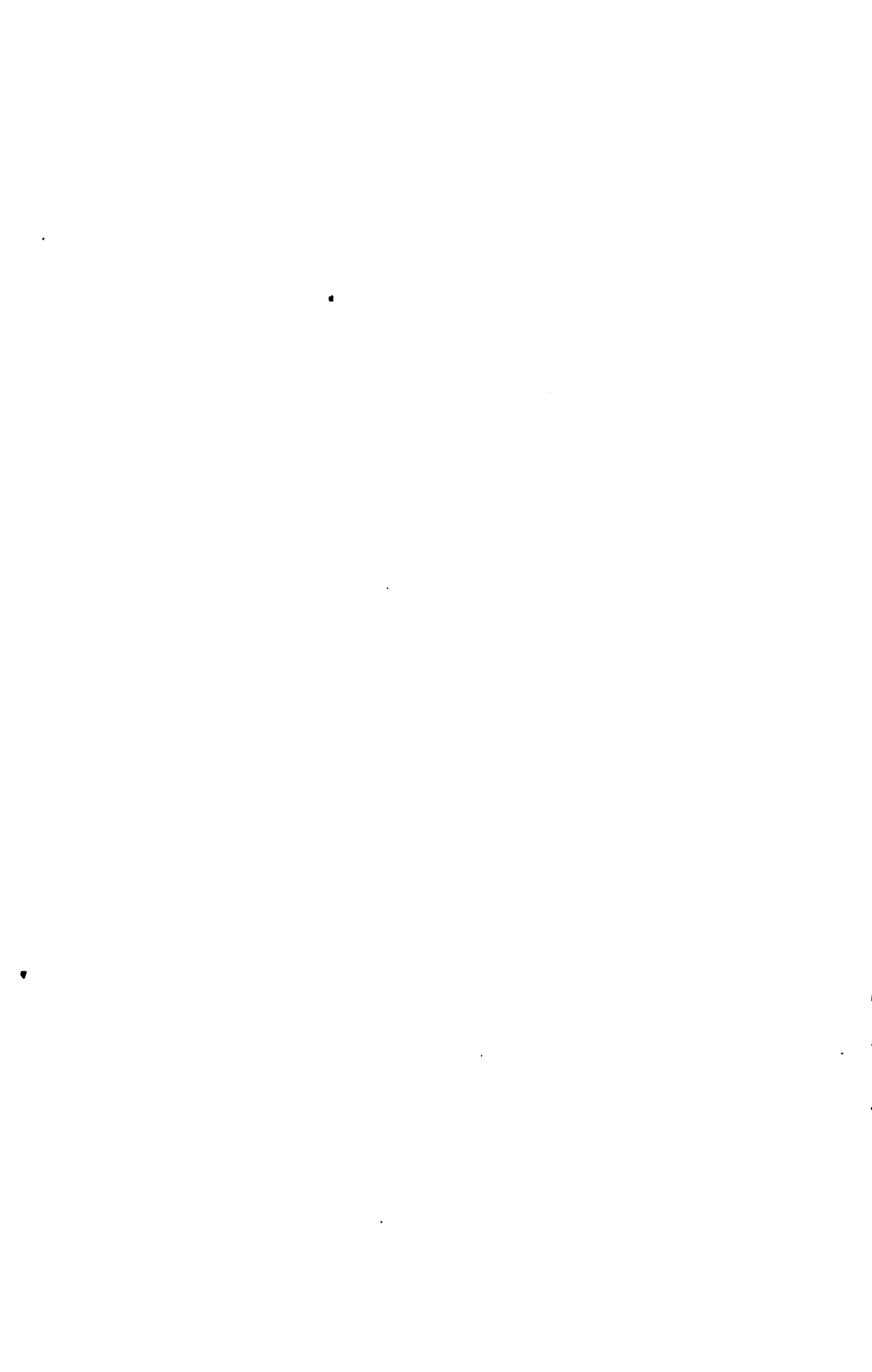
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1619.



TO THE READER.

HEARK, ye yong roysters, that with inkehorn stuffe
Delude the state, and rayle the worlde in snuffe:
Let me, in court'sie, beg a friendly Q,
When you have spent your mouths upon the view.
Chop logick, chaw your cuds; some leisure give.
My muse, which doth at rack and manger live,
Must halt about the marke; for she's not flight:
And yet, though slowe, she sometimes speaks aright.
I feare no colours: let mad satyres write:
The cures which barke the most do seldome bite.
Let coxcombs curry favour with a fee,
Extoll their braines, with Claw me, I'll claw thee.
I write the truth; if any fault you see,
Impute it to ill readings, not to me.
Dispence with my bold quill: if she be fell,
I doe it for the best: I wish all well.
Connive yong wits (which on your humors stand)
I'll, with the proverbe, Turne the cat i'th'band.
And ere ye jarre, for peace sake give the way;
Sith few, or none, with edg'd tooles safely play.



SATYRICALL EPIGRAMS.

Ad Lectorem.

Epi. 1.

READER, I must present you a shrimp-fish :
I hope you'll make no bones to tast this dish.
It is no carpe, unlesse you quit that note :
Which if you doe, I wish 'twere in your throate.

Ad Momum.

Epi. 2.

MOMUS, I wish your love, and humbly crav't :
My suite is for the same ; pray let me hav't.
If that you think, according be not best,
A cording be your end : and so I rest.

Malsters' ill Measure.

Epi. 3.

SUCH malsters, as ill measure sell for gaine,
Are not mere knaves, but also knaves in grain.

De Equisone.

Epi. 4.

CAN Equiso be wavering as the winde ?
Faith, no ; for he is of a stable kinde.

In Calvum.

Epi. 5.

THE commonty complaine, Calvus of late,
By hook and crook, by pouling gaineth state :
Yet he protests he takes few bribed gifts,
And powling scornes above all other shifts ;
Appealing to his barber, who doth sweare,
He is not worth one hayre to reach one eare.
Then sith you tax him with this faultlesse ill,
He'l leave off powling and begin to pill.

Epi. 6.

KINDE Kit disdaines that men him fool do call.
What is he else ? Faith, nothing but wit-all.

An action of the Case.

Epi. 7.

SHOULDRING a minstrell in a lane, I broke
His violl's case by an unlucky stroke :
Who swore he would complain, to vent his grudg.
And what care I what any law will judge ?
For why : I will maintaine it face to face,
'T can be no more but th' action of the Case.

Epi. 8.

TOM-COBBLER sold his tools, a matter small :
And yet unto this day he keepeth awl.

Epi. 9.

ROBIN has for tobacco sold his chaire,
Reserving nothing but a stoole for's lare :
Whence all men judge this silly sottish foole,
Though seldome sick goes often to the stoole.

God a-mercy Horse.

Epi. 10.

A FRIEND, who by his horse receiv'd a fall,
Made bold (he swore) in private for to call.
I made him welcome, as dame Nature binds
All those to doe that beare affecting mindes.
Yet sith his steede did him unwilling force,
I thanke not him, but God a-mercy horse.

Epi. 11.

FRANCISCO vants he gave his wife the horn.
She frouns, she frets, and takes the news in scorn.
And thogh you did (quoth she) yet you, indeed,
Must weare the horne, because you are the head.

De Calvo.

Epi. 12.

CALVUS protests for foes he doth not care :
For why? they cannot take from him one hair.

In Purum.

Epi. 13.

PURUS doth sermons write, and scripture quote ;
And therefore may be tearm'd a man of note.

In Causidicum.

Epi. 14.

CAUSIDICUS wears patched cloathes, some bruit,
And must doe so: for he has nere a suite.

De fabro lignario.

Epi. 15.

TOM JOYNER sold his tooles, and cloaths of's britch,
To cure the scab; and yet he has an itch.

Epi. 16.

CUCKOLD is a dangerous beast. Why so?
Nam cornu ferit ille: caveto.

De Vinoso.

Epi. 17.

VINOSUS is a verbe, his person's good,
And must be form'd in the potentiall mood:
In which sole mood we find each drunken man,
For, commonly they're known by the sign, can.

Epi. 18.

WOMEN by nature doe a nazzard spight,
Because he's a light-horseman and wants weight.

Epi. 19.

JACK-CUT-PURSE is and hath been patient long;
For he's content to pocket up much wrong.

Epi. 20.

TOM vow'd to beat his boy against the wall ;
And as he strook, he forthwith caught a fall.
The boy, deriding, said, I will averre,
Y^e have done a thing you cannot stand to, sir.

Epi. 21.

IN an outlandish port, where there were store
Of bloudy pyrats taken on the shore,
The magistrate did build (of squared stone)
A payre of gallowes, for to hang them on.
And being askt, why they so strong were made,
Replied ; that wooden gallowes soone decaid,
They would not last one age, but now his care
Had built strong gallowes for himselfe and's heire.

De Ballivo.

Epi. 22.

How dare ye with a balive squabble, broile,
Disturbe the streets with uproares endlesse coil ?
Though he be poore, yet offer no disgrace ;
Balives are men-of-calling in their place.

Epi. 23.

BELL, though thou die decrepit, lame, forlorne,
Thou wast a man of metall, I'l be sworne.

Crooktbacks payment.

Epi. 24.

CROOKT-BACK, to pay old scores, wil sell his state :
And though he do, he'l never make all strait.

In Gallam.

Epi. 25.

GALLA, 'tis said, of late is brought to bed,
And yet in Hymens rites she nere was wed.
Which makes the vulgar judge and censure on her,
That she betimes begun to take upon her.

Tims wound.

Epi. 26.

AT quarter blowes, Tim did of late receive
A bruise upon his head that doth him grieve :
Which, having issue, makes friends tax his deed,
And jesting say : Tim has a running head.

Epi. 27.

PHANTASTES chaf't t' expresse his raging wit,
Because his stockins did not neatly sit ;
And strictly askt his man, what as he thought
Concerning's stockin he had lately bought.
Who said, I think though 't seeme too straight by half,
'Twod fit ; but that you are too great i'th' calfe.

De Conspicilio.

Epi. 28.

An aged man, which spectacles did use,
Having them filcht, begun one time to muse,
Fearing the thiefe would not his sights restore,
But rather plot how to deceive him more.
Feare not, said one, the matter is but light,
And ten to one but they will come to sight.

De Chirotheca.

Epi. 29.

A FRIEND protested he was strangely crost,
Because (forsooth) his wedding gloves were lost,
But on your gloves, I said, sir, do not stand ;
I warrant you, ere long they'l come to hand.

Trim's care.

Epi. 30.

NEAT barber, Trim, I must commend thy care,
Which doest all things exactly to a hayre.

Epi. 31.

TOM CHAMBERLAYNE doth from his guests convey
The fired logs which they accompt for pay :
Now Tom may sweare, and therein be no lyer,
That all he has is gotten out o'th' fire.

Idle words.

Epi. 32.

OF idle-words, no capitall delict,
One was arraigned ; by the lawes convict ;
Adjudg'd to lose his eares : which he denide ;
Complotting to escape, but one replide,
The pillory t' escape spend not your wit,
When all is done, you must give-eare to it.

De Thaide.

Epi. 33.

THAIS her urine to a doctour bore,
Who askt her, if she were a maide. She swore
'Twas so. My wench (quoth he) thou art begui'
My art describes that thou hast had a childe :
What kind of maide art then ? she blushing said,
And't like your worship, sir, a chamber-maide.

In Lesbiam.

Epi. 34.

THE sanguine dy of Lesbia's painted face,
Is often argued for a doubtfull case.
The color's hers she sweares : not so some thought it,
And true she swears : for I know where she bought it.

De Gallo.

Epi. 35.

KINDE cock is not a cock o'th' kind, I feare.
His hen wud bring forth chickins, if he were :
Yet she hath none. Then surely, gentle reader,
He is no cock ; only a capon-treader.

De Cornuto.

Epi. 36.

CORNUTUS did receive a hurt on's thigh :
Of which, I am perswaded, he'l not die.
The wound's not mortall thogh it inward bleed ;
Because the signe rules most in Cornute's head.

Epi. 37.

WOMEN are saints : yet was not she a sprit,
That almost slew her husband with a spit ?

The case is altered.

Epi. 38.

TOM CASE (some do report) was lately halterd.
If this be true, why then the case is alterd.

Ad Cæcum.

Epi. 39.

CÆCUS, I pray respect your honest name,
Avoide the scandall of succeeding shame.
Y' have an ill eye, so some do often chat :
'Mongst other faults, pray have an ey to that.

In Superbum.

Epi. 40.

SUPERBUS swaggers with a ring in's eare ;
And likewise, as the custome is, doth weare
About his neck a ribbin and a ring :
Which makes men think, that he's proud of a string.

Tospots reckonings.

Epi. 41.

TOSPOT is chosen steward of the house,
To sum their commons ; as eld servants use.
I thinke he'l reckonings more compleatly cast,
Then any steward that this place has past.
For certaine after drinkings, or a feast,
He casts-up reckonings once a week at least.

Epi. 42.

WILL squabled in a tavern very sore,
Because one brought a gill of wine ; no more.
Fill me a quart (quoth he) I' me called Will ;
The proverbe is, each Jack will have his Gill.

Tom's valour.

Epi. 43.

ONE hundreth grosse of points Tom tooke in pay,
Of bankrupt mercers which were in decay.
Whence som report, that new his fearful joints,
That Tom's grown stout, and stands upon his points.

Epi. 44.

GUIDO doth rage, because one jesting said,
That he of late had got a goodly head.
What man dare give me hornes (quoth he) for's life ?
No man, said one, if any, 'tis your wife.
Whiles men you tax, the halfe man you exclude :
And she, the old man doth with horns delude.

De Milone.

Epi. 45.

MILo doth vant he's strong, and yet contends
 To take the wall of open foes and frends.
 Then sure he's weake, which will in discord fall
 For it; sith none but weakest go to th' wall.

Epi. 46.

A PROCTOUR was t' examine in the court
 A wench. And he, disposed to make some sport,
 Did aske the maide, what he should call her name.
 Why, maid (quoth she) or else it were great shame.
 Pray, speake advised, quoth this gibing cleрке;
 You must take oath of it, and therefore marke.
 The wench, selfe-guilty, to him blushing said,
 Pray stile me single woman, leave out maid.

To his inconstant mistress.

Epi. 47.

FAINE would I prayse, yet dare not write my minde,
 Lest thou sholdst vary like th' uncertain wind.

Epi. 48.

A FELON, judg'd to dy for filching ware,
 At his confessing did himselfe compare,
 In metaphors, unto the world; wherein
 Contayned is the sentinell of sin.
 The hang-man, hearing this, when they had praid,
 Began to scoffe, and thus deriding said;
 I may attempt what I desire, were't land:
 For why? I have the world now in a band.

De Crepidario.

Epi. 49.

SHOO-MAKERS are the men (without all doubt)
Be't good or bad, that set all things on foot.

De Vitriario.

Epi. 50.

A GLAZIER which endeavours to reape gaines,
Endureth toyle, is troubled much with panes.

Epi. 51.

MILLER, such artists as thy pulses feeles,
Affirme, thy gadding head doth runne on wheeles.

Epi. 52.

FAT-BACK, you are to blame which friends will crosse.
Go too: you shew your selfe a knave in grosse.

Epi. 53.

TAYLORS worke much, beleeve't, and take great paine :
Yet masons worke far harder i'l maintain.

Epi. 54.

DOTH Jane demerit well? I pray, why so?
For her good carriage which all men know.

Epi. 55.

PRAY, pardon Præco's computations,
His head is full of proclamations.

In Gulam.

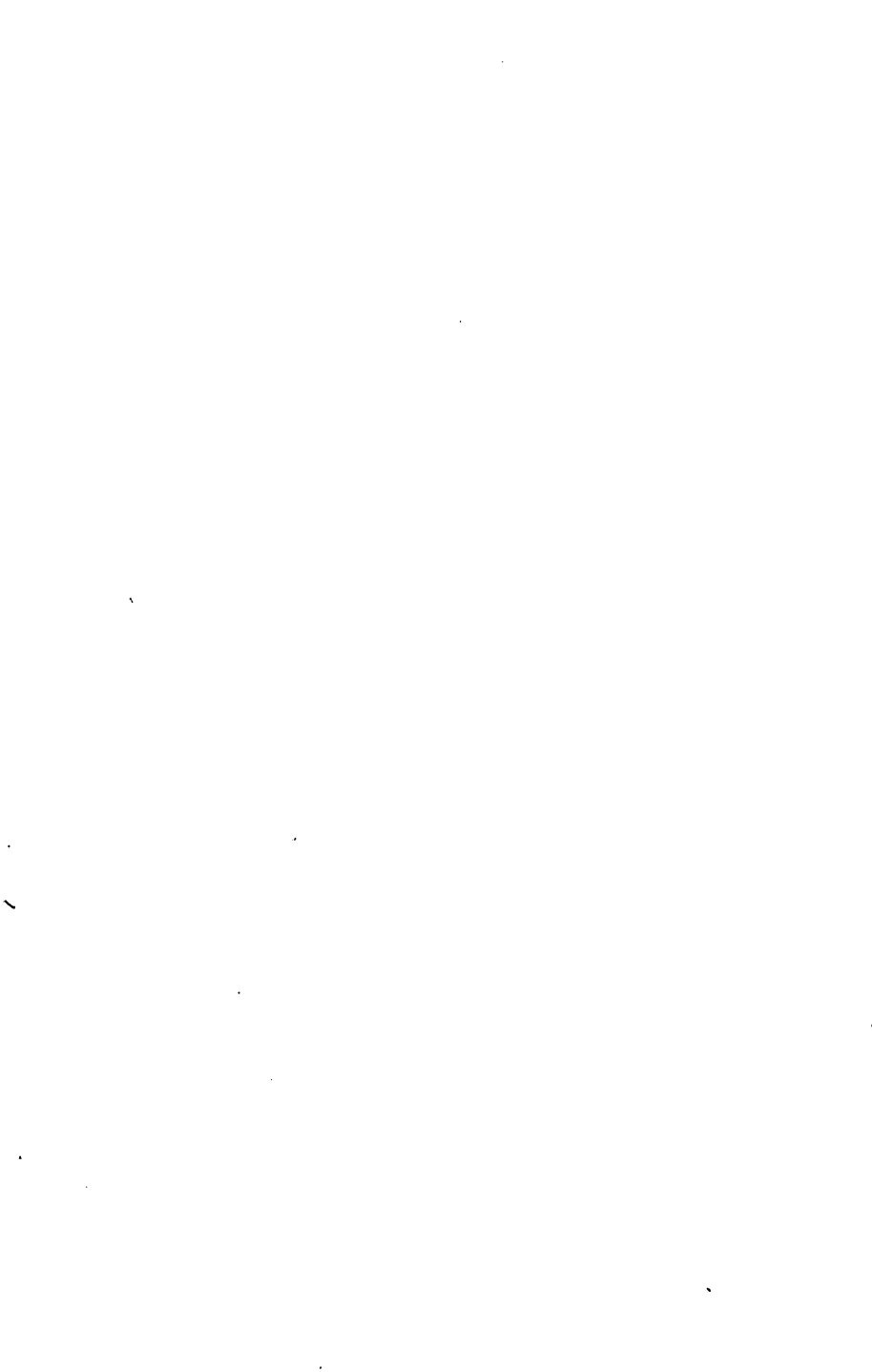
Epi. 56.

BASE Gula, with his teeth and nails doth teare
The commons which he eateth any where:
Now we may say, what Gula doth assayle,
He will accomplish it with tooth and naile.

EPILOGUS.

WHAT satyres write, or cabalists do judge,
I weigh but small; sith they beare all men grudg :
What monists censure, or the roring sect,
Be what it will, 'tis but their dialect :
And such applause, like to their thread-bare coate,
Would but pollute me with some evill note.
I doe referre my muse unto such eyes,
Which truly can their judgments equalize :
Such will be meanes, to save her from the fire,
And if need stand, to draw dun out i'th' mire.

H. H. D.



IXIONS WHEEL.

FORTUNE empaling Jove with honors crowne,
Making him victor in the Titans fight ;
Mars having trod perforce proud Saturne down,
Depriving Titan of's usurped right ;
These co-supremes, which over-rule the fate,
Enthronize him in Saturn's regall state.

Which gratefull god, in honor of his name,
To Mars did dedicate the crownes of bay ;
And in Olympus did a feast ordayne,
To solemnize the glory of this day.
Each sacred deity had free accesse
To be partaker of such happinesse.

Hermes did trudge, a jolly foote-mans pase,
T' invite the rectors of the spheres sublime.
He nimbly trips the sun-gods circled race,
Commands each power of the Olympick clime
To celebrate this festivall, in lieu
Of all the triumphs which to Mars were due.

Which thankefull guests their joynt consents all gave
To gratulate their kinde affecting host ;
And, of the store which they *in promptu* have
(As a requitall of his profuse cost)
Do, *plena manu*, regall bounties send,
Whiles to excede in giving they contend.

Pan did the first fruites of his fold present :
Neptune sent quailles ; and Bacchus foming vines :
Ceres did immolate, with like intent,
Autumn's rich prime, and Terra's golden mines.
No god there was, but sent, for love or feare,
Condigne presents to augment their cheere.

At length, in vesture nitid, and facete,
To Joves high court heavens synod did repaire :
Whose braines were busied how to be compleat,
To place themselves in method, formall, square.
Whiles major powers affect new forged shapes,
The minors æmulate like Æsops apes.

Warres austere God, with stout Achilles lance,
And wrinkled browes, doth Thrasonize it, rage :
Cornuted Phœbe, in her coach, doth prance :
Bacchus with grapes, doth stretch it on the stage :
Whiles this cup-saint, too lavish and profuse,
Embrew's his temples in their liquid juice.

Apollo, Venus, Cupid god of love,
And chast Aurora goddess of the morne,
With all the remnant of the powers above,

In royall vestures did their corps adorne.
Thus they contend (if eminent in place)
T'exceede in gesture, vesture, decent grace.

Vulcan except, who from his anvile hies,
Lympling unto the trough, to scoure his face
And colly fists; then, with his apron dries
The same, thinking them fit for such a place:
He, hating pride, vaine-glory, did not strive,
Or æmulate, to be superlative.

The smith of Lemnos, malecontent, did grudge
That Dis should loyter for his shackling chaines:
Yet, being iealous, he's constrain'd to trudge,
Lest, whiles he toyle, some other reape the gains.
Curling his locks, he therefore, halfe a mort,
Doth halting usher Venus to the court.

Swift winged Hermes did Ixion cite,
The last to dance attendance at this feast:
Who, swolne with pride of his puissance, might,
Sate with the gods as a coequal guest:
And though unworthy to assume such place,
Yet did his thoughts aspire for greater grace.

Earth's mortall, with immortalls being plac't,
Tooke Dedalls flight; with Icarus would climbe;
With Phaeton, the deities disgrac't,
Deposing him for his undecent crime.
Princes, in pride, attempt those vaine designes,
Which often times their empires undermines.

While mighty Jove, with Orpheus sweetest hymns,
Aptly concurring to Arions lute,
With boulds of nectar, crowned to the brims,
His noble guests doth gratulate, salute :
This lusting king endeavours in despite
To wrong his host, to casheer Hymen's right.

Bacchus moyst vapours, which doe *sursum* fume.
Ixions braine so much intoxicate,
That in his cup he did (too rash) presume
T' attempt the act : which he repents too late.
So potent are Don Bacchus nocive charmes,
That they intrude into apparent harmes.

Rapt with Queene Junoes love, whiles he did fix
So princely object in an abject eye,
His joyes with sorrowes he doth intermix :
For *sanctum* sinnes doe often soare too hie.
Which grand default few amorists can finde ;
Because the naked god of love is blinde.

He languisht long, abhorring to reveale,
T' expresse his dolours in externall shew :
Yet they, more urgent, whiles he would conceale,
Like Hydra's heads, did pullulate, renew.
For shrowded embers, which cannot aspire,
Assuming force, become the greatest fire.

With chaste Adonis blush, at length, in art,
He did uncase those greifs which were repress,
And did the tenor of his cares impart,

(For words yeeld solace to distempred breasts,)
 Asswage the deluge of eternall woe,
 Which (sea-like) *alternatim* ebbe and flowe.

The prime allurement which Ixion us'd
 To rob this matron of her prizelesse fame,
 Were Mammons gifts; which women seld refuse,
 Although in obloquie they drowne their name.
 For Fates decreed each womans weaker power
 Should not resist faire Danae's golden showre.

His crowne of Thessalie, with Tagus sand,
 And mineralls of Ganges golden shore,
 He *gratis* did preferre into her hand,
 Wishing such oratours might love implore.
 T' enjoy base lust he would his life condemne;
 Hazard his state, and princely diadem.

The modest queen (which waxed red with shame)
 Like one that's planet-strooke, remayned mute:
 Collecting strength (t' avoid succeeding fame)
 She did repell his base, immodest sute:
 Yet, more importunate, though she despise,
 He, *non-plus't* once, againe will rhetorize.

Lady, (quoth he) behold my harmlesse heart,
 Which doth, captiv'd, in Sibyls durance live.
 Like to Achilles lance, my endlesse smart
 You must recure, which did the anguish give:
 Or I, poore Tymon, must my date expire,
 Whiles furies torture me in Cupid's fire.

Sometimes in the abysses of love I freeze,
Like frigid places of the artick clime :
Againe, excessive heate those stormes appease,
Scorching like Phœbus in her fiery prime.
Thus I, whom Titan fram'd of brittle mold,
Both at one instant, burn, and am key-cold.

My passive humors, and distemperd thoughts,
Do stimulate proud Silla's ire : debates
Vaine-hopes, which hote desires doe bring to nought,
Fiercely pursues with Theoninus hates ;
Waging such warre within my soule divine,
That Trojan fraies were plays compar'd with mine.

No artists skill, nor deity above,
Can mee restore to my desired blisse.
The Energia sole is fixt in love,
Which may recure my cares remedillesse.
At love I ayme ; yet have no crosser foe,
Whose perverse wrath, my state would overthrow.

Thus doth he syllogize, halfe malecontent,
With fallacies sophisticating teares ;
And thus discourse, unkindnesse to prevent,
Whilst sighs unrip his melancholy feares :
Yet vaine : the king pursues a bootlesse chase,
His deere both tappasse in a private place.

Whiles he acutely argu'd this hard text,
(With writs of errour traversing his sute)
Joves constant Daphne, timorous, perplex,

His fucall arguments doth still confute :
Yet forward love, which in extreames will erre,
Uniting force, doth wage a second warre.

Now by authentick reasons he doth pleade,
Urging examples to confirm his case ;
Corroborating his undecent deede,
With Corinth's strumpets, which their sex debase ;
A subtle shift to curry favour's truce :
For old examples women most seduce.

The nymphs to Vesta consecrated pure,
Which did (quoth he) their youthfull daies confine
Like ancors in a cave to live secure,
Only devoted to the vestall shrine,
These trode their shooes awry, and did transgresse,
Reputing it a frailty of the flesh.

The sun-god Phœbus subject bow'd to love ;
Though he were crowned with a willow-with.
Faire Cytherea had (as records prove)
A leash of loves, beside black Lemnos smith.
And Vulcan spi'd false carding. What of it ?
He was adjudg'd but jealous, wanting wit.

Sole monarch of the sky, whom Cupid's charms,
And fatall quiver, did incite to lust,
In lovely Arethusa's azure armes
Did oft repose : although it were unjust.
Latmus can witnesse, and Parnassus plaine,
She plaid the wanton with a shepheards-swaine.

Examine Hermes, if he lov'd or no,
Whiles he with Herse private did conferre,
Hee'l not disclaime his wenching acts, I trowe,
Or that with Venus he did wilfull erre.
Thus lov'd the churlish starres. Then why shold I
Poore Saturnist, a distract lover die.

Nor wert thou chaste, great Jove: the wedlock band
In Hebe's, and Alcmena's armes thou broke:
Tindar's proud bride thou used at command;
Captiv'd Calisto in a lustfull yoke;
And with these paramours hast led thy life,
Wronging the pleasures of a jealous wife.

What if great Jupiter, with Lynx his eyes,
Should censure that chaste Hera were too kinde!
With Hermes spells I would conjure his spies,
Till I enjoy'd the solace of my minde.
Admit you should disclose in outward shew
Apparent love, it were but *quid pro quo*.

Suppose, that Earth impannell'd a grand quest,
And that the barre of law should rack this act:
It would be thought a quære at the best,
Sith *affidavit* of our conceal'd fact
Could not be made; whiles of each gods known shame
A *sempiternall probate* shall remaine.

Hee urg'd the queene too farre: yet she excus'd,
Fearing malignant times the fame would broach;
And doth object, that beautie's oft abus'd,

Oft scandaliz'd with vulgar tongues reproach.
For slander set on foote, though false, will run,
And currant passe in ev'ry Momists tongue.

Beautie's a common marke, apt to offence,
(Quoth she) when roysters rove or court unwise ;
Bad fame will blab, and forge some lewd pretence,
Be amours nere so secret or precise :
No fond suspect her jealous eare can scape,
For she will colour't in a lively shape.

Should I, upon such tearmes, ere condescend,
I double, treble should mine honour staine.
What essence then my error durst defend,
If true accusers should my vice arraigne ?
In vaine it were to fly from Argus watch,
If in the net Jove Mars with Venus catch.

The unchast king now silent, all a mort,
Abruptly interrupts her subtile speech ;
And, *vi et armis*, must enjoy his sport,
Move her perforce to cuckoldry, spouse-breach.
He begd before ; but now commands his lust :
And she consents, lest Jove their talke mistrust

Who whilst they *pro et contra* argued thus,
Suspecting mis-demeanor in his guest ;
Yet did conceale, because he sate *non plus*,
Drowning despaire in his disquiet brest.
Jove feared guile (Mendozas well can gloze)
And therefore urged Juno to disclose.

Who, putting finger in the eye, declares
This large discourse ; which Jove unkindely takes.
The lust seem'd vile, such impudence was rare :
Which to defraud, he of a cloude did make
Chast Junoes like, a formall shape invents,
Which *graphice* her stature represents.

Appollo's wagon having left his sphere,
Drawing the starry curtaine of the night,
This false idea did in state appeare,
To pay lusts king his long desir'd delight :
Whom he embrac't (yet was deceiv'd, god wot)
And of a cloude the massy Centaures got.

Obtained lust his brest could not containe :
In Thrasoe's tearmes he vants this act obscene,
Falsely accusing Hera in disdaine,
Making lusts queane corrivall with the queene.
Such are mens faults ; they cannot onely horne,
But must divulge, and laugh the wrongd to scorne.

The irefull god ; which was supposed wrong
To weare a cuckolds badge, an armed head,
All court affaires adjourneth, doth prolong,
And *coram nobis* scans this shamefull deede.
Lest by delay truth should be staind, forgot,
He wisely strikes now whilst the iron's hot :

And of high treason doth the king indite,
(For faults are great which touch a mighty foe)
Who by a quest of *Quære*, which judge right,

(Too strictly sentenc't to eternall woe)
Was, by that synod in Olympus held,
Condemn'd, contemn'd, and from his throne expeld.

To pleade, or to recant, it was too late :
The arraigned king condemned stands, convict ;
Whom the three justicers of Limbos state,
With new devised penalties inflict.
Hell's fatall judgement is a just reward
For such as Hymenæus rites discard.

Fixt to the rigour of a tumbling wheele,
Which furies move, and ever restless turnes,
This type of lust hells terrour amply feeles,
Whiles serpents sting and Hecats furnace burnes.
Thus by just doome to Styx his soule did dive,
Being enrolld amongst the damned five.

Great mirth did Dis and Proserpina keepe,
To give a welcome to this leane-chapt ghost.
The triple-headed cur awoke from sleepe.
Caron in hast his flaming ferry crost ;
Who, with the furies, which then leasure found,
Salutes this guest, and hopt a merry round.

Tantal had lap enough : each ayry sprite
And starved ghost had plenty of good-cheere.
Alecto skipt, with Bacchus being light,
And plaid the divell, voide of love or feare ;
Whiles grim Megæra tore th' invective scroles,
Chasing the fiends with ever-burning coles.

A greater racket was not kept in Hell
When Hecat got the divells leave to play.
So far this chaos doth the wont excell,
That former tortures are a civill day.
Stones, tubs, and wheelles, do tumble up and down,
So that no ghost escap't a broken crowne.

And all this time, Ixion in a maze,
Spectator-like beheld the furies sport ;
At length, asham'd to stand still mute at gaze,
Doth spend his mouth, and revell in like sort ;
Till levell coyle, which issued from the pot,
Made hell still hell, their quarrels were so hot.

Minos was shreudly checkt, because the ghosts
Disturb'd the gods with their unruly coile :
Which *quorum* justice warrants sent by poast,
To chaine each furie to his former toile :
And eke the stranger which in clanks did lurke,
By strict command was set unto his worke.

Whose restlesse paines my poore Appelles art,
With Agamemnon's vaile must rudely maske.
By Herc'les foote, conjecture ev'ry part ;
And from this briefe the totall of his taske.
Depriv'd by lust in Limbos doth he dwell :
Lust was his life ; his death both Heaven and Hell.

HENRY HUTTON.

Dunelmensis.

POSTSCRIPT
TO THE AFFECTING PRINTER.

PRINTER, I owe, confesse a debt: not pay,
'Twere shame, except I tooke a longer day!
Faith, I must owe thee somewhat, as a friend,
And thou must trust, for I pleade *non solvend.*
It is a time, I must confesse, to owe,
Which Ile repay, ere long, in folio.
A good turne 'tis likewise: the ladders turne
I doe bequeath such criticks as will spurne;
My head, my muse, I bring to thee to presse.
Sir, presst, supprest; if it deserve no presse,
In quarto's forme 't shall not be formed: tut!
Pray, trim my head in spruce octavo's cut:
So shall my muse be free from firing snuffe,
From physicks drugges, apothecaries stuffe.
Be she in quarto (O!) the vintners quart
Would but upbraide, deface her rarest part:
Th' advice of such as adde vice unto vice
Prethae detest; set them no sale or price
Of my rude workes. They lie in ambush: waite,
Watching an opportunity for hate.
Presse them, I pre thee, in my sole defense,
Which would oppresse, or presse, my harmlesse sense.

H. H. D.



NOTES.

Ad Lectores, l. 4,—“*Noddy*.” A game at cards, which appears to have been variously played.—See Nares’s *Gloss.* in v.

— l. 5,—“*tick-tack*.” “This is the plain game of *tick-tack*, which is so called from *touch and take*, for if you touch a man you must play him, though to your loss.”—See *The Compleat Gamester*, p. 113, for a detailed account of the game; also Hall’s *Horæ Vacæ*, 1646, p. 149.

P. 9, l. 1,—“*whipt, stript satyrs lines*.” An allusion to *Abuses stript and whipt; or Satirical Essayes. By George Wyther, &c.* 1613. It has been asserted (*British Bibliographer*, i. 180) that there was an impression of this popular work in 1611; and although no copy of that date has come down to us, the following passage from the same author’s *Warning-piece to London, discharged out of a Loop-hole in the Tower*, 1662, renders it highly probable:

“In sixteen hundred ten and one
I notice took of public crimes;
With mine own faults I first begun,
Observ’d the changes of the times,
And what God had on me bestown
Employed for the common good:
Therein I sought to find mine own,
Which was so oft misunderstood,
That I, for being so employ’d,
Have been three times nigh quite destroy’d.”

P. 9, l. 2,—“*with furies scourge.*” In the edition of Wither’s *Abuses stript and whipt*, published in 1617, there is a print of a satyr with a scourge, called “Vice’s Executioner.”

P. 10, l. 8,—“*conduits scrouls.*” Alluding to the inscriptions on the old London conduits.

P. 10, l. 14,—“*apple squire.*” In a note on Hall’s *Satires*, 1824, p. 8, the editor remarks: “This cant phrase has been erroneously explained as meaning a pander, or pimp. The fact is, that it meant what is in modern slang called a *flash man*; a *squire of the body* had the same meaning.”

P. 10, l. 19,—“*Dine with Duke Humfrey.*” This phrase, which is still current, originated in the following manner: “In the body of Old St. Paul’s was a huge and conspicuous monument of Sir John Beauchamp, buried in 1358, son of Guy, and brother of Thomas Earl of Warwick. This, by a vulgar mistake, has been called the tomb of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, who was really buried at St. Alban’s, where his magnificent shrine now remains. The middle aisle of St. Paul’s is called the Duke’s gallery in a chapter of Dekker’s *Gull’s Hornebook*—‘How a gallant should behave himself in Powles Walkes.’ Of the humours of this famous ambulatory, the general rendezvous of the busy and the idle of all classes who found it convenient to frequent the most fashionable crowd in London, a more particular description may be seen in Dekker’s *Deade Tearme, or Westminster’s Complaint for long Vacations and short Termes*, 1608, under the chapter ‘Pawle’s Steeple’s Complaint. A humorous poem was published in 1674, by Sam. Speed,

entitled, *The Legend of his Grace Humphrey Duke of St. Paul's Cathedral Walk, Surveyor of the Monuments and Tombs of the Temple, Patron to the Perambulators in the Piazzas in Covent Garden, Master of King's Bench Hall, and one of the Colleges Honorable Privy Council*; in which the shifts of the needy and idle loungers are humorously depicted."

The sort of character usually met with in *Pawles Walk* is admirably depicted by Bishop Hall in the seventh satire of the third book of his *Virgidemiarum*, 1597 :

"Seest thou how gaily my young master goes,
 Vaunting himself upon his rising toes ;
 And pranks his hand upon his dagger's side ;
 And picks his glutted teeth since late noontide ?
 'Tis Ruffio : Trowst thou where he din'd today ?
 In sooth I saw him sit with Duke Humfray.
 Many good welcomes and much gratis cheer,
 Keeps he for every straggling cavalier.
 An open house, haunted with great resort :
 Long service mix'd with musical disport.
 Many fair yonker with a feather'd crest
 Chooses much rather be his shot-free guest,
 To fare so freely, with so little cost,
 Than stake his twelvenpence to a meaner host.
 Hadst thou not told me, I should surely say
 He touch'd no meat of all this livelong day.
 For sure, methought, yet that was but a guess,
 His eyes seem sunk from very hollowness.
 But could he have (as I did it mistake)
 So little in his purse, so much upon his back ?
 So nothing in his maw ? yet seemeth by his belt
 That his gaunt gut no too much stuffing felt.
 Seest thou how side it hangs beneath his hip ?
 Hunger and heavy iron makes girdles slip.
 Yet, for all that, how stiffly struts he by,
 All trapped in the new-found bravery.
 The nuns of new-won Cales his bonnet lent,
 In lieu of their so kind a conquerment.

What needeth he fetch that from farthest Spain,
 His grandam could have lent with lesser pain?
 Though he, perhaps, ne'er pass'd the English shore,
 Yet fain would counted be a conqueror.
 His hair, Frenchlike, stares on his frightened head,
 One lock Amazonlike disheveled,
 As if he meant to wear a native cord,
 If chance his fates should him that bane afford.
 All British bare upon the bristled skin,
 Close notched is his beard both lip and chin;
 His linen collar labyrinthian set,
 Whose thousand double turnings never met:
 His sleeves have hid with elbow-pinionings,
 As if he meant to fly with linen wings.
 But when I look and cast mine eyes below,
 What monster meets mine eyes in human show?
 So slender waist with such an abbot's loin,
 Did never sober nature sure conjoin.
 Lik'st a strawne scarecrow in the new-sown field,
 Rear'd on some stick the tender corn to shield.
 Or if that semblance suit not every deal,
 Like a broad shak-fork with a slender steale,
 Despised nature suit them once aright,
 Their body to their coat, both now midlight.
 Their body to their clothes might shapen be,
 That nill their clothes shape to their bodie.
 Meanwhile I wonder at so proud a back,
 Whiles th' empty guts loud rumblen for long lack:
 The belly envieth the back's bright glee,
 And murmurs at such inequality.
 The back appears unto the partial eyne,
 The plaintive belly pleads they bribed been:
 And he, for want of better advocate,
 Doth to the ear his injury relate.
 The back, insulting o'er the belly's need,
 Says, thou thyself, I others' eyes must feed.
 The maw, the guts, all inward parts complain
 The back's great pride and their own secret pain.
 Ye witless gallants, I beshrew your hearts,
 That sets such discord 'twixt agreeing parts,
 Which never can be set at onement more,
 Until the maw's wide mouth be stopp'd with store."

- P. 10, l. 21,—“*the Black-friers stage.*” It was customary for the gallants of our author’s time to be allowed seats on the stage during the performance. Ben Jonson in his *Devil is an Ass*, acted in 1616, thus pointedly touches their demeanour :

“ To day I go to the Blackfriars playhouse,
 Sit in the view, salute all my acquaintance,
 Rise up between the acts, let fall my cloak,
 Publish a handsome man, and a rich suit ;
 And that’s a special end why we go thither,
 All that pretend to stand for’t on the stage :
 The ladies ask, who’s that ? for they do come
 To see us, as we do to see them.”

Sir John Davies in one of his Epigrams (printed in 1598) has the following passage :

“ Rufus the courtier at the theatre,
 Leaving the best and most conspicuous place,
 Doth either to the stage himselfe transferre,
 Or through a grate doth shew his double face ;
 For that the clamorous fry of Innes of Court
 Fills up the private roomes of greater price ;
 And such a place, where all may have resort,
 He in his singularity doth despise.”

- P. 11, l. 26,—“*yellow band,*” i.e. a band dyed with *yellow starch*, which was once very fashionable, and is said to have been invented by Mrs. Turner, who was executed in November 1615, for having been concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, and wore at the gallows a ruff of her favourite colour. They were worn as late as 1621, if not later.

- P. 13, l. 4,—“*guarded coate,*” i.e. trimmed, faced.

- P. 13, l. 6,—“*cut i’ th’ peake.*” The different fashions of wearing the beard are the constant subjects of allusion

by many of our old dramatists. For every information upon this subject see *Some Account of the Beard and Moustachio, chiefly from the Sixteenth to the Eighteenth Century*, by John Adey Repton, Esq. F.S.A.

P. 13, l. 17,—“*frizled periwig.*” It was customary with the gallants of Hutton’s day to wear curled periwigs. Sir John Harington has an epigram “on Galla’s goodly periwigge;” and there are others to the *Periwiggians* in Hayman’s *Quodlibets*, 1628.

P. 14, l. 1,—“*Pickt-hatch.*” A notorious haunt of the worst characters of both sexes. It is said to have been in Turnmill (commonly called Turnbull) Street, near Clerkenwell.

P. 14, l. 5,—“*her plume of feathers on her fan.*” The fan of our ancestors differed considerable from those of the present day. It had a round handle (frequently of silver) and was composed of feathers. In the frontispiece to the comedy of *Englishmen for my Money*, 1616, is a portrait of a lady with one of these fans.—See Nares’s *Glossary* in v., and the long note in Boswell’s *Shakespeare*, vol. viii. p. 75.

P. 15, l. 6,—“*base Shoreditch smocks.*” Shoreditch was one of the outskirts of the town where the stews or brothels abounded. Thus in Sam. Rowland’s *Letting of Humours Blood in the Head Vaine*, 1600,

“Some coward gull

That is but champion to a *Shoreditch* drab.”

And Marston in the fourth satire of his *Scourge of Villanie*, 1599,

“He’ll cleanse himselfe to *Shoreditch* purity.”

Shoreditch, Southwark, Westminster, and Turnbull-street, Clerkenwell, were all noted places of the same kind.

- P. 15, l. 17,—“*with Coriat he travell'd,*” &c. Thomas Coryat, the celebrated traveller, was born in 1577, at Odcombe, in Somersetshire. In the beginning of the year 1608 he travelled into France, Italy, Germany, &c. and on his return published his travels under the following title, *Crudities hastily gobbled up in Five Months Travel in France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia, Helvetia, some Parts of High Germany and the Netherlands*, Lond. 1611, 4to. He afterwards travelled into Constantinople, Egypt, Jerusalem, &c. and died in the East Indies in 1617.

- P. 15, l. 19,—“*Divelin,*” i.e. Dublin.

- P. 17, l. 12,—“*Birchin lane*” in the seventeenth century was chiefly inhabited by mercers and woollendrapers. Dekker, in the first chapter of his *Gull's Horn-booke*, 1609, exclaims, “Did man, think you, come wrangling into the world about no better matters, than all his lifetime to make privy searches in Birchin lane for whalebone doublets?” In the old comedy of the *London Prodigal*, 1605, Act i. sc. 1, one of the characters says, “Thou sayest thou hast twenty pound : go into Birchin lane, put thyself into cloathes.”

- P. 17, l. 23,—“*Palace-garden,*” i.e. Paris-garden, a noted place for bear-baiting, near the Globe Theatre in Southwark. Sir John Davies, in one of his Epigrams, “The Meditations of a Gull,” says,

“Or a journey he deliberates
To Paris garden, cocke pit, or the play.”

And in another,

" Publius, student at the common law,
Oft leaves his bookes, and for his recreation
To Paris-Garden doth himselfe withdraw,
Where he is raviſht with ſuch delectation,
As downe amongst the bears and dogs he goes,
Where, whilst he ſkiping cries, to head, to head,
His ſatten doublet and his velvet hoſe,
Are all with ſpittle from above be-ſpread,
When he is like his father's country ſtall,
Stinking with dogges and muted all with hawkes;
And rightly too on him this filth doth fall,
Which for ſuch filthy ſports his bookes forſakes,
Leaving old Ploydon, Dier, and Brooke alone,
To ſee old *Harry Hunks* and *Sacarſon*."

The latter were the names of two celebrated bears.

P. 17, l. 29.—"*Goe take a pipe of To.*", i.e. tobacco. "The consumption of tobacco in theatres is mentioned by innumerable authorities; but it should seem from a line in the epigrams of Sir J. Davies, and Christopher Marlow printed about 1598, that it was a service of some danger, and generally objected to:

' He dares to take tobacco on the stage;'

but the practice very soon became common, for two years afterwards one of the boy-actors in the induction to *Cynthia's Revels*, imitating a gallant supposed to be sitting on the stage, speaks of his having his 'three sorts of tobacco in his pocket, and his light by him;' and in the *Scornful Lady*, 1616, Captains of Gallyfoists are ridiculed, who only 'wear swords to reach fire at the play,' for the purpose of lighting their pipes." Tobacco was even sold at the playhouse, and in *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614, Ben Jonson talks of those who 'accommodate

gentlemen with tobacco at our theatres.' In 1602, when Dekker printed his *Satiromastix*, ladies sometimes smoked. Asinius Bubo, offering his, pipe, observes:— 'Tis at your service, gallants, and the tobacco too; 'tis right pudding, I can tell you: a lady or two took a pipe full or two at my hands, and praised it 'fore the heavens.' Prynne states that in his time, instead of apples, ladies were sometimes 'offered the tobacco pipe' at plays.— Vide Collier's *History of Dramatic Poetry*, iii. 415-6.

P. 19, l. 2,—“*sing Fortune's my foe.*” See my note to the Percy Society's reprint of Chettle's *Kind Harts Dreame*.

P. 20, l. 26,—“*Jack a Lent.*” An allusion to one of the multitudinous skits of John Taylor the water-poet. Its title is as follows: *Jack-a-Lent, his Beginning and Entertainment, with the Mad Pranks of his Gentleman Usher Shrove Tuesday, that goes before him; and his Footman Hunger attending*, n.d. 4to.

P. 21, l. 10,—“*Hee'l pen a pithie tractate of A-jax.*” Alluding to Sir John Harington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax* (a jakes), published in 1596. This very laughable, but indelicate piece of pleasantry, occasioned such displeasure in the royal circle, that the author was forbid the court for writing it. Vide *Nugæ Antiquæ*, i. 12.

P. 22, l. 22,—“*cloakebagge breeches.*” This alludes to the ridiculous fashion of wearing *trunk hose*, as the preposterous, round, swelling breeches then in fashion were called. They are ridiculed in the following passage of Wright's *Passions of the Minde*, 1601: “Sometimes I have seene Tarleton play the clowne, and use no other breeches than such *sloppes* or *slivings* as now many gen-

tlemen weare; they are almost capable of a bushel of wheate, and if they be of sacke-cloth they would serve to carrie mawlt to the mill. This absurd, clownish, and unseemly attire only by custome now is not misliked, but rather approved."

P. 22, l. 22,—"*yellow bands*." See the previous note at p. 65.

P. 40.—"*In Lesbiam*. Epi. 34." This epigram, from Martial, has been very similarly rendered by Harington and by Prior.

Poems

BY

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

EDITED BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

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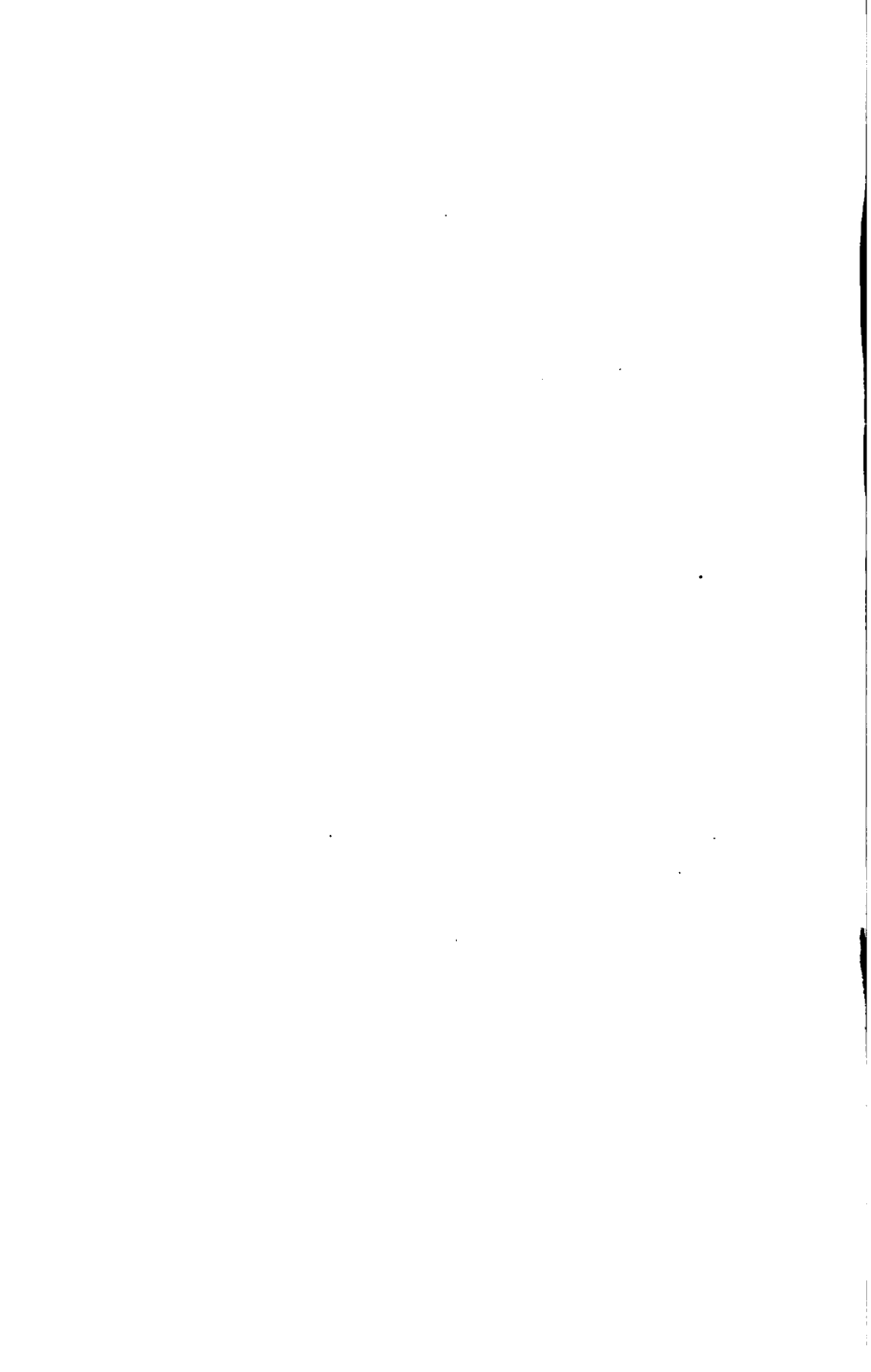
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PREFACE.

THE following poems, in some of which there is great beauty both of thought and expression, are now reprinted from the *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, 1651, the text of that volume having been adhered to, except in two or three places where the reasons for rejecting it are obvious: the order of the pieces, however, has been altered.

Before his twentieth year, and while resident at Queen's College, Oxford, Sir Henry Wotton composed, at the desire and for the private use of that society, a tragedy called *Tancredo*, which doubtless was never given to the press, and has in all probability perished.

The celebrated copy of verses beginning "The world's a bubble" has been attributed by Farnaby and others to Wotton,—on what authority, does not appear: in the *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ* it forms one of the "Poems found among the papers of Sir Henry Wotton," and in ed. 1651 of that

work is signed "*Ignoto*", while in ed. 1672 it has the signature "*Fra. Lord Bacon.*"

On the paper which contains Ben Jonson's transcript of Sir Henry's *Character of a happy Life* (see note, p. 5), and also in the handwriting of Jonson, Mr. Collier found a translation of one of Martial's epigrams, which he has printed in the *Memoirs of E. Alleyn*, p. 54, and which he conjectures may have been by Wotton.

An account of the author of the following poems will not be expected here, as the particulars of his life have been rendered familiar to every reader by the fascinating narrative of Walton.

For the use of the two musical works mentioned in a note, p. 10, the editor is indebted to the kindness of Mr. E. F. Rimbault.

A. D.

POEMS BY SIR HENRY WOTTON.

A POEM WRITTEN BY SIR HENRY WOTTON IN HIS
YOUTH.*

O FAITHLESS world, and thy most† faithless part,
A woman's heart !
The true shop of variety, where sits
Nothing but fits
And feavers of desire, and pangs of love,
Which toyes remove.
Why was she born to please? or I to trust
Words writ in dust,
Suffering her eys‡ to govern my despair,
My pain for air,

* *A poem written by Sir Henry Wotton in his youth*] Was printed, under the title of "*An Elegy of a woman's heart*," in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsodie*, 1602. A copy of it, with some variations, occurs in a volume of MS. poetry, which was collected by Sir Roger Twysden, and is now in the possession of Mr. Rodd, the bookseller.

† *most*] So *Poet. Rhap.* and *MS. Twys.*—*Rel. Wot.* "more."

‡ *eys*] *MS. Twys.*, "lookes."

And fruit of time rewarded with untruth,
 The food of youth?
 Untrue she was; yet I beleev'd her eys
 (Instructed spies),
 Till I was taught that love was but a scool
 To breed a fool.*
 Or sought she more, by† triumphs of deniall,
 To make‡ a triall
 How far her smiles commanded on§ my weakness?
 Yeild, and confess;
 Excuse no more thy folly, but, for cure,||
 Blush, and indure
 As well thy shame as passions that were vain;
 And think 'tis¶ gain,
 To know that love lodg'd in a woman's brest
 Is but a guest.

* *To breed a fool*] Is followed in *MS. Twys.* by

"Or was it absence that did make her strainge,
 Base flowre of [change?]"

† *by*] *Poet. Rhap.* and *MS. Twys.*, "than."

‡ *make*] *Poet. Rhap.* and *MS. Twys.*, "see."

§ *on*] Found only in *MS. Twys.*

|| *Excuse no more thy folly, but, for cure*] *Poet. Rhap.* and *MS. Twys.*,

"Excuse not now thy folly, nor her nature."

¶ 'tis] *Poet. Rhap.* and *MS. Twys.*, "thy."

SIR HENRY WOTTON AND SERJEANT HOSKINS
RIDING ON THE WAY.*

- Hos.* NOBLE, lovely, vertuous creature,
Purposely so fram'd by nature
To enthrall your servant's wits.
- Wot.* Time must now unite our hearts,
Not for any my deserts,
But because, methinks, it fits.
- Hos.* Dearest treasure of my thought,
And yet wert thou to be bought
With my life, thou wert not dear.

* *Sir Henry Wotton and Serjeant Hoskins riding on the way*] John Hoskins was made serjeant at law in the 21 of Jac. I. (*Ath. Oxon.* ii. 626. ed. Bliss): but we may suppose that this dialogue was written long before that date. In the account of Hoskins and his works, Wood (*ubi supra*) informs us, "He was the most ingenious and admired poet of his time [!], and therefore much courted by the ingenious men then living. . . 'Twas he that polish'd Ben Johnson the poet and made him speak clean [!], whereupon he ever after called our author father Hoskyns," &c. See also Chalmers's *Biog. Dict.*, and Mr. Bolton Corney's *Cur. of Lit. Illustrated*, Art. ix. He died in 1638. Of his poetry, very little has been printed: the following lines are found in the *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, ed. 1672;

"John Hoskins to his little child Benjamin from the Tower.

Sweet Benjamin, since thou art young,
And hast not yet the use of tongue,
Make it thy slave, while thou art free,
Imprison it, lest it do thee."

Hoskins was sent to the Tower in 1614, for having made in one of his speeches, while member of parliament, what Wood calls "a desperate allusion to the Sicilian Vesper."

- Wot.* Secret comfort of my mind,
Doubt no longer to be kind,
But be so, and so appear.
- Hos.* Give me love for love again ;
Let our loves be clear and plain,—
Heaven is fairest when 'tis clearest.
- Wot.* Lest in clouds and in differring
We resemble seamen erring,
Farthest off when we are nearest.
- Hos.* Thus, with numbers interchanged,
Wotton's Muse and mine have ranged ;
Verse and journey both are spent.
- Wot.* And if Hoskins chance to say
That we well have spent the day,
I, for my part, am content.
-

TO A NOBLE FRIEND IN HIS SICKNESS.

UNTIMELY feaver, rude insulting guest,
How didst thou with such unharmonious heat
Dare to distune his well-composed rest,
Whose heart so just and noble stroaks did beat ?

What if his youth and spirits wel may beare
More thick assaults and stronger siege then this?
We measure not his courage, but our fear,
Not what ourselves, but what the times may miss.

Had not that bloud, which thrice his veines did yeild,
 Been better treasur'd for some glorious day,
 At farthest west to paint the liquid field,
 And with new worlds his master's love to pay?

But let those thoughts, sweet lord, repose a while,
 Tend only now thy vigour to regain :
 And pardon these poor rimes, that would beguile
 With mine own grief some portion of thy pain.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.*

How happy is he born and taught,
 That serveth not another's will ;

* *The character of a happy life*] Mr. Collier (*Memoirs of E. Alleyn*, p. 53.) has printed these verses from a copy in Ben Jonson's hand-writing found among the MSS. at Dulwich College, which differs considerably from that in the *Reliquie Wottonianæ*.

"Sir Edward [Henry] Wotton's verses of a happie lyfe he [Jonson] hath by heart." *B. Jonson's Conversations with W. Drummond*, &c. p. 8, Shakespeare Soc. ed. Jonson's visit at Hawthornden was a short time previous to the 17th Jan. 1619; and it appears that these verses were composed several years anterior to that period, as Mr. Collier also found among the Dulwich MSS. a portion of the first stanza in Alleyn's hand-writing, upon a scrap of paper, on the back of which is a memorandum dated 1616. *Memoirs of E. Alleyn*, p. 54.

Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill ;*

Whose passions not his masters are ;
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death,
Untide unto the world by care†
Of publick fame or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,‡
Nor vice ; hath ever understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

Who hath his life from rumors§ freed ;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruine make oppressors|| great ;

* *And simple truth his utmost skill*] *MS. Jon.,*

"And silly truth his highest skill."

† *Untide unto the world by care, &c.*] *MS. Jon.,*

"Untied to the world with care

Of princes grace or vulgar breath."

‡ *Who envies none that chance doth raise, &c.*] *MS. Jon.,*
where this stanza is the fourth,

"Who envieth none whome chance doth raise,

Or vice ; who never understood

How swordes give sleighter wounds than prayse," &c.

§ *rumors*] *MS. Jon.,* where this stanza is the third, "humors."

|| *oppressors*] *MS. Jon.,* "accusers."

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace then gifts to lend,
And entertaines the harmless day
With a religious* book or friend !

This man is freed† from servile bands
Of hope to rise or feare to fall ;
Lord of himselfe, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

THIS HYMN‡ WAS MADE BY SIR H. WOTTON WHEN
HE WAS AN AMBASSADOUR AT VENICE, IN THE
TIME OF A GREAT SICKNESS THERE.

ETERNALL mover, whose diffused glory,
To shew our grovelling reason what thou art,
Unfolds itself in clouds of nature's story,
Where man, thy proudest creature, acts his part,
Whom yet, alas ! I know not why, we call
The world's contracted sum, the little all ;

* *religious*] *MS. Jon.*, "well-chosen."

† *freed*] *MS. Jon.*, "free."

‡ *This hymn, &c.*] Of uncertain date, as Wotton passed many years at Venice, having been thrice ambassador to that republic : according to Walton, he went there for the first time "about the year 1604."

For what are we but lumps of walking clay?

Why should we swel? whence should our spirits
rise?

Are not bruit beasts as strong, and birds as gay,

Trees longer liv'd, and creeping things as wise?

Only our souls was left an inward light,

To feel our weaknes, and confess thy might.

Thou, then, our strength, father of life and death,

To whom our thanks, our vows, ourselves we ow,

From me, thy tenant of this fading breath,

Accept those lines which from thy goodnes flow ;

And thou, that wert thy regal prophet's Muse,

Do not thy praise in weaker strains refuse.

Let these poor notes ascend unto thy throne,

Where majesty doth sit, with mercy crown'd,

Where my redeemer lives, in whom alone

The errours of my wandring life are drown'd,

Where all the quire of heav'n resound the same,

That only thine, thine is the saving name.

Well, then, my soul, joy in the midst of pain ;

Thy Christ, that conquer'd hell, shall from above

With greater triumph yet return again,

And conquer his own justice with his love,

Commanding earth and seas to render those

Unto his blisse, for whom he paid his woes.

Now have I done, now are my thoughts at peace,

And now my joyes are stronger then my grieve ;

I feel those comforts that shall never cease,
Future in hope, but present in belief:
Thy words are true, thy promises are just,
And thou wilt find thy dearly-bought in dust.

UPON THE SUDDEN RESTRAINT OF THE EARLE OF
SOMERSET, THEN FALLING FROM FAVOR.*

DAZEL'D thus with height of place,
Whilst our hopes our wits beguile,
No man markes the narrow space
'Twixt a prison and a smile.

Then, since Fortune's favours fade,
You that in her armes doe sleep,
Learne to swim, and not to wade,
For the hearts of kings are deepe.

But if greatness be so blind
As to trust in towers of aire,
Let it be with goodness lin'd,
That at least the fall be faire.

* *Upon the sudden restraint of the Earle of Somerset, &c.*] The murder of Sir Thomas Overbury having been discovered, Somerset was arrested in his own house, Oct. 18th, 1615 (his countess being secured at the same time), and sent to the deanery of Westminster. See Carte's *Hist. of England*, vol. iv. 32.

Then, though darkned, you shall say,
 When friends faile, and princes frowne,
 Vertue is the roughest way,
 But proves at night a bed of downe.

ON HIS MISTRIS, THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.*

You meaner beauties of the night,
 That poorly satisfie our eies†

* *On his mistress, the Queen of Bohemia*] "On that amiable princess, Elizabeth, daughter of James I. and wife of the Elector Palatine, who was chosen King of Bohemia, Sept, 5, 1619. The consequences of this fatal election are well known: Sir Henry Wotton, who in that and the following year was employed in several embassies in Germany on behalf of this unfortunate lady, seems to have had an uncommon attachment to her merit and fortunes, for he gave away a jewel worth a thousand pounds, that was presented to him by the Emperor, 'because it came from an enemy to his royal mistress the Queen of Bohemia.' " ["for so," says Walton in *The Life of Wotton*, "she was pleased he should always call her."]—PERCY.

This poem, with several variations, is printed in *The Sixt Set of Bookes, Wherein are Anthemes for Versus and Chorus of 5. and 6. Parts; apt for Violls and Voyces: Newly composed by Michaell Est, Batchelar of Musiche, and Master of the Choristers of the Cathedrall Church in Litchfield*, London, 1624: it is found also, much altered for the worse and with a wretched Second Part, in *Songs and Fancies, &c.* Aberdeen, 1682: and in the sec. vol. of Percy's *Rel. of An. Eng. Poet.*, it is given from the *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, with some corrections from an old MS. copy.

† *our eies*] Est's *Sixt Set*, "mens eyes."

More by* your number then your light,
 You common-people of the skies,
 What are you when the moon† shall rise?

You curious chanter of the wood,‡
 That warble forth dame Nature's layes,
 Thinking your passions§ understood
 By your weake|| accents, what's your praise
 When Philomell her voyce shal¶ raise?

You violets that** first apeare,
 By your pure purpel mantels knowne,††
 Like the proud virgins of the yeare,
 As if the spring were all your own,
 What are you when the rose is blowne?

* by] Est's *Sixt Set*, "with."

† moon] So Est's *Sixt Set*, and Percy's *Rel.*—*Rel. Wot.*
 "sun."

‡ You curious chanter of the wood, &c.] Est's *Sixt Set*
 (where, as also in Percy's *Rel.*, this stanza is the third),

"You wandring chanter of the wood,
 Who fill the eares with nature's lays."

§ passions] So Percy's *Rel.*, and Est's *Sixt Set.*—*Rel. Wot.*
 "voyces."

|| your weake] Est's *Sixt Set*, "weaker."

¶ shal] Est's *Sixt Set*, "doth."

** that] Est's *Sixt Set* (where, as also in Percy's *Rel.*, this
 stanza is the second), "which."

†† By your pure purpel mantels knowne, &c.] Est's *Sixt Set*,

"By those your purple mantles known,
 Much like proud," &c.

So when my mistris* shal be seene
 In form and beauty of her mind,†
 By vertue first, then choyce, a queen,
 Tell me,‡ if she were§ not design'd
 Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

TEARS AT THE GRAVE OF SIR ALBERTUS MORTON
 (WHO WAS BURIED AT SOUTHAMPTON) WEPT
 BY SIR H. WOTTON.||

SILENCE, in truth, would speak my sorrow best,
 For deepest wounds can least their feelings tel;
 Yet let me borrow from mine own unrest
 But time to bid him, whom I lov'd, farwel.

* *mistris*] Est's *Sixt Set*, "princesse."

† *In form and beauty of her mind*] Percy's *Rel.*,

"*In sweetnesse of her looks and minde.*"

‡ *Tell me*] Est's *Sixt Set*, "O tell."

§ *were*] Percy's *Rel.*, "was."

|| *Tears at the grave of Sir Albertus Morton, &c.*] Sir Albertus Morton was nephew to Wotton; and had acted as his secretary at Venice. He was knighted in 1617. At the time of his decease, he was one of the secretaries of state. In a letter to Nicholas Pey, Sir Henry notices "Sir Albertus Morton his departure out of this world, who was dearer unto me then mine owne being in it." *Rel. Wot.* p. 507, ed. 1651, where that letter stands without a date: in ed. 1672 it is dated 1626. According to Wood, the death of Sir Albertus took place Nov. 1625. *Ath. Ox.* vol. ii. 524. ed. Bliss. I have read some verses by Sir Albertus in a MS. collection of poems.

O my unhappy lines ! you that before
 Have serv'd my youth to vent some wanton cries,
 And now, congeal'd with grief, can scarce implore
 Strength to accent,—here my Albertus lies.

This is the sable stone, this is the cave,
 And womb of earth that doth his corps imbrace :
 While others sing his praise, let me engrave
 These bleeding numbers to adorn the place.

Here will I paint the characters of woe,
 Here will I pay my tribute to the dead,
 And here my faithfull tears in showrs shal flow
 To humanize the flints whereon* I tread.

Where, though I mourn my matchlesse losse alone,
 And none between my weaknesse judge and me,
 Yet even these gentle† walles allow my mone,
 Whose doleful echoes to my plaints agree.

But is he gon ? and live I ryiming here,
 As if some Muse would listen to my lay,
 When all distun'd sit wailing‡ for their dear,
 And bathe the banks where he was wont to play ?

* *wheron*] Walton's *Life of W.*, "on which."

† *gentle*] Ibid., "pensive."

‡ *wailing*] Eds. "waiting."

Dwell thou in endlesse light, discharged soul,*
 Freed now from nature's and from Fortune's trust;
 While on this fluent globe my glasse shall role,
 And run the rest of my remaining dust.

UPON THE DEATH OF SIR ALBERTUS MORTON'S WIFE.

He first deceas'd; she for a little tri'd
 To live without him, lik'd it not, and di'd.

A SHORT HYMN UPON THE BIRTH OF PRINCE
 CHARLES.†

You that on starres do looke,
 Arrest not there your sight,
 Though Nature's fairest book,
 And signed with propitious light;

* *Dwell thou in endlesse light, discharged soul, &c.*] Walton's *Life of W.*,

"*Dwell then in endless bliss with happy souls,
 Discharg'd from natures and from Fortune's trust,
 Whilst on this fluid globe my hour glass rowls,
 And runs the rest of my remaining dust.*"

† *A short hymn upon the birth of Prince Charles*] Afterwards Charles the Second. He was born 29th May 1630, on which day there was an eclipse of the moon, and, we are told, a star visible about noon. Jonson and Corbet composed verses on the same occasion.

Our blessing now is more divine
Then planets that at noone did shine.

To thee alone be praise,
From whom our joy descends,
Thou cheerer of our days,
Of causes first, and last of ends ;
To thee this May we sing, by whom
Our roses from the lilies bloom.

Upon this royal flower,
Sprung from the chastest* bed,
Thy glorious sweetness shower ;
And first let myrtles crowne his head,
Then palms and lawrels wreath'd betweene,
But let the cypresse late be seen.

And so succeeding men,
When they the fulness see
Of this our joy, shall then
In consort joyn, as well as wee,
To celebrate his praise above,
That spreads our land with fruits of love.

* *chastest*] So *Rel. Wot.* ed. 1672.—First ed. “chastesse.”

AN ODE TO THE KING,* AT HIS RETURNING FROM
SCOTLAND TO THE QUEEN, AFTER HIS CORONA-
TION THERE.

Rouse up thyselfe, my gentle Muse,
Though now our green conceip[t]s be gray,
And yet once more doe not refuse
To take thy Phrygian harpe, and play
In honour of this cheereful day.

Make first a song of joy and love,
Which chastely flame in royal eies,
Then tune it to the spheres above,
When the benignest stares doe rise,
And sweet conjunctions grace the skies.

To this let all good hearts resound,
While diadems invest his head ;
Long may he live whose life doth bound
More then his lawes, and better lead
By high example then by dread !

Long may he round about him see
His roses and his lilies bloom ;
Long may his only dear and hee
Joy in ideas of their own
And kingdomes hopes so timely sown ;
Long may they both contend to prove
That best of crownes is such a love !

* *An ode to the King, &c.*] Charles the First visited Scotland,
and was crowned there, in 1633.

ON A BANCK AS I SATE A-FISHING ;* A
DESCRIPTION OF THE SPRING.

AND now all nature seem'd in love :
The lusty sap began to move ;
New juice did stirre th' embracing vines,
And birds had drawne their valentines.
The jealous trout, that low did lie,
Rose at a wel-dissembled flie :
There stood my friend, with patient skill
Attending of his trembling quill.
Already were the eaves possest
With the swift pilgrim's daubed nest ;
The groves already did rejoyce
In Philomel's triumphing voyce.
The showers were short, the weather mild,
The morning fresh, the evening smil'd.
Jones takes her neat-rub'd paile, and now
She trips to milk the sand-red cow,

* *On a banck as I sate a-fishing, &c.*] Was probably composed by Wotton during his later years ; for Walton, in *The Life of Sir Henry*, describing "the employment of his time" after he became Provost of Eton College, says, "Nor did he forget his innate pleasure of angling, which he would usually call his *idle time*, not *idly spent*, saying often, he would rather live five May months than forty Decembers ;" and in the Epistle Dedicatory before *The Complete Angler* he observes, "I remember Sir Henry Wotton (a dear lover of this art) has told me that his intentions were to write a discourse of the art and in praise of angling, and doubtless he had done so, if death had not prevented him."

Where for some sturdy foot-ball swaine
 Jone strokes a sillibub or twaine.
 The fields and gardens were beset
 With tulip, crocus, violet ;
 And now, though late, the modest rose
 Did more then halfe a blush disclose.
 Thus all look't gay, all full of chear,
 To welcome the new-liveri'd yeare.

A TRANSLATION OF THE CIV. PSALM TO THE
 ORIGINALL SENSE.

My soul, exalt the Lord with hymns of praise :
 O Lord, my God, how boundless is thy might !
 Whose throne of state is cloth'd with glorious raies,
 And round about hast roab'd thyself with light ;
 Who like a curtain hast the heavens displaid,
 And in the watery roofs thy chambers laid ;

Whose chariots are the thickned clouds above,
 Who walk'st upon the winged winds below ;
 At whose command the airie spirits move,
 And fiery meteors their obedience show ;
 Who on his base the earth didst firmly found,
 And mad'st the deep to circumvest it round.

The waves that rise would drown the highest hill,
 But at thy check they flie, and when they hear

Thy thundering voice, they post to do thy will,
And bound their furies in their proper sphere,
Where surging flouds and valing ebs can tel
That none beyond thy marks must sink or swel.

Who hath dispos'd but thou the winding way
Where springs down from the steepy crags do beat?
At which both foster'd beasts their thirsts alay,
And the wild asses come to quench their heat;
Where birds resort, and, in their kind, thy praise
Among the branches chant in warbling laies.

The mounts are watered from thy dwelling-place;
The barns and meads are fill'd for man and beast;
Wine glads the heart, and oyl adorns the face,
And bread the staffe whereon our strength doth rest;
Nor shrubs alone feel thy suffizing hand,
But even the cedars that so proudly stand.

So have the fowls their sundry seats to breed,
The ranging stork in stately beeches dwels;
The climbing goats on hils securely feed,
The mining conies shroud in rockie cels;
Nor can the heavenly lights their course forget,
The moon her turns, or sun his times to set.

Thou mak'st the night to over-vail the day:
Then savage beasts creep from the silent wood,
Then lions whelps lie roaring for their prey,
And at thy powerfull hand demand their food;

Who when at morn they all recouch again,
Then toiling man till eve pursues his pain.

O Lord, when on thy various works we look,
How richly furnish'd is the earth we tread !
Where in the fair contents of Nature's book
We may the wonders of thy wisdom read ;
Nor earth alone, but, lo, the sea so wide,
Where, great and small, a world of creatures glide !

There go the ships that furrow out their way ;
Yea, there of whales enormous sights we see,
Which yet have scope among the rest to play,
And all do wait for their support on thee,
Who hast assign'd each thing his proper food,
And in due season dost dispence thy good.

They gather when thy gifts thou dost divide,
Their stores abound, if thou thy hand enlarge ;
Confus'd they are when thou thy beams dost hide,
In dust resolv'd, if thou their breath discharge ;
Again, when thou of life renew'st the seeds,
The withered fields revest their chearfull weeds.

Be ever gloried here thy sovereign name,
That thou maist smile on all which thou hast made,
Whose frown alone can shake this earthly frame,
And at whose touch the hils in smoak shal vade :
For me, may, while I breathe, both harp and voice
In sweet inditement of thy hymns rejoice !

Let sinners faile, let all profannesse cease ;—
His praise, my soul, his praise shal be thy peace.

A HYMN* TO MY GOD IN A NIGHT OF MY LATE
SICKNESS.

OH thou great power, in whom I move,
For whom I live, to whom I die !
Behold me through thy beams of love,
Whilest on this couch of tears I lye,
And cleanse my sordid soul within
By thy Christ's bloud, the bath of sin.

* *A hymn, &c.*] Was sent to Isaac Walton with the following letter, which is printed, without a date, in *Rel. Wot.* p. 513, ed. 1651. "My worthy friend,—Since I last saw you, I have been confin'd to my chamber by a quotidian feaver, I thank God, of more contumacie then malignitie. It had once left me, as I thought; but it was only to fetch more company, returning with a surcrew of those splenetick vapors that are call'd hypocondriacal; of which, most say, the cure is good company; and I desire no better physician then yourself. I have in one of those fits endeavour'd to make it more easie by composing a short hymn; and since I have apparelled my best thoughts so lightly as in verse, I hope I shall be pardond a second vanitie, if I communicate it with such a friend as yourself: to whom I wish a chearfull spirit, and a thankfull heart to value it as one of the greatest blessings of our good God; in whose dear love I leave you, remaining, your poor friend to serve you, H. Wotton." This illness appears to have been that which terminated in his death, Dec. 1639.

No hallowed oyls, no grains I need,
 No rags of saints, no purging fire ;
 One rosie drop from David's seed
 Was worlds of seas to quench thine ire :
 O pretious ransom ! which once paid,
 That *consummatum est* was said ;

And said by him that said no more,
 But seal'd it with his sacred breath :
 Thou, then, that hast dispung'd my score,
 And dying wast the death of Death,
 Be to me now, on thee I call,
 My life, my strength, my joy, my all !

THE END.



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